DAVID KENNEDY

THE SCOTTISH SINGER

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DAVID KENNEDY

THE SCOTTISH SINGER

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Dr Kennedy

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DAVID KENNEDY

THE SCOTTISH SINGER:

Reminiscences of his Life and Work

By MARJORY KENNEDY

AND

SINGING ROUND THE WORLD

A Narrative of his Colonial and Indian Tours

By DAVID KENNEDY, Jun.

WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS

ALEXANDER GARDNER
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Family Reminiscences of David Kennedy, the Scottish Singer.

Chapter I.—*Early Life.*

David Kennedy was born in the city of Perth, on the fifteenth of April in the year 1825. His father and grandfather were also natives of Perth, but his great-great-grandfather, John Kennedy, belonged to a family or small clan of Kennedys in Foss, in the north of Perthshire, and was, in fact, gillie to the Laird of Foss, whom he accompanied to the fatal field of Culloden. The Laird was killed but his gillie escaped. The story goes that when he got home the lady called him "coward" for having come back without his master, and he felt her reproach so keenly that he never forgot it. Others of the family were driven from their homes after the failure of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745-46, and some found their way to Canada, and later to Australia, where their descendants, thriving colonists, claimed kinship with "The Kennedys" when singing round the world. One family in particular, settled near Ottawa (the seat of the Canadian Government), had so increased and multiplied on the face of the earth that when, as on every occasion of our professional visits to the city, we assembled in the farm house of the patriarch of the family, no fewer than forty Kennedys were present in the one room. The day was spent in social enjoyment, one never-

failing feature of these gatherings being the singing of Handel's Hallelujah chorus by the united families.

It was not from the Kennedys, however, that he inherited his vocal and dramatic power and his intense enthusiasm for Scottish Songs. His grandfather, David Kennedy, was a man of phlegmatic temperament, but his grandmother, Mary More, was a remarkable woman. Gifted with a beautiful voice, a rare intelligence, and a retentive memory, she was one of those who, from generation to generation, have preserved and handed down the rich traditional ballad lore of Scotland.

The next generation of Kennedys were all more or less musically gifted—our father's own father David, his uncle Thomas, and one of his aunts being exceptionally so. His aunt inherited the beautiful voice and ballad repertoire of Mary More, and his father and uncle became leading lights in their own musical world. They were appointed precentors in two of the largest Presbyterian kirks in Perth; his father in the "North Kirk" and his uncle in the "South Kirk," and by the single unaided voice they led congregations of over a thousand people. It was no easy matter, for everybody sang in the kirk in those days, and with characteristic Scottish conscientiousness, the auld folk thought themselves in duty bound to sing every word of the Psalms, whether they could keep pace with the precentor or not.

One well-known old character, an inveterate snuffer, our grandfather used to tell us, habitually left off in the middle of a verse, deliberately blew his nose with his red pocket "neepkin," and having carefully marked his place would recommence where he left off, oblivious to the fact that the precentor and the rest of the congregation were two lines in advance of him.

The elder Kennedys, in addition to the church work,

organized glee clubs and gave concerts in Perth and the neighbourhood. They being away from home one night assisting at a concert, little Davie, then barely three years old, was left alone in the house with his mother, and we have heard him say that his earliest recollection was of that night, for a big black dog pushed open the latched door and took possession of the room, to his infinite terror, until the arrival of his father and uncle.

His father was an upright, stern disciplinarian, a purist in musical matters, a diligent student of harmony and Handel's compositions, and was called by his cronies "Auld Supertonic," because of his habitual use of technical terms in discussing or teaching music. He was a man of independent mind and observed a rigid economy, so that he "owed no man anything." This habit of economy, to secure "the glorious privilege of being independent," he carefully instilled into his son, and one day, giving him three "bawbees" to spend at the fair, he said, "You are at liberty to spend it all, Davie, but the less you spend the more I will think of you."

He also instructed him in the Calvinistic doctrines of the Presbyterian Church and the Voluntary principles of the "seceders," and took great pains to train him up in an accurate knowledge of the Shorter Catechism. But Davie's first interview with "the minister," when in the course of the periodical "visiting" he called at his father's house, was a sore trial to both father and son. The worthy man asked him the usual questions from the Shorter Catechism, in all of which his father knew him to be letter perfect, but Davie was so paralyzed with awe that he could not recall a single answer, and at parting he sank, if possible, into still deeper disgrace by giving the minister his left hand.

Though an only child for eleven years, he gave his mother

more trouble than half-a-dozen; and many a night when the young wanderer came home in a sorely tattered condition, she mended his "breeks" before the morning, to save him from a father's lecture and lickin'. She was a patient, industrious, undemonstrative woman, fond enough and proud enough of her boy, but like most Scottish women of her time, little used to giving expression to her feelings in every-day life. "My dear this," and "My dear that," were seldom heard at Scottish firesides, and there was a current saying, that "where there's mickle love in the mouth there's little love in the heart." On the long winter nights, when the day's work was done, she sat at her wheel and span by the dim light of an oil cruisie, and her laddie, weary of the dull monotony of the house and the want of congenial society, would say, "Mither, can I get oot?" No answer. "Mither, can I get oot?" Still no reply. "Mither, can I get oot?" "I'm easy, laddie" (I am content, you have my permission). That was enough. The blue bonnet with the red cherry in the crown was snatched up, and a rush made to the door-cheek. His appearance there was the signal to all the laddies of the neighbourhood. "Here's Davie Kennedy," they cried; "noo for fun." He was the leader in all their sports; and when innocent sport failed, they turned to mischief.

Many an auld wife that kept a "shoppie" found in the morning that her gingerbread elephants and "sweetie" rabbits and clay pipes which she had placed on the window-frame the day before had fallen from their high estate, and as she picked up the fragments of the broken sweets and replaced the uninjured would mutter to herself, "Thae deils o' laddies."

But one night they hit upon a plan that was far grander fun than "chappin'" on auld wives' window-panes, their chosen victim on this occasion being an auld weaver.

Hand-loom weaving was at that time the principal means of livelihood in the neighbourhood of Perth, and was generally carried on at home, the smaller houses consisting of only two rooms, a "but" and a "ben," with rafters for the roof, and a clay floor. The "but" was the kitchen, bedroom, and parlour; the "ben" was the workshop where the loom stood. On their nightly raids the laddies flattened their noses against many a weaver's window-panes, and peered in at the solitary occupant of the room. To the young mind there was a sense of eeriness in listening to the quiet but unceasing click-clack, click-clack of the shuttle, and in watching the lonely figure, seated on the bench, guiding it to and fro with the patient constancy of a machine.

The weaver in question was an auld doited body long past work, who yet went through the form of working from mere habit. He had been a beau in his youth, and still wore the high silk hat and black silk stock, without which he was never seen, even at his loom. What his history was who can tell? but he was an unfailing source of interest to the boys, and the auld "lum" hat was an irresistible bait to the band on mischief bent.

One summer night, their dark plan having been laid, they stole, in the friendly dusk of the long twilight, into the ill-lighted room. Fixing the end of a long black thread to the crown of the old silk hat, they passed it over a crossbeam of the loom above the bench where the old man sat and holding the other end of the thread outside the door, they waited. He sat croonin awa' to himsel' as was his custom, taking no notice of what was going on around him. Gently, cautiously, they pulled the thread and slightly raised the hat. He just settled it on his head again and went on with his croonin'. Again and again the hat was raised and replaced, and he never awakened to the

fact that anything unusual was happening till it gradually ascended above his head and disappeared. There was a simultaneous disappearance of the boys, who made a bee-line down the street after their leader, for the old man was irrascible enough when provoked.

For two years Davie assisted his father (who was himself a weaver) in filling the bobbins, but it was a monotonous, mechanical occupation, which he could not endure. To relieve the tedium many a song was sung to the metronome-like click of the shuttle, and to this practice he attributed in great measure, his father's accurate sense of time.

The weavers as a class were known to be eccentric and original; independent thinkers and much given to discussion on political, theological, and other questions. Newspapers being an expensive luxury in those days, a single copy had to serve at least a dozen families, and this gave rise to gatherings at the stairhead during diet hours, known as "committees," at which the news of the day was read aloud and commented upon by the assembled auditors. There was a representative committee for every score of houses or so, one meeting at the "Clay Holes" (where our father was brought up), another at the "Loan" (where he first lived after his marriage), and another at the not distant suburb of "Dovecotland." Here was opportunity for the exercise of much natural oratory, passionate enough at times, fired as it was by the Chartist excitement then smouldering. A number of Chartists in Perth held their meetings in an underground cellar lit only by a few tallow candles, and at night young Davie was wont to creep in there unperceived, and hiding behind some empty casks, to "assist" at their proceedings.

His father's house was lonely for a lad of his ardent temperament, so his favourite "howfs" were his grannie's and his aun-

tic's, where he heard many an auld ballad and many an "auld warld" tale. His grannie spoiled him, as most grannies do, and her house was always a place of refuge in time of trouble.

HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.

At his auntie's he heard many a gossip between her and her cronies. "Toots, never heed the laddie," they said; "he is ower young to understand oor clavers." And so he was, but the words of their talk fell upon his ears like seed upon good ground, and bringing forth fruit in after life formed the basis of many a humorous love story that touched the hearts of his audiences in all parts of the world. "Hoo oor John socht me for his wife" was most directly derived from this source—and here we give it as nearly as possible in his own words, though the truth is these stories were seldom told twice alike, and many a time, if his audience entered into it heartily, the story grew with added inspiration. This is merely the skeleton, to be filled in not only with other details, but above all with our father's own personality.

"Behold twa auld wives seated at the fireside drinking the

blackest of tea, the old brown teapot at the fire, blackened with use and broken at the stroup. 'Eh, woman, but that's grand tea—it sticks to the roof o' yer moo! Nane o' yer new fangled German silver teapats for me; ye dinna get the guid o' the tea unless it stands half an hour at the fire.'

"There they sit, cracking ower their young days, the one nervous, thin, black-eyed—poetic; the other squat and stout, practical, matter-of-fact — prosaic. But they both enjoy a gossip, and keckle ower the stories o' their courtin, the recollection of which seems even sweeter than the reality. 'Eh, but thae were grand days, thae young days; weel dae I mind—dear me, this is the very nicht forty years sin that oor John socht me for his wife. I'll tell ye the whole story—if ye'll promise to tell me what your man said to you when he socht you; but ye mauna repeat it, mind ye, to ony other body.

"John and me had gane thegither for five year. It's a lang time, and I began to weary on John—a woman does na like to hing on ower lang, ye ken—I was beginnin' to be feared that if he didna speak soon he wadna speak ava.

"'Tuesday nichts and Friday nichts were John's nichts, so John an' me were rale sib. Weel, ye ken, my faither's hoose stood in the middle o' a garden, and when John cam to see me he gae three raps on the window. Some chiels gae twa raps and some four raps and a whistle, but our John, ye ken, just gae three raps. Weel, this nicht we were a' sittin at the fireside, three raps cam to the window, and my heart gae a dunt, for I kenned it was *him*. But I never let on, ye ken. By and by I laid doon the stockin' I was darning, and slippit oot quietly, and says I, "Is that you, John?" and oot o' the dark a deep voice says, "Ay, it's me, Janet." Then I heard a motion among the busses, and it cam' nearer and nearer till John was at my side, and eh! sic a wark he made wi' me.'

"'Eh, woman, look at that deil o' a laddie glowerin' at ye and takin' in a' ye say.'

"'Hoots, awa, woman! the laddie's ower young to understand oor clavers. Here's a piece an' treacle tae ye, Davie. That'll shut his mouth and his lugs baith.'

"'Weel, awa doon the brae we gaed thegither. "It's a fine nicht," says I. "Grand weather for the craps," says John, but no anither word did he speak. John was never a great hand at sayin' muckle, and this nicht he was waur than ever. So doon the brae we gaed, and I fand John's arm slippin' roond my waist. By and by I made believe to miss my foot, ye ken, and that gar'd John haud me tighter! I'm tellin' ye the whole truth, altho' I think black burnin' shame. Folks thinks that it's the lads that coorts the lasses, it's naething o' the kind, it's the lasses that coorts the lads, for I'm sure,' said the auld wife, 'if I hadna gi'en John a hand, he wad never hae gotten on ava.'

"'Eat awa at yer piece and treacle, laddie, and dinna glower at me like that.'

"'Weel, at the foot o' the brae we sat doon aneath a bus', whaur there was just room for John and me, and it's bonnie branches hid us frae every mortal e'e. Even the impertinent man in the moon, that sees sae mony things he shouldna see, couldna see in on us that nicht. There we sat a lang time, and John as usual said naething, but a' this time his arm was round my waist, and at last it began to shake, and he said, "Janet," and thinks I to mysel' I've catched John at last; but something stuck in his throat, for he said nae mair. And there we sat and sat, an' better sat, an' eh! we were sae happy. "Surely," thinks I, "this is heaven upon earth." But all of a sudden John astonished me, for a better behaved young man never lived, he took a haud o' my head and he pressed it till his bosom, and I fand his heart knock, k-nock, k-nockin' against

my lug, and says he to me, says he, "Janet, Janet, w-w-will ye, will ye marry me?" Eh, woman! was na I richt glad to hear that!! But a lassie canna expect to hear that very often in her life, so she maunna be in a hurry to answer. The tears were rinnin' doon my cheeks. John's arm was round my waist, and my head was on John's bosom, and his heart was k-nockin' waur than ever. But I didna wait ower lang, for fear I should lose him a'thegither; so says I to him, says I, "Jo-o-hn, yes," and wi' that oor John gaed clean daft a'thegither, and he fairly worried me up wi' kisses.'

"'Hoot, awa' woman,' said the prosaic wife, 'sic ongaeins! My man and me were na sic fools. When my man cam' to see me, he cam' into the hoose like ony decent man—to be sure there was nane but him and me in the hoose at the time—and he sits doun in my father's chair, puts his tae leg ower the tither, and toasts his taes at the fire. "Ony news?" says I. "Ou ay," says he; "I've ta'en a hoose." "Ta'en a hoose?" says I. "Ay! ta'en a hoose and *furnishin'* a hoose." "Losh be here," quo I, "ta'en a hoose and furnishin' a hoose! Wha are ye furnishin' the hoose for?" "I'm furnishin' the hoose for you." "Oh, if that be the way o't, it wad be a great pity to lose the guid furniture."'" Such the talk he heard at his auntie's.

His mother, like most frugal and industrious wives of that time, went as a rule in the autumn to work at the "hairst" (harvest gathering), and she took Davie with her. That was before the days of reaping machines, when the harvest was gathered in by rows of sturdy, merry bandsters of both sexes, and they, when the evening shadows fell, gathered into the barn and beguiled the time telling stories and singing songs, many of which are only now, for the first time, seeing the light in a published form. Here the young lad heard the traditional versions of the old songs and mingled in such scenes as sur-

rounded Robert Burns, and was thus fitted for his life work by seeing the last of that form of peasant life which gave birth to much that is noblest and purest in Scottish minstrelsy.

At five years of age he was sent to school. He was a good scholar, but it was on reading days that he came to the front and made his teacher feel proud of him. Elocution was a favourite study with Crichton, the master, and our father always said that he owed much to him for this early initiation into the art of reading.

He was fond of introducing a scene from his schoolboy days when prefacing Sir W. Scott's ballad of "Young Lochinvar." This had been a favourite piece for reciting in Crichton's School, and was often chosen for declamation on certain Saturday mornings, when friends and former pupils (tall lads from the college, of whom the school laddies stood greatly in awe), gathered in to "assist" at the recitals. There is the master, pacing to and fro, more excited than any of the boys, and shouting "Silence!" merely to relieve the tenson of his own nervous state. And the chosen boys, ranged along the wall on the unsteady elevation afforded by a narrow form, are not likely to have much freedom in suiting the action to the word. There is the dux, a boy with a large head, globular eyes and retentive memory, and next to him the hero of the school, the laddie whose pouches were aye stuffed wi' "calk" and "skeelie," and string and "bools," and who could run fastest, climb highest, and eat more raw turnips without injury to his digestion, than any other boy in the school. But whatever their other qualifications, they cannot satisfy their teacher with the reading of the ballad, and it ends by his showing to them (and to the admiring audience), how it ought to be done.

At sixteen years of age he was apprenticed to Douglas the house-painter, and now began a life of hard work and hard

reading. He commenced work at six in the morning, and finished at eight in the evening. But the diet hours were precious, and he never supped his "halesome parritch" or mid-day "kail" without a book in one hand, while the spoon was doing service in the other. He was so wearied sometimes when he came home at night, that fatigue overcame hunger, and he fell asleep with the bread in his mouth.

The love of reading was with him a passion that lasted till death. Enthusiasm characterized everything that he said or did; exaggeration, men of colder nature called it. The Kirk Library was ransacked for books to satisfy his craving for information and mental stimulus, and he never forgot the benefit he had derived from it, when in later life he sang for the benefit of such institutions in his own and other lands. On returning to Perth once after a lengthened absence, he crept up the library stairs on his hands and knees in loving memory of the enthusiastic reading days of his youth.

On Sunday mornings he woke at four, got his book and read till breakfast time. One Sunday morning his mother found him reading "Rollin's Ancient History," and being a strict Sabbatarian was anxious to know what he was poring over. "Eh, laddie, what's that ye're readin'?" she asked. "It's the history o' Egypt, mither," he replied. "That's a' richt then, Davie," she said, quite reassured, and left him undisturbed till the special duties of the day began. These were not light, and left little time for reading. Three times to the kirk they went, and once to the Sabbath School, and as he grew older the morning Bible Class was added to the list.

With all the economy of his father's household there was no sense of poverty. The cheap musical publications of the present day, putting classical works within the reach of all, were then undreamt of, yet our grandfather had a good though

small musical library, and his own copy of the "Messiah," a large folio edition, is the finest we yet have. It is inscribed in his own hand—

DAVID KENNEDY,
PRECENTOR TO THE NORTH UNITED SECESSION CHURCH,
PERTH, 1843.

They attended every concert that was given in Perth, eagerly scanning the programmes for novelties, and were familiar with the repertoires of the elder Braham, John Wilson, John Templeton, Russell, etc. While still considered too young to be admitted into the enjoyment of such privileges, Davie was even a more enthusiastic worshipper than his elders at the shrines of the great singers, as the following incident will show.

One night John Templeton was singing in the Theatre in Perth. The young 'prentice laddie was working in a house some ten or twelve miles distant, in the Carse o' Gowrie. On the night of the concert the rain fell in torrents, and the road to Perth was lost in darkness. He had no money to pay for admission, and no means of reaching Perth save on his own feet ; but he was not to be deterred by such impediments—his youthful enthusiasm knew no obstacles. He ran all the way, "skelpin' on thro' dub and mire," and covered the distance in two hours. When he arrived at the theatre door the concert had begun, so he listened at the keyhole during the remainder of the performance, and the rain which had gathered on the ledge of the roof dripped steadily down on the back of his neck, sufficient surely to have cooled the ardour of any feeling short of unquenchable enthusiasm !

Next morning he had to be back to his work in the Carse by six o'clock. But now the rain had ceased, the sky was clear, and he had heard the great singer, so he walked lightly

back by the road that had seemed so dark the night before, singing lustily to himself one of Templeton's favourite songs—

> "There was a jolly beggar, and a beggin' he was boun',
> An' he took up his quarters into a landwart toon ;
> An' we'll gang nae mair a rovin' sae late into the nicht—
> We'll gang nae mair a rovin' tho' the moon shine e'er sae bricht.
> An' we'll gang nae mair a rovin' "

The chorus of this song gave Templeton an opportunity for considerable display in fioriture, which, according to the prevailing musical taste of the period, was considered essential to effective public singing. This now antiquated taste, as far as ballad singing is concerned, was instanced years afterwards in the criticism of an old man on our father's singing after one of his concerts, given in a town in Fife. He was walking home, and having overtaken some of the audience, he overheard this old man remark that "That man couldna sing ava', he had nae floorishes!" But Templeton was a perfect master of the florid school of singing, and like most tenor singers of his time, indulged freely in the use of the falsetto voice. This may account, to some extent, for his early loss of vocal power and consequent disappearance from public life when under fifty years of age.

Our father became intimately acquainted with him in after life, and made many a pilgrimage to Tempè Villa, the cosy little house in the village of New Hampton on the Thames, some twelve miles out of London, where the old singer lived in retirement for over thirty years.

Apropos of these visits to Tempè Villa, the following reminiscence from the letter of one who was equally the friend of Templeton and Kennedy may be of interest :—

"Your father, Robert, and I had arranged to spend an afternoon in June, some years ago, with Templeton. The old

gentleman was then in excellent health; and upon our arrival at Fullwell Station, we found him sitting in an open 'fly' waiting for us. We had arranged that we should have a two hours' drive, and then a 'toosie tea' at Tempè Villa. The night was beautiful, and ere the sun went down we were seated beneath a fine old tree on the lawn. Tempè garden looked its best. The roses were in full bloom. The fragrant honeysuckle hung in clusters over our heads. The birds were warbling forth their matchless songs. The human songsters were unco croose and very happy, indulging in a wee, wee drappie. All at once your father sprang to his feet with the exclamation, 'Templeton, do you know what day this is?' 'No.' 'It is the twenty-fourth of June—the anniversary of Bannockburn. Uncover every son of Scotland, and drink to the immortal memory of Bruce and Wallace!' With that New Hampton echoed and resounded with the mighty war-song 'Scots wha hae,' sung in a manner rarely heard in the concert-room even when the trumpet tones of the master-minstrel were at their best."

When John Templeton revisited Scotland, as he usually did every summer, he was always a welcome guest at our father's house in Edinburgh. We were all familiar with the appearance of the venerable old man with the flowing white hair and beard, but could find little trace in him of the elegant young singer of his earlier portraits. Many a story he told us of his early professional life and connection with Malibran, and of his travels in Scotland and America before the days of railways. He died only two months before our father in his 85th year, and the world, hearing of his death, was astonished—he had been dead to the world for so many years.

Davie's 'prentice life, though a hard one, was a bright one. One summer he was employed in the country at the house of a Mrs. Campbell, whose elder son Sandy was very musical.

He had been away from home at the time of the house painting, and when he returned his mother greeted him with—"Eh, Sandy, it's a great pity ye werena at hame last week, for we had a grand singin' painter laddie workin' here." Her two sons emigrated to Canada—the younger settling in Stratford, Ontario (where our father died), the elder on a farm some forty miles distant. The latter never missed an opportunity of driving to the nearest town to hear again "the grand singin' painter laddie," and these two brothers, Perth laddies like himself, were the last friends admitted to see him on his death-bed.

When old enough to be initiated into the mysteries of part-singing, Davie was made a member of his father's glee club, and then it was that he acquired that love of the old English unaccompanied part music that prompted him, when his family grew up around him, to train them in the singing of the glees and madrigals which found such acceptance at their concerts when singing round the world.

Our grandfather's voice was a pure, light tenor, in quality resembling that of John Wilson, who was his beau ideal of a singer, and for years he refused to believe in his son's qualification for the profession he finally adopted, he being, in many respects, so distinct from his famous predecessor.

Davie had been singing alto for some time at his father's concerts, when one night he was put down on the programme for a solo, the piece chosen for his debut being the exquisitely beautiful Jacobite song "Wae's me for Prince Charlie." He was quite overcome with nervousness, and unconsciously as he proceeded, he gradually turned his face away from the audience, his head being completely averted at the close of the song. In after life this was one of his favourite songs, and his introduction to it (original, as indeed were all his prefatory

remarks to the songs) was very beautiful. If we transcribe it, it may give those who never heard him an idea of his manner of prefacing the songs, vivifying the main points and surrounding them with beautiful, interesting, or touching details which revealed new beauties in songs already almost hackneyed favourites, and in certain instances rescued misunderstood songs from semi-oblivion.

The story of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" is supposed to take place immediately after the failure of the last attempt of the exiled Stuart race to regain their forefathers' throne. Prince Charlie has had to fly for his life, thirty thousand pounds being offered for his head, and has spent many weeks of privation in the Western Highlands and Islands before effecting his escape to France. The words of the song are as follows:—

A wee bird cam' to oor ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh, when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird
The tears cam' drappin' sarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie!

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow,
Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

"On hills that are by richt his ain
He roams a lonely stranger,
On ilka side he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sairly changed indeed was he,
O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

Dark nicht came on, the tempest roared
Cold o'er the hills and valleys,
An' whaur was't that your prince lay down
Whase hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom,
O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
Awhile he hovered on the wing
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

There is no hint in the song as to the character of the Jacobite singer, we only know him to be a man by the act of baring the head in reverence. But Kennedy was never happy in rendering a song unless he could, first to himself and then to his audience, impersonate the singer. And these impersonations were all taken from life, the old man in the following instance being his own Jacobite ancestor who returned from Culloden, and who, when he was an old man, sat and grat by the fire and moaned to himself over the failure of the Jacobite Rebellion. The following was my father's introduction to the song, sketched in brief sentences, the result of long experience in public speaking :—

"Ae day a wee bird was flying from tree to tree seeking food for its young, when it spied the hunted prince scougin' aneath a bus'. It flew straight to yonder house, where an auld man lived that loved Charlie, and there it sang the password of their party, 'Waes me for Prince Charlie.' When the auld man heard it he kent the birdie was a Jacobite, for all lovely things, the lasses on the earth and the laverocks in heaven, were on Charlie's side. Oot he cam', the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, and reverently took aff his bannet at Charlie's name. There the two held sweet converse together, feeling that sorrow when shared tasted like joy, till red coats were seen comin', thirty thousand pound men, seekin' for Charlie. When the birdie saw them, anger dried its tears, and 'dichtin' it's e'e wi' its wing, it said, 'This is no a land for ane o' my opinions, I'm aff.' But it couldna flee far, for it was tethered by love to the auld man's heart. Circling like a musical halo round the auld man's head, every note a tear drop in it, rang the refrain, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie,' and the auld man, looking up till his eyes were blinded with tears, drew his blue bonnet doon ower his broos, and turning back

to the hoose, drew a creepie near to the fire, put anither peat on, and murmured to himsel', 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie,' while far in the blue lift amang the white clouds the birdie soared and sang, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie,' heaven and earth at this moment lamenting the fate of 'the born King of Scotland.'"

As Davie grew up to man's estate he appeared a thin, black-haired, bright-eyed youth, full of life and determination, yet somewhat reserved and very sensitive. He was studious, a teetotaller (a rare thing in those days), he did not smoke, was a member of the kirk, and a much respected son of a much respected father.

So recent was the temperance movement that, when he was a laddie, he ran with other laddies to get a sicht o' a man of whom it was actually said that *he didna drink whuskey.*

When only eighteen he was already assisting his father in the precentorship of the North Kirk ; but his first attempt at psalm-singing, made in a small country kirk, had been almost as disheartening as his *debut* as a solo-singer. The tune chosen was "French," familiar to him from boyhood ; but the same nervousness that paralysed him as a child saying his catechism to the minister seized him now. He could remember no more than two lines of the tune, and to these he sang the whole of the psalm.

At the age of twenty he succeeded his uncle in the precentorship of the South Kirk, and there he led the psalms with such vocal power and musical and religious feeling, that he soon made for himself a local fame. The improvement of the musical service of the church was a matter he had always at heart. On his long and arduous tours through Canada, singing every night, sometimes in six different towns in one week, he would lead the psalmody in the two Presbyterian kirks on Sunday,

and the congregations were frequently so increased that chairs and forms had to be placed in the aisles to accommodate the people. One Sunday he was singing in Dr. Thomson's church in Sarnia, Ont., where many of the congregation came from the outlying country district. One old farmer, a type of the old Scottish covenanter transplanted to Canadian soil, had driven in some miles to the service. After it was over he came round to the vestry, and speaking in the loud tone of one accustomed to give orders in the open air, he said to the minister, "It is no often ye see me in Sarnia, but I've been in twice, nae less, this week. I cam in on Thursday to hear that man singin' the sangs o' Robbie Burns, an' noo' I'm in again the day, hearin' him sing the Psalms o' David, and on the whole," speaking slowly and with great deliberation, as though not quite assured in his own mind, "on the whole, I think that king David has rather the heels o' (is a little in advance of) Robbie Burns."

About a stone's throw from his father's house in Perth, lived the family of Robert Henderson. The old man was a great reader, and there David went in the evening to "hae a crack wi' the auld man" and get the loan of books to read. There was a large family of them, and the young folks were much together, and it ended by his falling in love with the eldest daughter Helen. He had had an early love experience, like most laddies, for when only four years of age he fell in love with a lassie much older than himself. He never spoke to her nor dreamt even of approaching her, but like the lover of "Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie," he cowered behind a bush as she passed along the road, and—

> "His heart lay beatin' the flowery grass,
> In quakin', quiverin', agitation;
> An' the tears cam' tricklin' doon frae his e'en,
> Wi' perfect love and admiration."

The year '48 (he being then 23 years of age), was an eventful year with him. In the month of February, he gave a lecture in the South Kirk on the History of Music. The programme, a very ambitious one, raises a smile at its comprehensiveness, embracing as it does—The Origin of Music—the Music of Savage Nations—the Music of the Antediluvians—of Egypt, India, China, Persia, Turkey, Arabia,—of the Hebrews—of Greece, Rome, Germany, France, Spain, Russia, Lapland, Sweden, England, Scotland—the Universality of Music—the Influence of Music, and the state of Music in the Schools and Churches at the present time. It was a success. Shortly after this he wrote an essay on the Sabbath (the Sabbath question was at that time agitating the whole country) as competitor for a prize offered for the best essay on the subject written by a working man. He gained £5, a considerable sum in Perth in those days, when the annual salary of a precentor was £8, and the rent of a respectable house was only £2 a year.

Being now a journeyman painter, he felt a desire to improve himself in his trade, so, in the spring, having got a substitute to fill his place in the precentor's desk, he left Perth for Edinburgh to seek for temporary employment there.

His first visit to Edinburgh had been made in company with his father some years previously, they having walked all the way from Perth, for the purpose of hearing a grand performance of the "Messiah" in the Music Hall, George Street. But this was the first time he had been away from home alone, and his sense of loneliness and homesickness was intense.

He was sent first across the Forth to work at Burntisland, but later he went south to Kelso, and worked for two months at a beautifully situated house called Newton Don. From there, having now gained some experience, and being

anxious to see the best work done and to provide for his approaching marriage, he went in the autumn to London. He was a skilled and energetic workman, and got employment on many important buildings.

One day as he was engaged in painting a ceiling in one of the rooms of Buckingham Palace, Prince Albert came through on a tour of inspection. There was naturally a stir amongst the men, but the work on which they were engaged was of a most delicate and exacting nature, and demanded their constant and undisturbed attention. In hurriedly moving back a scaffolding, he narrowly missed tilting over the Prince's hat; but, unaffected by this slight incident, he continued his work, and fortunately finished his half of the ceiling without a blemish. The other half, unfortunately, showed signs of the disturbance, and the poor fellow who had been at work on it was never seen at his post again.

But the time during his stay in London was not all devoted to work, he took advantage of the abundant opportunities afforded there of hearing the best of everything in the musical world. In a letter to a friend he writes:—"I have been out late two or three nights since I came, and always found some poor wanderer asleep on some corner or doorstep, while the place I had left (Her Majesty's Theatre) blazed with the jewels of coroneted heads." And in another—"I got the greatest treat on Tuesday night that ever I had in my life—the oratorio of the Messiah, containing his annunciation, humiliation—his mission. I felt as if I were among the glorified saints before the throne of God. I don't think I ever felt so completely in the atmosphere of heaven—every fibre in my body—every feeling of my heart—was in the most excited state, and I felt the tears begin to trickle o'er my cheek."

On returning to Perth at the close of the year, he married

Helen Henderson, and shortly afterwards set up in business for himself in the High Street as a house painter. He settled down to hard work for some years, but felt that this was not destined to be his life work. From a boy he had cherished the hope of being able to follow in the footsteps of Wilson and Templeton, and years only strengthened his belief that he was born to be their successor.

After five years of happy married life, his wife died, leaving him with three bairns—two sons, David and Robert, and one daughter, Helen. In his loneliness more than ever, the call to sing his country's songs forced itself upon him. Going down a lane one day he prayed to God to help him, to tell him if it were His will that he should be a singer of the songs of Scotland. The answer came "Thou shalt sing," and from that day he decided to take the daring step of changing his whole career ; but there was much to do to prepare himself for his new work, and to sever his connection with the old.

Two years later he married again, and his second wife, Elizabeth Fraser, proved a faithful companion and fearless traveller, accompanying her husband in all his after wanderings.

Still carrying on his business in Perth, he went periodically to Edinburgh, and spent every sovereign he could spare on lessons in singing and elocution. The latter he studied under Bell, whom he afterwards met in America, enjoying, in his old age, the fame of his son, the telephone inventor. He studied singing with Edmund Edmunds, an Englishman trained in the Italian school, and an excellent teacher, from whom he received invaluable aid in the art of phrasing and dramatic expression. To him he confided his hopes, his ambition, his position as a married man with a family dependent on him, and a business in Perth fairly started, and asked

him his deliberate opinion—should he dare to throw up everything and risk his fortune as a public singer—a difficult question to answer. When asked for similar advice by young aspirants to fame, our father used to tell them that if they loved music well enough to starve on it for a time, they might risk it, but hardly otherwise.

Mr. Edmunds, always a true friend of his pupil, and much beloved and esteemed by him, took a turn or two round the room, then reseating himself on the music stool, he said "Yes." Mr. Edmunds watched his career ever after with the greatest interest—never let the opportunity slip of hearing him from time to time, and often cheered him with the praise a public performer values from a competent critic, while kindly advice was never wanting both to the singer and his family. Mr. Edmunds still teaches in Edinburgh, and was one of those who helped to lay our father in his last resting place.

At this time the precentorship of Nicholson Street U.P. Church, Edinburgh, was vacant. It was a large and prosperous congregation, and in order to secure the services of a really good man, they offered a salary of £40 a year—a very large salary for a precentorship in those days—and no fewer than forty names were enrolled on the list of candidates. David Kennedy added his to the list. It was a name unknown to Edinburgh at that time, but the forty precentors who were gathered on the day of trial in the upper room of the kirk buildings came from far and near, and some of them had heard of Kennedy, the precentor of Perth. When the future Scottish singer and traveller was ushered into the room by Mr. David Hay (chairman of the musical committee), a whisper went round the room, "There's Kennedy frae Perth; if he's going to try for it, we ither chiels hae little chance."

One by one they were conducted from the room to undergo

the ordeal of a strict musical examination before competent judges, and when at last David Kennedy was called out, he turned to his brother precentors, to whom he had been chatting cheerily the while, and said, "Weel, gentlemen, success to ye a'!" Besides being possessor of a fine voice of the *tenore robusto* quality, he had had twelve years experience in church singing, and was, thanks to his father's training and his own persevering study, a good musician. He made his mark at the examination, and when he occupied the precentor's desk on Sunday the congregation heard the tune of "Montrose" sung as they had never heard it sung before. He was unanimously elected to the post by committee and congregation, and held it for five years.

CHAPTER II.—*Beginning of Professional Career.*

HAVING sold his business in Perth and removed his family to Edinburgh, he meanwhile devoted himself to teaching and occasional concert-giving. He had classes in several schools and churches in Edinburgh and Leith, one being Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School. He was greatly liked by his pupils, and the Ragged School laddies in particular used to hang on to his coat tails when they saw him on the street.

He was appointed leader of the Edinburgh Tonic Sol-fa Society, and also formed singing classes in the neighbourhood and in Fife. Many a pupil of those days travelled miles to see and hear their old teacher when years afterwards he was touring in America, South Africa, India, or Australia.

All the time not taken up with teaching was devoted to a diligent and loving study of the "Auld Scots Sangs," and gaining access to the Advocates' Library, he there pored over the "auld beuks" and drank in a love for the anonymous ballads of the Middle Ages that in a manner prejudiced him for life against anything new. Not that he failed to recognize the beauty of such modern songs as Professor Aytoun's "Annie's Tryste," James Ballantine's "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew," or Mrs. Boyd's "Lang Awa' Ship," all of which he sang; but for an auld sang such as "Tak' yer auld cloak aboot ye," he had feelings of tender reverence which excluded criticism. He believed that a song could not live for centuries unless it were, on some side, true to nature, and he unceasingly, all through his long professional career, studied the old ballads and turned them over and over in his mind till he had dis-

covered the reading which he thought most forcibly revealed this truth. Many a song was studied, tried in public, found unsatisfactory, and laid aside, only to be taken up again and again with different readings till it finally reach success, as, for instance, "The Weary Pund o' Tow," "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman," "Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen," or "The Auld Man's Mare 's Dead." What a turning out of the volumes of Herd's Collection, R. A. Smith's Collection, Thomson's Collection, and Johnson's Museum there used to be when we came home on Saturdays from our weekly tours in Scotland! Then the versions in these had to be compared with those in Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song," Robert Chambers' "Scottish Songs Prior to Burns," etc. The last named volume was coming out at the time when he was precenting and teaching in Edinburgh, and he has told us that he then had the congenial task of working on it. In this way he first made the acquaintance of Robert Chambers, who remained a warm friend of his through life.

Besides his own teaching and concert-giving, he had many concert engagements, principally through Howard of the Edinburgh Concerts; and in January, '59, the year of the Burns Centenary, he was engaged for the Burns Celebration in St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

It is a significant coincidence that his first important public appearance was at a concert in honour of his beloved bard, and that his last concert, given in the western town of Sarnia, Ont., when the shadow of death was already upon him, was "A Nicht wi' Burns." He was the interpreter of Burns because he loved him; and such was his high ideal of the poet, that he could not give a Burns "Nicht" in the remotest corner of the earth without feeling grave responsibility, and getting into a highly nervous state of excitement.

While on the subject of his admiration of Burns, it may be as well to insert a letter of his to a friend, thanking him for having secured him a copy of the first edition of Burns' poems. It is dated from his house in Edinburgh.

"8 St. Andrew's Terrace, July, 1876.

"My dear Freen,

"Got your letter, and on Tuesday the *Book*. Thank you very much for the trouble you have taken. I rejoice to look at the page, for example, where 'Green grow the rashes o' first met the human eye—eye made humid, eye made bright by him whose heart was a boiling fountain of Scottish and manly feeling, and whose brain could clothe the common with the divine."

He used to say of Burns that if ever they elected a parliament of the immortals, Burns would be chosen as the representative of Scotland. "The three names," he said, "that stir to their depths the hearts of all Scotsmen, are Sir William Wallace, John Knox, and Robert Burns."

These early concert engagements were very encouraging, but his aim was to take up the work which Wilson's sudden death had left unfinished—to sing the songs of Scotland round the world. So in the winter of '59 he set to work, and in order to prepare a large repertoire and to test songs by public performance, he started a series of Monday night concerts in the Buccleugh Street Hall, Edinburgh, which were continued weekly for three months. Every Monday a fresh programme of twelve songs was gone through, no number ever being repeated, and in this way he tested no fewer than one hundred and fifty songs and ballads ancient and modern. The programmes were varied and interesting, and there were not a few constant attenders at the weekly concerts—Professor Ayton and Robert Chambers being of the number. The following is a copy of one of the handbills :—

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

BUCCLEUGH ST. HALL.

KENNEDY'S

Entertainment on the

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Embracing specimens from the earliest period to the present time, interspersed with Antiquarian, Critical, and Biographical notices.

EVERY MONDAY EVENING.

The Hall will be comfortably heated.

SONGS AND BALLADS FOR MONDAY, NOV. 26.

PART I.

The Brisk young lassie.
Helen o' Kirkconnel.
Hey Jenny come doon tae Jock.
The Flowers o' the Forest.
The brisk young lad.
The Bailiff's daughter of Islington (English ditty).

PART II.

The Bonnie House o' Airlie.
In a garden so green (Aberdeen Cantus, 1662).
Earlstoun (Narrative Ballad).
The Rin awa' Bride.
Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.
Woo'd an' married an' a'.

SONGS AND BALLADS FOR MONDAY, DEC. 3RD.

PART I.

Leezie Lindsay.
O ! Waly, Waly.
My Wife has ta'en the gee.
The dowie dens o' Yarrow (Narrative Ballad).
Sweet Kate (Aberdeen Cantus, 1662).
Saw ye my Faither?

PART II.

There was a Jolly Beggar.
Hollan', Green Hollan'.
Ca the Ewes to the Knowes.
John Grumlie.
An thou wert my ain thing.
Allister M'Allister.

Miss PRINGLE will Preside at the Piano.

To commence at a quarter past Eight o'clock. Doors open half an hour before.

In the summer of '60, when the classes were in recess, he made short concert tours in Scotland, and in '61 went as far north as the Orkney Islands. In these tentative efforts he was very successful, and feeling that it was now time to take a decided stand in his profession he turned his thoughts to an appearance in London, for which he had all along been preparing himself. He wisely chose as his accompanist, Edward

Land (so long associated with John Wilson), and made his first appearance in the Metropolis in the Hanover Square Rooms in the summer of '62. A very large and fashionable audience gathered to hear the new singer, and he felt that his future depended on his success that night. After the concert was over he was very excited—did not sleep all night—got up early, went out, bought all the morning papers, took them back with him to his lodgings, and there opened them one by one and read his fate. The critics were warm in his praise. The *Daily Telegraph* said :—

"Besides a rich mellow voice, Mr. Kennedy has a pleasant open countenance which, accompanied by an affable blandness in relating the numerous anecdotes interspersed throughout the entertainment, at once draws his listeners to him ; and with these attractions it need not be said that on Thursday night at the above rooms he was listened to by a crowded audience in those pathetic songs that form the staple of Scottish songs, with rapt attention, whilst at the humorous ditties the same audience laughed heartily. It is no easy task for a vocalist to excite smiles and draw tears alternately. This, however, Mr. Kennedy accomplishes, and laughter holds both its sides at 'Hame came oor gudeman at e'en,' whilst Burns' 'Highland Mary' and 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie' almost cause tears to trickle down those cheeks that a few minutes before were bulged out in boisterous glee."

The *Daily News* said :—

"Last night Mr. Kennedy, a gentleman new to London, though having a well-earned reputation in Edinburgh, appeared at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Mr. Kennedy makes his selections with taste and judgment, prefaces the songs with as few introductory remarks as possible, and sings them with all the force and finish of a thoroughly

trained musician. His face and manner are pleasing and intelligent; he has a large share of dramatic power, a good sense of humour and character, and a voice that is rich and flexible. With these rare qualifications for the task he has undertaken, it is not surprising that he was highly successful. The newcomer may consider that he has at once taken a secure position as an illustrator of Scotch ballad."

He gave four concerts at this time, including readings from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" and Christopher North's "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and was at once accepted as Wilson's successor.

In December of the same year he was again in London, this time in the Egyptian Hall, and the success of his entertainments was such that he continued them till May, '63, giving one hundred concerts during the season. A critique from *The Times* reads as follows:—

"Mr. Kennedy possesses the first of all qualifications for the task he has undertaken—he is 'Scotch to the backbone.' Since John Wilson, indeed, no entertainer of the monologue class, more eminently, more exclusively Scotch, has appeared before a London audience. Mr. Kennedy so nearly approaches him as a characteristic delineator of Scottish manners, ancient and modern, through the medium of Scottish song and Scottish poetry, that he may be fairly styled John Wilson's legitimate successor. That Mr. Kennedy's entertainment is a good one, our musical readers—and especially our Scotch musical readers—need hardly be informed. The historical and analytical remarks are interesting, the anecdotes are humorous, well narrated and to the purpose; and the melodies, if not all absolutely Scotch (as W. Chappell, did it fall in the way of his researches, would more or less successfully establish) are at any rate genial, racy, and inspiring. On Monday night—besides the selections from Burns, Ayton, etc. including, with other genuine things, 'Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled,' the words of which reflect the very spirit of mediæval (Scottish) patriotism, and that more philosophical ditty, because of more universal application,—'A man's a man for a' that,'—Mr. Kennedy introduced an entirely new feature

into his programme under the heading of 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,'" etc.

His professional success in London induced him to make it his headquarters, and he again removed his family south to be near him. He had to break off his connection with Nicolson Street Church, to the regret of minister and congregation, the musical society of which presented him with an illuminated address and a purse of sovereigns. He said good bye to the Choral Society, from the members of which he received as a parting gift, a beautiful gilt clock and a writing desk, and he broke up his class teaching never to resume it.

He made many friends in London among the Scottish artists and others, and Sir Michael Costa, to whom he sang, was very much impressed with his rendering of some of the best known tenor solos from the oratorios. He strongly recommended him to cultivate that branch of the vocal art, and made some very strong remarks on his determination to devote himself entirely to the singing of Scottish songs, and had Kennedy not believed himself born to sing his country's songs, he might have been influenced by the famous conductor in the choice of a career. But he went on with the work he had begun.

His London season had insured his success in the south of England, whether he went on tour, accompanied by Mr. Land, and sang in all the important towns, Brighton among the number. After the concert there, a lady came into the artists' room and introduced herself as Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal), was very warm in her praise of the evening's entertainment, and wished, she said, "to shake hands with a born actor."

The years '63 and '64 were devoted to English and Scottish

tours, and in the winter of 1864 and 1865 we find him again in London, at the Music Hall, Store Street, with fresh programmes, including readings from Scott's "Waverley," and a new entertainment written specially for him entitled "The Farmer's Ingle."

In 1866 he proposed making a tour of the States and Canada, and as his accompanist Mr. Land was averse to "crossing the pond," he commenced training his daughter Helen for the work in 1865. He daily devoted hours to it, and she was patient and persevering, and the result was that in 1866 she was able to play his accompaniments in London, at the Store Street Hall, and the audiences were charmed with the solemn earnestness of the bonnie wee lassie.

In the summer of the same year the home was broken up, the bairns were sent to school, and with his eldest daughter, wife, and son Robert, he started for America.

They embarked at Londonderry on a miserably wet day, the gloom of the weather being deepened by the sight of hundreds of heart-sick Irish emigrants who, like themselves, were going to try their fortune in the New World. An old fiddler was standing playing in the rain. Just as the steamer moved off, Mr. Kennedy threw him a shilling. "Ah, God bless you," said the fiddler, with characteristic Irish gush; "I knew you were a gentleman all the time!!"

He had always a fellow-feeling for the wandering minstrel brotherhood, and gained much knowledge of human nature through "crackin'" wi' a' the auld singers and fiddlers and tramps of every kind that he came across. The following instance of this is in his own words, and from the letter already quoted anent the book of Burns' poems:

"A crookit, shrivelled, crackit-voiced auld mannie was singing

'The Maid of Llangollen' near our house last night. I gae him something, and said, 'Hoo auld are ye?' Answer, '67.' 'Ah,' I said, and cocked my eye, 'you've been going it, eh?' Look in answer indescribable. 'Ach! (half a cough—recovered his breath with a wheeze—a merry gleam shot across his yellowish-white eyes)—Ach! it's a' ower noo.' The recollection of his days of devilment had no touch of repentance—regret he could sin no more."

After a fair voyage they entered the St. Lawrence on a beautiful Canadian summer day, landed at Quebec, and travelled on to Montreal. Here he commenced the singing to the Scots abroad that formed such a prominent feature in his professional life for the next twenty years. He never afterwards required professional aid outside the family circle, and this gave a freedom and domestic atmosphere to his life that was its chief charm.

The concerts in Montreal proved a decided success, and from there he went to Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, and Western Ontario, getting a warm welcome from all the Canadian Scots. In the States he visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, and many smaller towns. He left no place of interest unvisited, for he was impelled as much by the ardour of the traveller as by the enterprise of the public singer. In the summer of 1867 he travelled through the maritime provinces, and when singing in Quebec, visited the grave of John Wilson, who died there in 1849. He caused photographs to be taken of the tombstone, and made arrangements that the grave should be tended and cared for in perpetuity.

A letter of this period from his old friend and accompanist, Edward Land, may be interesting. It is dated from London.

"26th August, '67.

"MY DEAR KENNEDY,—Since receipt of your letter I have been so much occupied with various provincial engagements and conducting and arranging Sims Reeves' Ballad Concerts at Exeter Hall, that I have not had the opportunity of writing you till now. We are all greatly pleased to hear of your continued success, and trust you will have the blessings of health and strength, and go on and prosper. You must indeed require a little repose after the severe labour you have undergone. *Husband your resources whatever you do,* for in such a climate a large amount of bodily strength is indispensible. I have reported your graphic description of the entertainment you gave at St. Louis under stormy difficulties to many of your friends to their great delight and admiration. Sims Reeves was so delighted with what little I did for him, that he has induced me to accept an engagement to conduct his National Ballad Concert provincial tour, and specially requested me to play Burns' Recollections [specially arranged for playing at our father's concerts], and include in the programme the ballad I wrote for Madame Patey, 'When night is darkest, dawn is nearest.' . . .—Believe me, Yours sincerely,

"ED. LAND."

The above advice to "husband his resources" was quite in keeping with the attitude of the two friends to each other. "Land" was always advising "Kennedy" to economise his strength. "Remember, Kennedy, you have to sing again to-morrow night," he would say, but "Kennedy" could never give less than his all: his motto was "Do or die." Another matter upon which they disagreed was the attempt at any original reading of the songs. Land always shook his head and said, "You mustn't do that, Kennedy." "Why not?" "It has never been done before." "But it is in the song, is it not?" "Oh, yes, but it has never been done, so it won't do." The result was that the Kennedy of 1860-66 was a conventional singer. But on his very first appearance in Montreal he left the safe shores of conventionality and plunged into the sea of originality. For the next twenty years he sang the songs as he con-

ceived them, hence his power. We remember an amusing story he used to tell on the platform, how, shortly after singing in Montreal for the first time, he got into conversation with an old Scotch lady on board a river steamer. She happened to mention that she had heard Kennedy in Montreal; and when he informed her that he was that Kennedy, "Ah, na!" said she, looking straight at him, "that canna be; for the man I heard singing there was fell guid lookin'." When he at last convinced her, and asked her how she had liked the concert, she continued, "I was gae weel pleased, but I said to mysel' after every sang, 'Eh, wadna it be grand if that man wad gie us the words a wee thocht braider!'" The old lady's remark went deeper than perhaps she thought, for it snapped the last tie binding him to the conventionality that Land had fostered.

The following letter of the year 1868 is from his father, who was much interested in and proud of his success. We may remark that Scotch is the language of the affections in Scotland, and that his father, who made a practice of speaking English, always wrote in the Scots dialect to his son:

"Auchterarder, Aug. 15, '68.

"My Dear Davie,—Whaur are ye? Hoo are ye? An' what are ye doin'? A' body aboot Perth was speerin' for ye when I was there—speerin' when ye were comin' hame. Many said to me, 'Man, he'll get a big house in the City Hall when he comes back.' I said, 'Do ye think it?' 'Ou, aye,' says they, 'for a' body's wearyin' to hear him again.' 'An he'll be hame wi' a mickle fortune,' a' body says, an' I just keep them the way they are goin' by saying, 'It looks very like it just now.' I am aye glad when ye say ye're thankfu' to God for all his goodness to you and yours. Continue so.—Your loving father,

"D. Kennedy, Sen."

His life in the States and Canada was very varied, and

would have proved trying to any but a very strong constitution. Travelling at all hours of the day and night, in the greatest extremes of climate, by boat, rail, coach, or sleigh, they made the tour of all the large towns in the States three times over, and made one exhaustive tour of the smaller towns of Canada. They had some adventures of a kind. The boats that plied for the summer traffic were frequently behind time, and they had to resort to many a shift in order to keep faith with the public. Going by canal from Ottawa to Smith's Falls the locks proved so tedious that they had to hire a gig and drive across country to their destination, where they arrived at 8·15 p.m. The audience fortunately was still in good humour, and as the piano arrived half-an-hour later the programme was gone through successfully.

One night after a concert in Dundas, Ont., they had to drive back to the town of Hamilton, by a road leading for about seven miles through a lonely and hilly country. They sent the piano off ahead by waggon, and after supper they followed in a carriage. But they had not gone half way when they were suddenly stopped by four policemen, who spoke in whispers to the driver. They were naturally alarmed, and were none the less so when they heard that the policemen had been sent from Hamilton by the driver of the piano to warn them against a band of robbers who had stopped him to search the waggon, and finding nothing there, were waiting to plunder the rest of the party. However, they must have scented the police, for nothing more came of it. A kindred incident occurred after singing in Moneyunk, Pennsylvania, some ten miles out from Philadelphia. They had intended driving back to the city the same night, and the carriage was waiting for them after the concert, but the horses refused to move. After repeated attempts to make them go

forward, they had to give in and remain in the hotel over night. Next morning they heard that the road to Philadelphia had been rendered impassable by floods, and that had the horses gone forward they might all have been drowned.

These variations are more interesting in the recital than pleasant in the experience, but there were occasional breaks also in the professional routine. Twice, at least, Mr. Kennedy sang the tenor music of the "Messiah" for the Toronto Choral Society, and once in Boston, in 1867, he sang at a benefit concert at which Madame Parepa Rosa also sang, and Mr. Carl Rosa played a violin solo. Everywhere throughout the States he was called npon to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" (the American National Anthem), while his singing of "Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled," stirred equally Americans and Scotsmen. After he had sung it to the boys of a large public school in New York through which he was being shown, General Colpax, who was present, came forward and thanked him most cordially, saying, "Would to God! Mr. Kennedy, we had songs such as that to sing to *our* children!" "Ah," was the reply, "but we had to wait nearly 500 years after the battle of Bannockburn before Burns was sent to us." "Indeed! then we will be quite content to wait 500 years." "But," said my father, "it is not certain that even then you will have another 'Scots wha hae.'"

He sang for the benefit of churches, for St. Andrew's Societies, for the poor, and in New York for the funds of the Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig. Everywhere he made warm friends, and the Scottish Societies signalized their esteem for him by the presentation of gold medals and handsome volumes. The medal prepared by the Caledonian Society of Montreal was of most elegant design, and enclosed the portraits of Burns, Scott, Campbell, Hogg, and Kennedy. The Caledonian

Societies of New York and St. Louis did him equal honour; whilst the St. Andrew's Societies of Toronto and Kingston contributed volumes of Aytoun's Lays and Burns' Poems respectively. One interesting memento was a silver cup in the shape of a bullet supported on stacked rifles, which was presented by the officers of the 78th Highlanders in memory of a concert given to them by him in Montreal. His little daughter Helen was not forgotten on this and other occasions, the Caledonian Club of Chicago having made her the gift of a gold watch set with diamonds and emeralds.

In his wanderings he made many interesting acquaintances: in Listowell, Ontario, the brother of Dr. Livingstone; in the town of Galt a sister of Hugh Miller; and in Hamilton, one of Carlyle's sisters, who introduced herself and presented him with her brother's autograph. In Ottawa, Darcy M'Gee, the brilliant Irish-Canadian politician who soon after met such an unhappy fate, wrote a poem on Kennedy, one of the numerous tributes of enthusiasm, which, if collected, would themselves make a good-sized volume. One of the most interesting towns in the whole tour of the States proved to be Richmond, Virginia, which then, in 1867, bore traces of the recent war. Here he met Crouch, the little-known composer of the well-known song "Kathleen Mavourneen." Crouch was sitting among the audience listening to the auld Scots sangs, and after the concert introduced himself in the artists' room. In the town of Albany, in New York State, Mr. Kennedy was asked to attend a certain church, that he might form an opinion of the singing of a young lady who led the choir there. That was before she went to Europe to study. Need I say that she is now Madame Albani. And in New York in 1867 he gave a lesson on the singing of Scottish songs to Miss Antoinette Sterling, now so well known in this country.

The following letter, from Toronto, is to his old friend Mr. David Hay of Edinburgh, with whom two of his boys were boarded at school :—

"Toronto, Ont., 22nd Nov., '68.

"My Dear Mr. Hay,—A beautiful sunny morning, 'Oh day most calm most bright,' air pure, radiant—the lake quiet as a mirror, one or two distant, very distant, sails—harbour hushed—people well dressed going or coming from church—I am at home to-day although announced in the papers to sing in two churches—when a body gets notorious in this country everything they do is in the papers. Had a visit from three clergymen yesterday, I am rather a favourite with the cloth, I know them pretty well—have been giving selections from Ramsay's "Reminiscences" lately—mostly about the clergy—brought down the house. When I come home I'll gi'e a nicht exactly as I do here—it may not please a' body, it will please some. I am more hearty, more at home here, strange tho' it may sound (I mean in my public performance). . . . I feel that my mission is more to the Scot abroad than at home. . . ."

In the spring of 1869 he sailed from New York for San Francisco, *via* the Isthmus of Panama, in those days a three weeks' voyage. The journey is now accomplished in six days by rail, but the Pacific Railroad was not then quite completed. It was opened during his stay in San Francisco, and he was asked to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the monster demonstration in celebration of the event.

Thousands were gathered in the pavillion. Mr. Kennedy was seated on the platform among the speakers, and the brass band which was to accompany the song was stationed at the opposite end of the building. The signal to begin was to be the waving of a white handkerchief. But in the crowd so many handkerchiefs were waved and white programmes lifted that the band commenced playing at the wrong time, and the singer, making the best of the mistake, joined in and carried it through triumphantly.

After visiting other towns in California and Nevada, he made for Salt Lake City. Here he appeared in the Mormon Theatre, was invited to the house of Brigham Young, and saw much of the home life of the Latter-Day Saints.

Among them he found many Scotsmen occupying prominent positions in the church. They were sincere believers in their new faith, although in after years he met one at least, Mr. Stenhouse, who, becoming disillusionized, had left the church in bitterness of heart. They warmly welcomed Kennedy in their midst (for, though Mormons, they were still enthusiastic Scotsmen), turned out to all his concerts, as did Brigham Young himself, entertained him in their homes, and took him, so to speak, into the bosom of their families. The fact is, they did not despair of converting him to their own creed. One clear, moonlight night, an enthusiastic young Mormon walked with him till two in the morning expounding to him the Mormon faith and trying to enlist his sympathy in the cause. An old Scotch wife, too, did her best to convince him, but it was labour lost. He found here, as elsewhere, opportunity for the study of human nature. One evening, at the house of a Scotsman, he presented one of the three wives of his host with a small hand-book of Scottish Songs. "Give each of them a book," said a kindly mentor, tapping him on the shoulder, "or there will be a row!"

After an absence of three and a half years he returned to Scotland in the autumn of 1869, making Edinburgh his home. For the next three years or so he remained in the old country, singing again in London and all the principal Scottish towns. He paid a flying visit to Cork in January of 1870 to assist at a Burns celebration there. In whatever part of the world he chanced to be, Burns' birthday was always the occasion for a special outburst of the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, and

small and large halls alike were crowded to do honour to the bard. The following list of Burns' Anniversary Concerts may therefore be interesting :—

Liverpool,	England,	Jan. 25th,	1859
Chicago,	America,	„	1868
Seaforth,	Canada,	„	1869
Cork,	Ireland,	„	1872
Melbourne,	Australia,	„	1873
Dunedin,	New Zealand,	„	1874
Launceston,	Tasmania,	„	1875
Montreal,	Canada,	„	1876
Kilmarnock,	Scotland,	„	1877
Glasgow,	Scotland,	„	1878
Glasgow,	Scotland,	„	1879
Agra,	India,	„	1880
Edinburgh,	Scotland,	„	1881
New York,	America,	„	1882
Glasgow,	Scotland,	„	1883
Dunedin,	New Zealand,	„	1884
Glasgow,	Scotland,	„	1885

During the three years which followed the first American tour, he was perhaps more at home in Edinburgh than at any later period of his life. In 1871 he was present at the Scott Centenary Festival in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, and sang a song specially composed for the occasion—the poetry by James Ballantine, the music by George Croall. In the spring of the same year, on the occasion of the Marquis of Lorne's marriage, he got up, by special request, a Gaelic version of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and sang it in the Industrial Museum at a conversazione given by the Edinburgh Inverness Ross and Nairn Club.

When at home he sang a great deal in connection with Nicolson Street U.P. Church, towards which he always had the tender feelings of old association. He sang at many of their social meetings, gave a concert for the funds of the con-

gregational library, and with the help of his family, several of whom he was now training to assist him in his professional work, he gave many concerts to the poor in the mission district of the Potterrow. He did not forget to provide oranges and bags of cookies for the bairns, and tried to cheer the hearts of the auld wives by speaking to them from the heart in a familiar friendly way. He said there was no audience to equal one composed mainly of auld wives, so quickly sympathetic, so keenly appreciative, and so experienced in the varied feelings of the heart.

Chapter III.—*Tour Round the World.*

In the spring of 1872 he again said good-bye to his native land, and started on the four years' tour round the world, the events of which are fully detailed in the narrative of his travels which follows this, written by his eldest son David, who is since dead. He was accompanied by his wife, his daughters Helen and Marjory, and his two sons David and James, Robert joining the party about a year later. Some of his letters to his father and others are all we need here add to the record of those years of travel. After staying in Melbourne for three months, and singing every night to enthusiastic audiences, he started "doing" the country with a coach, a "buggy," and three saddle horses, there being few railways in Australia in those days. The following letters written "on the road" will explain themselves:—

"Benalla, 21st March, '73.

"Dear Father,—Here we are away in 'the bush' and no mistake—lose our way every day—wander about seeking tracks—driving over and through trees, holes dry, holes full of water, up hills, down hills—twisting ourselves through the bushes—losing each other for miles—crying and shouting, 'Where's Helen?' 'Where's Madge?' 'Has anybody seen David or James?'—Yells responsive through bush and ferns, a crackle and a crash, and lo! the lost one appears. We have had two or three smashes and two horses have tired out and gone to grass. Our agent is in Sydney, and for weeks our line of travel is marked, and come what may we must get through. Don't be afraid of us, we are careful and have a good driver. Houses [audiences] very good—all is sunshine in our professional path. Robert will be here in a month and then what a party of Kennedys sae far frae hame. I'm glad to hear you

are so well, I think ye'll be ane o' the lang-lived Kennedys. I pray you may hear us a' singing afore ye once more. God be with us a'.—Your affectionate son,

"DAVID KENNEDY."

"Ipswich, 3rd September, 1873.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND SISTER KITTY,—We are behind hand with the letters from home, your letters will reach us in a day or two—too late for answer now. So Gamsis you are weel again, tak guid care o' yer sel' and have every comfort bawbees can buy. We are all going on each in our own sphere with as much smoothness as human machinery will allow. The distances here are very great, the mountains are high, the roads are bad; our limbs are strong, so also our will, and we *do* overcome whatever difficulties are in our way. We find Scots people everywhere, and I am now fully aware of the importance of our mission here, and consequently exacting on myself and *all* the others for a high standard of performance.

. . . . . .

My own performance I know is intensely in earnest and hits the public. Amid the very large expenses there's money making, and while we live well and are liberal in all things, there's not one penny spent that we regret. God is good to us and we *must* help those He throws in our way that need help.

. . . . . .

"Your aff. Son and Brother,

"D. KENNEDY."

"Murrurundi, New South Wales,
[Autumn] '73.

"DEAR FATHER,—Here we are once more in sight of a railway—what journeyings we have had—the bairns will have given you all the news. We are all in the very best health and doing our duty in a persevering way—there is progress every way; we sing nearly every Sunday in the Presbyterian Kirks here, and do good by letting them hear psalm-singing done as it should be. The clergy everywhere give us their countenance. So you are in Perth and the Kirkton. I rejoice to see ye 'knappin' aboot, you have a large share in our success, and we are giving you more justice now that we are far frae ye than when near at hand. Just go on enjoying yourself, and have perfect confidence that we are combining strict economy with Christian liberality."

Having spent the years 1872 and 1873 in travelling through Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, he left in December 1873 for New Zealand. He had been everywhere received with open arms and fêted in the larger towns. Out of his great success he gave everywhere with "Christian liberality" to the charitable institutions; and the Scots, feeling that he by his generosity did honour to them as Scotsmen, were not slow in doing honour to him. In Melbourne, a complimentary soiree was given to "Kennedy," and the young folks were presented with handsome souvenirs of their visit to the city. In Sydney and Brisbane a similar compliment was paid him, and all over the country he enjoyed the private kindness and hospitality of worthy and successful Scots.

The following letter written from Melbourne just before leaving for New Zealand is to his bairns and to their teacher Mr. Hay, with whom six of them were boarded during this tour :—

"Melbourne, 4th December, 1873.

"My Dear Mr. Hay and Dear Bairns—So ye're begun to anither year's schulin—aha—Charlie, what a capitally composed and most capitally written journal of your journey to London!!! I am proud of it. And Kitty so correct and kindly, and Lizzie so pithy and practical, and Maggie and Johnnie and Cuthie Wow!! God bless ye a'. How feeling and memory bridge space. I see ye a' and kiss ye *now*. Ah! sweet the pain even of being divided when we know the Father in Heaven is caring for us—most, maybe, for the youngest. . . . . .

And then, speaking about kirks and preaching :—

"Nothing will make up for the want of heart. Neither grace nor gerse (grass) will grow without warmth. I really now place heaven-born zeal above mere talent—earnest men, though somewhat commonplace, do more than polished, clever, cold brains. 'Give me thine heart,' is the cry of God and man.

I have starved the last two months for all that man can do or rather has done. We have had coldness and commonplace—ouch, awful. Thank God we have the Word, so can never really starve.

"David has most certainly made a hit with his papers; he spares no pains, and has the benefit of abundant criticism; he really deserves praise, and he gets it.

"We have had a most laborious year—perhaps the most laborious we ever can have. We all enjoy *rest*—so sweet, so necessary. . . . .

"Goodby, master and pupils, friend and bairns,

"Yours most sincerely,

"D. KENNEDY."

Arrived in Otago he wrote:—

"Dunedin, N.Z., 24th December, '73.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—Here we are at last in the Edinburgh of the south. Many, many Scots folk here, and more Scotsmen than in Edinburgh in proportion to population. Breezy, airy, hilly, busy—well-off—contented—plenty of kirks—no squalid, ragged people. It is not old enough to show rottenness. The misery is that rottenness will surely come. What is man? We will be here for one month, then off to other towns. This is the freshest, most hopeful place we have seen in all the world. . . ."

"Balclutha, Otago, N.Z., 3rd Feb., '74.

"DEAR FATHER,—Got your letter with advice no to send money to ——. Well, we'll see. The blessing of success is falling on us still, so we must weigh our duties with this in the balance. A man died a few weeks ago and left nearly three millions; was never known to do a generous action, and died amidst the indifference of men and the anger of God. . . . God keep us a' frae aye thinking about siller; it is a sin very easy to fall into, it is so respectable and so damning. It is the god of the Colonies. New Zealand is a splendid country. We meet no end of Perth folk. Every living soul is well off. Sang in the kirk on Sabbath. The clergy here are fairly paid, no more. Climate requires strong people, but a'body has the look of robust health. I hear you are in first-rate order. God be thanked. . . . ."

"Queenstown, New Zealand, 16th Feb., 1874.

"My Dear Mr. Hay,—I said in my last hurried note that I would be obliged if you would take £10 from your fund for kirk extension, or other religious purpose, you have in hand. I would have said this sooner, but there are many and pressing demands here for help in matters ecclesiastical—every kirk has a debt—there is a religious mission in the New Hebrides—no end of hospitals, benevolent institutions—funds for accidents—for shipwrecks—so that we have given away a tenth of our earning, but still, my dear friend, you will confer a favour on me if you let me know any case you can recommend, and we will find a pound or twa for it. . . . Now, ye bairns of the name of Kennedy, we think that, on the whole, ye are doin' rale weel. . . . Kitty, we have the impression that you are a quiet, useful, unpretentious, patient lassie—that you will be, maybe *are*, a real blessing to all that are around ye. Is this impression correct? We have no doubt it is, bonnie, good, kindly Kittie. Lizzie, your mither's namesake, are ye like your mither in anything but the name? We picture a sharp, quick, keen, somewhat contentious, short-tempered, warm-hearted, capable scholar—practical, shrewd, given to brevity in letters (like your faither)—to the point. On the whole, if you do Mr. Hay's biddin', ye'll be a grand scholar and a tidy lass. Maggie, what will ye be? We can hardly say what like we think ye. In your picture you seem getting more intelligent. Be kind to Johnnie, you have charge o' him, ye ken; and above all things, do what Mr. Hay tells you, as the only way to learn quickly is to do everything at the time and in the way the master tells ye. Are ye to be a singer? John, once a babbling babe, now, aha! a sturdy scholar, able to spell 'long-nebbit' words, to write letters, to read the Bible, to play and no be noisy, make fun and no be troublesome. We'll maybe see America the-gither again. And lastly, bonnie Jessie—Mr. Hay's wifie—hoo are ye?—able to mak' and sup parritch, kail, and tea? A' hoosewives can do that, ye ken. Hope your dolls are a' properly clad in the cauld weather. Keep your hair tidy, your face clean, and aye be freens wi' Mr. Hay.—Dinner sounds and smells arrest my ears and nose, so I leave off where I began, with love to all.—Your loving father,

"David Kennedy."

The next is to his father, the last he ever wrote to him :—

"Queenstown, N.Z., 16th Feb., 1874.

"DEAR FATHER,—Here we are in the most beautiful scene imaginable—fine air, good hotel, every comfort, all in good health. . . . I met the son of an old London acquaintance, a curate on less than £100 a year. His father forced me to take a loan of £20 in '62. I paid him in '63. I lent his son, this poor curate, £20 for ever. . . . Crichton, my old skulemaster, is dead. I mourn his loss and thank his memory. Good-bye! good-bye! I am reading and most thoroughly enjoying Hanna's 'Life of Christ.'—Your affectionate son,

"D. KENNEDY."

The answer to this letter was that his father was dead. It was a terrible shock to him. He had always had a boyish delight in striving to make his father proud of him, and the joy of success was doubled in sharing it with his coldly dignified father. His mother had died before he left his native town. In a letter to his sister he writes :—

"I shall never see my father in the flesh! it is awful. How I had bound round him a great band of joys, how I should let him see and hear the young folks, how the friends at the Hutt spoke of him, what the world was like and how man was thriving in the new world. I really thought he would have been spared till we got home. Be sure of my love and above all look on our Father in heaven as the God of Love. I sometimes forget this and am sad and very impatient."

And again :—

"I wish I were hame—saw my father's empty chair—had a stone over his grave, and buried some of my sorrow."

To a friend he wrote :—

"Auckland, New Zealand, 6th June, 1874.

"MY DEAR, . . .—Father dead, dead, dead, dead. I could write the word a hundred times and not feel its full import—never to see my father again, never—one of the bright hopes of my home-coming was to show my father some results of his labours—labours I now realize—the importance of

these labours I did not till lately—reflection on all this is that we do not live close enough to each other—the nearest and dearest hardly ever trust themselves altogether—the heart always has more to say than tongue can tell, or at least does tell—a shadow deep and gloomy has pressed on me for a month. Father dead—Lizzie away, she is God's best gift to me—a father gone is a new sorrow to me, a void that can not be filled—a strange sense of increased responsibility—I feel as if I had more business in the world, more charge of it ; so *we* have our sacred spot in the Grange [cemetery]. Well, my dear frien, I have many things in common with you, would I were sure I had your godliness. I am sorely troubled with name and fame and bairns and bawbees. . . Lizzie is the only real idol I have 'twixt me and heaven. I think I like her for her goodness—such a good idol I have. . . . ."

His wife had left him shortly before and was travelling to Scotland *via* America to see her little ones. After spending a few weeks with them she returned to Australia, sailing round the Cape, and rejoined the party after seven months absence, having gone round the world alone.

From Auckland he returned southwards, and at Wanganui on the West Coast, was most enthusiastically received at the opening concert. On the following morning, as he was strolling in the outskirts of the town, he met a grave-looking man, who addressed him in the Scots accent. "I was hearin' ye last nicht, Mr. Kennedy," he said, "an' I was gey weel pleased" (Scotsmen are economical even of their words of praise) "but I wasna satisfied wi' that song ye sang, 'The Land o' the Leal,' for ye didna state the auld man's grounds of assurance that he wad meet his wife in Heaven!" Amazed at this theological criticism of one of the most beautiful songs in the language he returned to town and mentioned the incident to some friends, "Oh, that man's daft" said they, and he was relieved to hear it.

The New Zealand tour finished, he spent two pleasant

months in Tasmania, and from there the following letter is dated :—

"Launceston, Tasmania, 26th Jan. '75.

"My Dear Mr. Hay,—Another year—nearly three since I saw ye a'. Oh, dear, I begin to feel *home sickness*, but our faces will be set for home about May, then every step will be Edinburgh-wards. 'My heart is sair'—how words come out in their full meaning as experience grows upon us (what a dictionary experience is!) My news are all told by my young folks, who are becoming day by day more useful to me in everything. . But I am losing all the youth of my bairns at home, I long for babies—for *wee* lassies and laddies. . . now Charlie, Kitty and Lizzie, put on a spurt in things musical. . I will need all your help when we come home and perhaps wee Maggie too!!! and who knows in time "Weckus" and Jessie may help their auld faither—auld—it is coming fast, and I feel down in the mouth sometimes, as if I had any right to expect to escape the universal lot—age—decay—death—meanwhile let us rejoice in God's goodness. What a scrawl, my pen took the bit between its teeth and ran away. . .

Travelling in Tasmania, as in the sister colonies, was done mainly by coach, and in driving across country between Hobart and Launceston, and following his usual custom of "crackin' wi' a' body," he fell in with some interesting characters. He easily gained the confidence of strangers, and either held them with his own conversation or got from them snatches of their life experience. At the railway stations in Scotland, where he was usually found fifteen or twenty minutes before train time, it was no uncommon thing to see him seated on a barrow entertaining a semicircle of delighted railway porters, their faces lit up with interest in his "crack" and their eyes all fixed on his.

And so in Tasmania, where garrulous old men with a story to tell were not few, he heard many a queer tale, such as the following, which is given in the words of our brother David, the family chronicler.

One night the hotel was so noisy that my father could not sleep, and this prompted him to rise at the early hour of five, long before the rest of us were awake, and to walk on ahead. We did not overtake him until we had travelled half-way, about fourteen miles, and found that he had rested and breakfasted at a wayside inn. He related that while going along he had heard the bark of a dog, and looking on one side saw the animal keeping watch over a man lying sleeping by the roadside, with his feet in a ditch. The fellow was blind, evidently a tramp, and somewhat ragged and rickety in appearance. The barking of his faithful companion woke him instantly.

"Eh—what—how—who's that?" My father informed him who he was. "Ech, gosh! ye're a Scotchman then!"

"Yes, and you're Scotch too."

"Michty! ye're richt there," exclaimed the blind man; "am frae K—— a' the way—am no fifty-seven year auld, an' lost my e'e-sicht six year syne in an accident at the making o' the railway."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"Oh, I just lay doon on the stanes o' a pavement—man it was cauld. The nicht afore, I was lying in the bush, an' when I got up I forgot the place whaur I'd been sleepin', so I lost ane o' my boots—a big ane I had for my left fut."

"Have you been long out in this country?"

"Lang! dae ye ken what I am? I'm a ten-yearer—Lord K—— lagged me, an' I'll just tell ye hoo that wiz—but we maun be gangin'. Man, I was a swank, soople chiel when I was young. A big family there was o' us—twenty-wan used to sit doon at oor table thegither. Weel, I fell in wi' a lass servin' at Lord K——'s, but her faither wadna hae me, so I said I wad gang awa', an' I listed in the Lancers. Weel, a letter

cam' saying that if I was to see my faither livin' I wad hae to come hame at aince, for he was ta'en ill—so, after some trouble, I got back to Scotland again. My mither fell into my airms—an' how prood they a' were to see me in my blue uniform an' sword. My faither got better, an' I went to the castle, whaur Jess my sweetheart was, an' the folk there keepit me for days. It was arranged that we twa should get married, an' married we were. Lord K—— bocht me oot o' the sodgers an' made me his coachman, so I was as comfortable as I could wish."

Here the blind man became less loquacious.

"Ae day," said he, "when I was dustin' my maister's coat, a roll o' notes as big as my fist, look, fell oot o' ane o' the pockets. I took it up, an' I felt the edges o' the notes, sae crisp an' temptin'. Man, it was awfu' temptin'. I got on the fuddle then, an' Lord K—— gae me my dischairge, for he saw I was spendin' mair money than I could hae frae him. It was an awfu' jollification, for there was mair than four hunder pounds o't, ye ken."

He said this in a bragging, "deil-ma-care" kind of way. Then came the pitiable ending of his story.

"After a while the money was missed, an' I was put in the jail. I was tried, an' got ten years. Man, there's real decent justice in Scotland—in England it wad hae been for life. They shipped me ower the seas to Van Diemen's Land; an' I've spent mony happy days in this pairt o' the world. I was happy as lang as I was a ticket-o'-leave, but as soon as I was a free man my troubles began, an' I fell doon in the world. But I keep up my heart—my dog an' me gets ae meal a day, an' we're as jolly as ye can think. I'm aff noo to the shearin' at Launceston."

"How far is it to the half-way house?" asked my father.

"Twa mile," promptly replied the blind man; but on reach-

ing the place he gave a start and said, in a tone of injured self-respect, "Why, it was only ae mile; I've lost coont durin' the fine crack we hae hane thegither."

At the inn, my father gave him a substantial meal, followed by a glass of Tasmanian ale, and saw the last of him as he trudged away up the road led by his faithful dog.

The Tasmanian tour finished, he went to South Australia; and after giving farewell concerts in Melbourne and Sydney, he left in June, 1875, for California, taking an eastward way round the world. Arrived at San Francisco after a somewhat perilous voyage, he crossed the continent by way of Salt Lake City, Omaha, and Chicago, and entered Canada by Detroit. We quote again from our father's letters:—

"Galt, 9th December, 1885.

"My Dear . . .—Here is the most Scottish part of Canada. We had a big house last night. Had to sing big and feel pumped out a wee, but rest—a brisk walk among the snaw—a good dinner—some fun wi' the bairns here—a glance at the papers—half-an-hour's guid thinking—shave—gently walk to the hall at twenty minutes to eight—comb hair—get gloves neatly on—speer at Helen and Marjory if my tie is richt—blow my nose—say once! twice! thrice! as the clock strikes the hour, and step on the platform and blaze away for twa hours. Grand snaw-baws; the laddies and *me*, think o' that, have grand bickers—they whiles knock off my hat! . . ."

Another—

"Woodbridge, 9th January, '76.

"My Dear . . .—1876!! Another year! the fourth since I saw ye!! I saw ye first at the close of '56, nearly twenty years ago. Your life has moved on with quiet effective smoothness. . . . My life, how varied, exacting, and dangerous! Thanks be to Him who guides all things, how successful in many ways! How much left personally to lament! The tension of mind and body has been enormous, and I feel myself deficient in that calm contemplative frame of mind in which only we can enjoy that supreme delight, communion with God. How elevating, ennobling to walk with God! How paltry appear our usual

pursuits, and the appalling danger is that if these paltry pursuits have control long enough, they shut out God from the heart, and kill the capacity called heavenly mindedness. A man may commit no visible sin, and yet be lost. The god of this world is most dangerous when most respectable. We go to church regularly, and do our outward duty, and, I believe, strive to do our spiritual duty. But, oh! we are so tired, deadened. I do believe that a Holy Sabbath can only be thoroughly enjoyed after a Saturday of comparative rest. We have sung in many churches during the last two months, but Monday morning found us weary. The people would not sing, just sat and listened, and so we had all the solitariness of public performance, breeding in us a feeling of display out of tune with worship. There is no doubt we did good in so far as many people got a new idea of style and harmony of psalm singing, and the clergymen expressed themselves deeply obliged. I would rest on the Saturday night, but our folks would rather sing than sit moping in a wee hotel with nobody to speak to—so on we go with the light ahead growing bigger and warmer every day that passes—the light of hope that we may all meet again. . . ."

After singing in nearly all the Canadian towns, and spending a memorable fortnight in Newfoundland, he sailed for home, in July, 1876, having been on tour for over four years. The home-coming had been long looked forward to, and for three months he gladly rested in Edinburgh. His holiday was spent in making plans for the future, and in studying his favourite subject, and he was fortunate enough to successfully unearth some mair auld sangs. The following letter to some London publishers, very intimate friends of his, is interesting, as expressing his feeling in regard to singing songs for a royalty or commission on the sales :—

"My Dear Freens,—Here I sit in dust and ashes mourning my growing habit of procrastination. Oh! Oh! Oh! What is man he will not do what he *knows to be right.* Really my boys do all the writing, and I have fallen into an intolerable custom of letting them do everything. . . .

"I once, for I think two weeks, sang a song for a royalty;

and I vowed I would on no account do it again—my whole soul and body rose up in positive disgust. I don't think I would or could have sung 'Scots wha hae' for Burns in the flesh for sae muckle a copy—mind I don't say positively that it is wrong — but I canna do't. My dear freens, ye'll no be angry—but as sure's death I wad do as muckle for you as I would for any human being, but *cremate* me if I can somehow even write about it without a certain feeling of aversion. I would not sing even a psalm I did not like; I am sure it would not please Heaven to hear music and no heart in it. Therefore my joes, try and look at it from my point of view, I can not look at it from yours, as I never made (and don't believe I could) a sang or a tune a' my days.

"Now no nonsense about great this and great that as regards me—I am as I am—with many weak points, points no study and no effort will make strong, but with other points (made by my Maker) that even carelessness would scarce destroy. I feel I have power only (and no more) when my heart gaes wi' my subject, and to be paid for a certain song turns my heart from it, and the song does *not get justice.*"

He remarks in the above letter that he never made a sang or a tune. But he mended many. The popular ballad of "Willie's gane to Melville Castle" owed its introduction to public favour to the joint efforts of Land and Kennedy, the former editing the music, the latter the words. He also wrote an extra verse to the old ballad, "Get up and bar the door O," the second verse of the following:—

Bye there cam twa gentlemen
At twal o' clock at nicht o',
An' they could neither see hoose nor ha'
Nor coal, nor candle licht o'.

They were hungry, cauld and weet,
For it was an awfu nicht o',
When yonder stood the open door
Their hearts lap at the sicht o'.

And M'Neil's clever song,

"Jenny dang the Weaver," received the two following verses from his pen :—

The lads an' lasses roond aboot
  At Jockey they were jeerin ;
Lauch on, says he, ye'll sune find oot
  I'll get her for the speerin.
He steppit up to Jenny's side
  An' cockit up his beaver,
Sae fu' o' self conceit an' pride
  He thocht she'd tak a weaver.

. . . . . .

As Jockey stood, maist like tae greet,
  Auld Maggie cam' tae cheer him ;
Gae kiss, an' clap, an' ca' her sweet,
  Ye'll get her, never fear, man.
Na, na, quo Jock, I'm aff wi' love,
  My mither I'll ne'er leave her,
My heart's a stane nae lass can move,
  I'll dee a single weaver.

But his contribution to the song literature of Scotland was in interpretation, not addition. Of what the Scottish songs were to him he writes in the following letter to Mr. W. Henderson, of London, a mutual friend of himself and Templeton :—

"8 St. Andrew's Terrace, 11th Nov., '76.

"My Dear Freen,—Rejoiced at Templeton's keeping me in mind. I devoutly hope we will be a' spared till June, when we will hae a crack. Scottish vocalists everywhere. It's no easy task to grasp and sing *a'* kinds o' Scots sangs. Few ever can hope to do it, but somebody will aye do it unto eternity. Man, they are the stuff to feed on. I feel my moral and spiritual nature strengthened by their study. Full of them I feel myself majestic. But the usual amateur, who sniffs music from afar, cannot hear the music at his side ; and his dramatic comprehension nil or limited, he thinks a man daft who is enthusiastic, or vulgar who faithfully realizes common life—the only life that is real, and therefore dramatic. Thank God for common life—love of man—of woman—of wife—of bairns—of light and air—for food and clothing—for freenly crack and joyous wedding

—ay, for the gushing tears that meet the flowers on a father's grave. Conventionality has slain thousands of immortal souls. Tied up in rules, in the way anither man did it, the timid born artist in colour or sound lives in doubt and dies in despair. Dare! dare! dare!—wisely dare—be judiciously brave—follow the light of heaven given to all men—vividly to those who can live in every human heart, know its secrets, and make the song or sing the song that gladdens all mankind. Prodigious! What a 'spate' o' words! . . ."

In the winter of 1876 he sang in Scotland; in the spring of 1877 visited the north of Ireland; in the summer paid his second visit to the Orkney Islands; and in the autumn gave a season at the great St. James Hall, London.

Writing about the preparations for his London season, he says—

"We cannot hoist our flag on a sma' wa'. I like big halls, one seems to expand body and soul. We mean to have a long and deliberate sing in the great toon. I'll never be able to sing better, and the young folks are no to be sneezed at—indeed some folks prefer them to the auld man—the auld man is in for a good deal of adverse criticism, for he has definite ideas, and will develope them to the pleasure of many and the disgust of others. I am a wee Irvingish—I must do as I feel is right tho' I have no precedent for it. God surely does not make men as they make bricks—a' ae 'oo'—nae doubt 'but some with vision keener,' deeper, some with invention, others with imitation; some to say, 'This is the way,' others to follow. The press of Scotland is warm. Some have said 'over-realistic'—that's the point where R——will be down on me I know, and rightly perhaps—it is hard to get *all* out of a song and not get *too* much—I know it— . . . ."

The St. James' Hall was originally taken for twelve nights, but the success of the concerts was such that the season was extended to fifteen. When Ambrose Austin told Sims Reeves that Kennedy had taken the Hall for twelve nights on his own risk, Reeves remarked that "Kennedy was a very plucky

fellow," and only those who know the risks of London concert-giving know how true that was. But had he not dared, he had never done anything. He dared to throw up his business in Perth in 1857; he dared to give a long series of concerts in London unaided in 1862-1863; he dared to cut himself adrift and go out to America in 1866 with very little in his pocket and nothing in the bank; he dared to go out to Australia in 1872 and travel through country and over roads that the colonists themselves were afraid of; and as in great things so in small.

After the London season he made a tour of all the larger English towns, including Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, Birmingham, Nottingham, Leeds, Bradford, Newcastle, Sunderland, and many others in the middle and northern districts.

In 1878 he gave another long season in London, and after another tour through Scotland and the north of Ireland, he started in the spring of 1879 for a tour of South Africa. He was accompanied only by his son David and two daughters, Marjory and Lizzie. Robert and James had been sent to Italy to pursue vocal studies there.

The tale of the Cape Tour, one of the most interesting of our travelling experiences, is fully told by our brother David (who afterwards resided in Natal for some years). On our way to the Diamond Fields we had to pass through the Orange Free State, and so came much into contact with the Boers. It was delightful to watch our father conversing with them in the language of gesture and expression, lighting up the faces of the sober old Dutch women with his humour. The rule being to sing everywhere *en route*, concerts were given in the Free State, and the Dutch came in large numbers and enjoyed "Twa Hours at Hame" in spite of the foreign

language. (Even deaf and dumb institutions have shown their appreciation.) In Natal, as in the other colonies, he was warmly welcomed, and the Scotsmen there presented him with a heavy ring of African gold set with three large African diamonds.

Only ten days after his return from the Cape he started again, bound this time for India, and accompanied by his wife, two daughters, Helen and Lizzie, and his son David. Robert and James remained in Italy, and were there joined by Marjory.

The following letters were written *en route* :—

"Malta, 10th Oct., '79.

"DEAR HAME BAIRNS,—Mother and me hope ye're a' weel and back to the skule. Beautiful place, Malta—beautiful sea —fine weather—fine ship—in short, a' things fine. Mother wants her flooers watered, and the cat ta'en care o', an' the birdie. Ship's sloppy. Letter maun close.—Your afft. papa and mamma."

"Suez, 16th Oct., 1879.

"DEAR BAIRNS,—Through the Canal, a mighty work. Life on shipboard perfect in its way. I am so lazy that I do not even think much. I read all kinds of books—library kept by officers. Climate, oh how beautiful even to us fresh from the Cape—it seems paradise. When this country is governed by liberty as now by despotism, it will be a garden of the Lord. My curse on all forms of tyranny and our Government on the side of tyranny—but not for long—not for long. Heaven be on the Gladstone side. The people on board—returning Indians—are of course Tory with a vengeance. Colonists as a rule know as little of home politics as home people know of Colonial politics. Few people know or care for anything beyond a few yards of themselves. Cultivate a habit of starting all matters from fixed principles. . . ."

The heat in Calcutta in November proved very oppressive, and he suffered from it severely, being one night completely

prostrate with fever, and unable to sing. His letters from India are graphic, though brief :—

"Calcutta, 28th Nov., '79.

"DEAR BAIRNS AT HAME,—. . . . Hech ! a' thing's het here—it's no joke singing 'Scots ! wha hae' in a shower of perspiration. The people here come out night after night till we ken them by headmark. Mosquitoes wheeling round my pow —20 bites on my hands, mair on my face—I kill one now and then with intense delight. Weather getting cool—the cauld is het. What a crowd of human beings are here struggling for life, and living on very little—claes are not a very heavy element in expense or quantity. Twa or three yards o' tuppenny-happenny cotton is a' the dress o' the men ; we scarcely ever see a woman. We will have your letters here to-morrow. I long for them as water to a thirsty soul. . . ."

"Calcutta, 28th Nov., '79.

"DEAR MILAN BAIRNS,—Hale be your hearts,—strong your love for art—vast your capacity for receiving instruction —keen your digestion of knowledge, and above all or including all enjoy the passing hour, make it the happiest hour of your life. Hech ! I hae ha'en a time o't—not one well moment since I landed—singing thro' fever, sore throat, indigestion, inflammation, and as mony ailments as ye choose to pin on. Mother also no up to the mark. Praise be blest we are now toddlin' about 'fell knappie.' The performance fully up to the mark, and the people place us far away up among Indian amusements. . . . Complete knowledge of the voice must be your primary aim—only I must admit an occasional sing is essential to the testing of educational progress. I hope you will all take the best teaching you can get. . . . It is near dinner time—the craws and kites are gathering round the vestibule, the noiseless Bengali glides about with dishes, etc.—the inner man sends word—'vacuum.' Good bye ye eager students—good health—clear consciences—educated and healthy throats—a' lubricated with father's love and mother's blessing."

He was intensely interested in and anxious about the musical education of his sons and daughters. He encouraged

them when despondent, spared no expense on their tuition, and wrote them long letters of kindly counsel, from which we quote :—

"Whatever you acquire from teachers, don't lose what you have got from heaven."

"Thicken your piano singing; broaden without breaking your declamation."

"Practice various ways of singing same passage."

"Avoid monotony; let your emotional nature colour your voice; practice the passions vocally."

"Do get a doze from Lamperti. Suck the marrow out of all the Italian maestros. Don't go in much for *C sharp*, Bob. While you exalt your glorious notes, make *the rough places plain.*"

"Wait patiently for fruit. Legato most of all essential to fluid Scots sangs."

"Keep your lives sunny."

"I would hae sic a study amang auld Scots sangs."

"Except ye be as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven nor of Art."

"Learn to use your voice. Sit at anybody's feet. Delight yourself in finding out your failings. Try, try, try again. I know the temptation to rush at the result without waiting on the means, for I did it myself, and that's the reason I want you to hasten slowly."

"I did not know the value of Solfeggi, and did not know how to do it. I feel the want of it now when the voice will not do the will of the singer. Sow, sow, sow! reap, reap, reap!"

"At critical moments of our lives we never do our best. I never did. As to who should be your master I cannot say. Learn all good music you can. Keep at the auld Scots sangs: they'll come in for your good some day. Read music at sight day and night—master it, think on't, dream on't."

The life in India was trying; indeed, it undermined his constitution, and he never afterwards was in the full enjoyment of health and strength. Still he never gave in.

A few more letters will suffice for the Indian tour :—

"Jamalapore, 10th Dec., 1879.

"DEAR HAME BAIRNS,—What a grand letter frae Kate—'cantie Kate,' 'cautious Kate,' slightly 'circuitous Kate'—happy Kate at hame amang dirty weather, but still at hame—Oh, hame, hoo I love ye! We'll soon be hame, 4th or 5th o' May, but mony a mile (11,000) before we see ye, and mony breekless loons will pass by without our noticing their want o' claes. How soon anything gets common save love. Love o' ye a'—love o' music, hame and sangs never gets old or uninteresting. Losh! here's a sermon—Gloag, I suppose keeps ye supplied wi' that. . . . Twa o'clock struck—dinner at 3·30 or 4—snooze—shave—yawn—dress—lantern—walk to Institute—sing till 10·30—lantern—bed—up at 5—rail till 10·30—11, breakfast and so on. My certie! ony pernicketty body had better bide at hame. We seem like lumps o' butter—tak' ony shape we maun. . . . India seems to us just now in every respect a bladder, imposing, windy, by no means worth the fash politically."

"Allahabad, 20th Dec.

"My health restored—heaven be praised!—up-country air delicious. . . ."

"Bombay, 10th Jan., '80

"The winter past here—heat stronger every day. We sail from Calcutta on 2nd March. . . . I'm sitting, my coat off, the window open and the sweat gathering on my brow—the air is moist and heavy—at night I suffer greatly from heat, my voice is a' richt now, a' goes on smoothly. . . ."

"Lucknow, 21st Jany., '80.

". . . The business management is fearfully tedious—harassing, hot weather, too—done mostly middle of the day. Nevertheless, India is the keystone of our information—now everything is compact. . . ."

"Agra, 26th Jany., '80.

"I miss the warm love of my audiences in other lands—this (for the whites) is an arid land in all heart crops—pride, anger, all the hell crops grow well. . . ."

"Lahore, 3rd Feby., '80.

"Just read sic a bunch o' letters and never felt more pleased in all my life. Mother and me alone, and we sat and grat wi'

perfect joy. . . . Last night biggest house ever seen here —Governor, and so on—glorious sing. Our health will stand the hame-comin'. . . ."

He left India in March, as proposed, and on the return journey spent some months in Italy with his sons and daughters, attending their lessons, helping them with advice, and himself learning much that proved useful to him during the next six years. The following letter is from the shores of Lake Como, whither Lamperti had gone for the summer, followed of course by his circle of pupils :—

"Cernobbia, Lake of Como, Italy,
"Monday, 3rd May, 1880.

"DEAR WIFIE,—Like St. Paul I say unto you, behold, how large a letter I have written you with mine own hand. Here I am after rowing an hour and a half on the lake—a nice open window neither cauld nor het, and the hope of a quiet smoke when I have got this letter finished. Saturday nicht I left Milan by train at 5.45 p.m., got to Como-toon at 7.40—whustled—got Jamie ootside—off we went wi' my black bag—clean sark—black coat—swellish hat—I have not had them on yet. Jim took me into a wee boat in the dark, and row'd, row'd away into the lake and night—the boat was wee and coglie, and thinks I, will Lizzie ever see her mannie again. Jim said, 'Steer for yon licht.' 'I see nae licht,' says I. I glowered again. 'Oh, yes.' 'Weel then, faither,' quo Jim, 'put the licht oot in my heid.' So I did, but now and then I had the licht on his left lug and now and then on his richt; and then, to continue the thrilling story, he says, 'Mak' for the licht on the left, that's a man lookin' for us;' but we nearly (in the dark) bumped against the licht a man was using for spearing fish. At length and lang, after many perils and dangers on the bosom of a quiet lake, we ran or 'snooved' ashore, some wreckers on shore giving me an arm oot the bonnie wee boat. Then some het wine, some theological crack wi' Jim, then off to bed at 10.30. Sabbath (don't tell Gloag) we were eight and a half hours on the lake; there was naething to gang till but Popery kirks—dull—rain at the end o' journey, but what cared we—grand mountains, magnificent mist-clouds, good grub, and fresh air. Good dinner at 7 p.m.—bed at 9

p.m.—first nicht in a graund room by mysel'—second nicht, a cozy wee bed in Jamie's room. Monday, up at seven—breakfast at 7.30—walk—lesson (I was there)—took stock—I will teach the system, and so will Jim, when we come home. I rowed in the boat an hour and a half mysel' alone—macaroni and chicken getting ready for dinner—sleep—walk to Como, three miles—coffee—papers—walk back—bed 9.30, and so on. . . . The folk in Milan a' richt. I'll be hame there (Milan) on Friday. . . Love tae a'.—Your affectionate husband,

D. KENNEDY.

Advantage was taken of his presence in Milan to get up a concert for the purpose of defraying the expense of introducing a new organ into the English Church there. He gladly gave his services and sang several Scottish songs to a mixed audience of Italians and English-speaking residents. He specially pleased the Italian critics by his singing of "The Land o' the Leal," and they were charmed with his ease of manner and expressiveness of face and gesture.

When he returned to Scotland he took his son James with him, leaving Robert, Helen, and Marjory to continue their studies in Milan.

With James and John and two younger daughters, Kate and Lizzie, he toured in Scotland till the spring of 1881, when James returned to Signor Lamperti to resume his vocal studies, taking with him his sisters Kate and Lizzie. Lamperti was wintering in Nice and there they joined him, but had only been three weeks from home when the terrible news arrived that they had all three perished at the burning of the *Theatre des Italiens* at Nice. It was a terrible blow and he never recovered from it, although he took up his work again and went courageously on with it, having perhaps a still greater power for good now that he had the world's sympathy with him in his sorrow.

In the autumn of the same year he again visited America, accompanied by his sons, Robert and John, and three

daughters, Helen, Marjory, and Maggie. Crowded audiences welcomed him in Canada and the States, and he pushed up to the north-west as far as Winnipeg, then the point toward which the stream of emigration was pouring. In 1882 he returned home, and after a season in Scotland and England, he started in the spring of 1883 for his farewell tour of Australia and New Zealand. This proved the most successful tour he had ever undertaken, but it was carried through at the cost of great physical exhaustion and nervous strain. He sighed for rest, and could not take it. His spirit was restless—he wanted ever to be at his work, and the sympathy and society of the public were necessary to his existence. Within a month of the end of his tour he wrote from Hobart Town, Tasmania, as follows:—

"14th June, '84.

"DEAR A'BODY,—Only a word or two. How near the end of our tour in this splendid part of God's creation. I shall never see it again. Steekin' the door ahint me! Ah, well! our door No. 8 will open—the most important door next to the gate of heaven. All are well, as we heard from you. How our hearts rejoice at 'All well.' May ye a' continue so till we meet. *Rest!* REST! REST! Oh, how sweet is the sound. . . . Love to a' freens.—Your affectionate father,

"D. KENNEDY.

On the return journey from Australia he was eagerly looking forward to the meeting with his eldest son David, who had returned to Edinburgh from a three years residence in Natal. David was in delicate health, and his father proposed sending him to winter in the south of France; but a fortnight before the arrival of the Australian mail, he was sent off by the doctors to a warmer climate and chose to return to Natal. It was a terrible disappointment to both his father and himself. He got a government appointment in Pietermaritzburg, as

secretary to the Council of Education, and his health seemed to improve for a time, but he suffered a relapse and died about six months after his appointment. This was another great sorrow to his father, who was at the time touring in Scotland.

After his return from Australia in the autumn of 1884, he remained only eighteen months in the "old country," and in March, 1886, he gave his farewell concerts, prior to departure for America, in the St. James's Hall, London, to crowded audiences. During this season he brought out his youngest daughter Jessie, the last of his family of eleven, all of whom had at one time or another accompanied him on his concert tours.

Because of the great heat of the summer months in the States and Upper Canada, the American tour was commenced in the Canadian maritime provinces, and the intention was to go through Canada first and open the farewell tour of the States on Burns' Night, January, 1887, in the Steinway Hall, New York. The tour was to include a visit to British Columbia. But all these plans were suddenly frustrated. He had been growing weaker and weaker day by day. His public talk was growing more and more impressive, and we all felt a shadow coming over us. But every one said he was singing more beautifully than ever. How well I remember the last time he sang "The land o' the leal," it was so beautiful both in tone and expression, that it was with difficulty we went on with the remainder of the programme. The disease, Canadian cholera, came on gradually, but he would not cancel his engagements, although we begged him to do so for his own sake. He had always gone on through everything—only twice during the whole of his professional career had he been unfit for work. Once in India, when he was laid down with fever, and again in Elgin, in the north of Scotland, when he was confined to his room with a very severe cold.

On Tuesday, the fifth of October, we were to sing in Stratford, Ontario, and we travelled on from Sarnia in the afternoon. He lay down to rest, and did not wake till shortly before eight o'clock. We were all over at the Town Hall except one of our sisters, who remained to help him, and the audience was gathered, many of them having come long distances to hear Kennedy for the last time. At eight o'clock our sister came and said he was too ill to move. What should we do? We could not send the people away at the last hour. The mayor of the city, Mr. M'Gregor, kindly offered to take the chair, and we carried the programme through ourselves. We believed it would be only a temporary illness, and made arrangements for a long rest; but we had only a week of nursing. The windows were open all the time, for the Canadian autumn weather is lovely, and we looked out on the gorgeous autumn foliage of the maple trees.

There was nothing gloomy about his death, nothing bitter about his memory. It was the peaceful end of a beautiful life. His wife and daughters were all round him when he died, and sang to him two verses of his favourite hymn—

> "The sands of time are sinking,
> The dawn of heaven breaks,
> The summer morn I've sighed for,
> The fair sweet morn awakes."

He was perfectly conscious and moved his lips in unison with theirs, for he was too weak to do more. He did not die a stranger in a strange land. There were men there who had known him in boyhood, and others who were friends of his manhood, and all proved most true friends to us in our trouble. We wish to thank publicly Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, M.P.P., Mr. Alex. Matheson, editor of the *Stratford Beacon*, and Mr.

David Campbell for the many and invaluable services they rendered to us.

His remains were embalmed, and twelve hours after his death the funeral car moved to the station followed by hundreds of the citizens. We came home, and there was another funeral procession from his own house to the Grange Cemetery, where he was laid just opposite to his own father and near to Dr. Guthrie. He was a man who had loved much and was much loved in return. Of friendship he wrote :—

"DEAR FREEN,—A' the joys o' life are bound up in true friendship. Heart to heart, soul to soul, is rare among all men, and if you don't show *your* heart you'll never see a heart —every man has an unexplored region in his being and in it he will, I believe, find very visible traces of the Deity. Real Freenship means equality in a' thing or near about it. . . . The true sublime of human life is love of bairns and wife. . . God, wife, bairns, freens, country, profession. How does that order please ye. . . Ye drank my health at 6 p.m. did ye! (New Year's Day). Ah weel—I was shaving at that time for singing at Leith. Thank ye—I thocht on ye as I scraped mysel'—may the Deil never hae a hand in oor washing.

"Yrs. very truly, D. KENNEDY."

And again :—

"Sappiness is a great blessing—it is not too common. Juiciness—the glorious product of a warm heart oiling the hard intellect and exuding the sympathising tear or breaking out in the sunny smile, the hearty hand-shake—producing in short the highest result of human or divine chemistry—Love——."

He was a genuine musical enthusiast outside the range of his country's songs, had a great admiration for Händel, and a reverential feeling towards the music of the "Messiah." He sang the tenor airs from oratorios to us occasionally, and we shall not soon forget his singing of the Messiah passion music,

and the famous tenor recit. and aria from Jephtha, "Deeper and Deeper Still," and "Waft her Angels." But the sun of his musical firmament was Richard Wagner. His enthusiasm for him knew no bounds. In all things he valued more the "idea" than the form, however graceful the latter, and consequently ranged himself on the side of the partisans of the "music of the future." Writing on the subject, Mr. W. Henderson, of London, says :—

"In June of '82 your father was spending a holiday in London. German opera was on at the time at Drury Lane, and he was enjoying it as a rare feast. He heard 'Tristan and Isolde,' (the first time it was played I believe in this country) 'Eurianthe,' 'Fidelio,' and the 'Meistersinger.' He was quite enthusiastic over Wagner. There was a 'bigness,' a wild grandeur about it, which quite moved him. He was delighted beyond expression. It pleased him also very much when we succeeded in getting Templeton up to stay with us for a night in order that we might all go together to hear 'The Meistersinger.' Mr. Templeton took it all in very quietly. Upon the whole, however, he and all of us much enjoyed the treat. Upon your father remarking to him 'This was the scene of your many triumphs,' 'Aye,' replied he, 'and of many many disappointments.' J. W. Davison, musical critic of *The Times*, and other veterans of the press, crowded round your father and Templeton during the intervals, and there was much of sparkling wit and humor. It was a night, I believe, to be long remembered by all of us there."

After Burns, his favourite author was Carlyle. He read all his works over and over again, and enjoyed them more at every fresh reading. His reading of the day tinged his conversation of the evening, and one could readily tell, for instance, when he had been reading Carlyle. During the last ten or twelve years of his professional life he made only a mental preparation for his evening's work, spending the afternoon in the seclusion of his own room. His running lecture or commentary

on the songs not being a prepared and written-out formula, we have some difficulty in giving faithful examples of his style; he left no notes, and we are dependant on memory alone. In his admiration for Burns and Carlyle he was undoubtedly influenced by their nationality, for he was as enthusiastic in his patriotism as in all else.

He felt keenly the growing fashion of talking of the affairs of the nation as the "English" policy. In introducing Burns' song, "Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled," (Bruce's address to the Scottish army on Bannockburn field) he said, "Scotland is not a part of England, Scotland is a *partner with* England in the country which ought to be called, but seldom is, "Great Britain." Part of the treaty of the Union was that the two countries should take down their rival signboards, "England" and "Scotland," and put up a large one covering both—"Great Britain." The bargain was made fair and square. John Bull couldna say to Sandy Campbell, "You must do this" or "You must do that." "Must" was buried at Bannockburn field. "If you want to be freends," says Sandy, "there's my hand, but if you want to fecht, come on!" That bargain has not been kept. Orators of all kinds, both great and small, talk of "England" when they mean Britain, and of the "English" army, and the "English" navy, etc., as if there were no 42nd Highlanders or Enniskillen Dragoons." Some people think this is a craze, and that the name England serves just as well as Britain, but to those who are proud of their nationality it is not so.

In politics he was a radical, a land-for-the-nation man, although he did not pin his faith to any particular leader. Of all politicians the man he most esteemed was John Bright. He had been the hero of his younger days. One day he met him on the station at Grantown on the Highland Railway.

The old gentleman was kindly helping my mother and sisters into the carriage in the absence of a porter when my father came up, "Pardon me, but you are John Bright, if I mistake not." "That is my name," he said," "whom have *I* the pleasure of addressing?" "I am David Kennedy, the Scottish singer. I have sung 'A man's a man for a' that' round the world." At this moment the train moved off. They cordially shook hands and parted.

From many similar testimonies to the respect and love which Scotsmen bore to our father in all parts of the world we select a few lines from a resolution moved by the St. Andrew Society of London, Ont., as they describe his work in a very few words:—

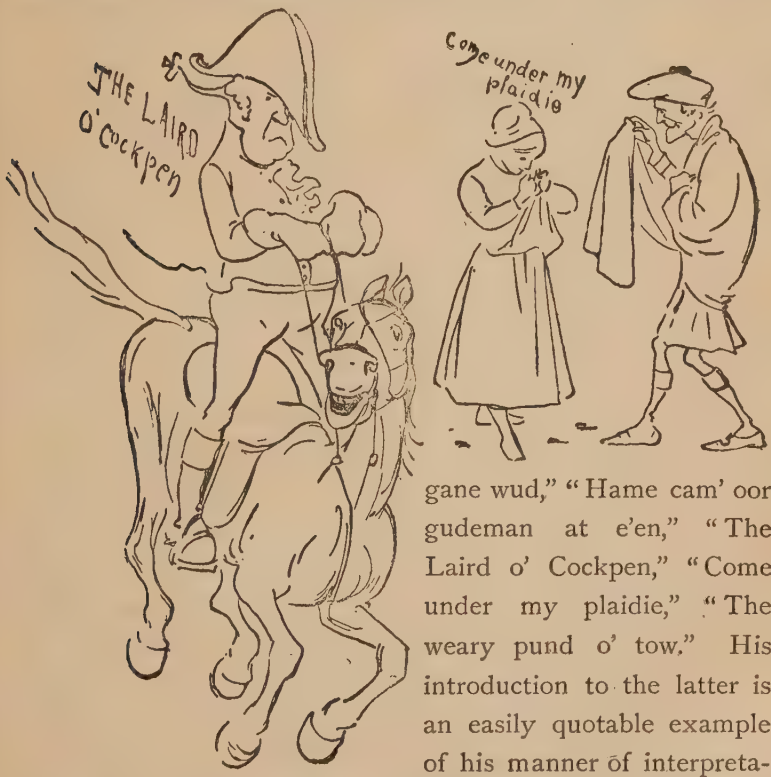
"We feel that by the death of Mr. Kennedy, Scotsmen throughout the world have lost a friend and educator; that Mr. Kennedy's high ideal in his professional career was not only to bring out the humor, pathos, and patriotism which so strongly characterize our national melodies, but his keen appreciation and earnest enforcement of the moral and religious elements in the songs which he loved to sing to his countrymen in all parts of the civilized world, have left an indelible impression for good on the minds of the present generation of Scotsmen wherever his voice has been heard."

It is not for us, his family, to write at length of his almost unbounded generosity, and his warm-hearted sympathy with suffering humanity. He felt too keenly, for his own happiness, the miseries of others.

We have not quoted press criticisms, as they are too numerous, but a few words from a well known critic (Mr. W. N. Watson, of Dundee) are worth repeating:—"His singing was artistic in the truest sense of the word, where vocal tone, melody, and manner were subservient to the one purpose of enforcing the

meaning of words as expressive of thought and feeling, and his speech was as his singing—incisive and eloquent."

He did not merely sing his country's songs, he in many cases doubled the value of songs by his interpretation of them —they were distinctly "creations" in the sense that an actor or operatic singer "creates" a part. As for instance, "The wee wee German lairdie," "Johnnie Cope," "The women are a'



gane wud," "Hame cam' oor gudeman at e'en," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "Come under my plaidie," "The weary pund o' tow." His introduction to the latter is an easily quotable example of his manner of interpretation. He perceives that it is the utterance of a hen-pecked husband, and gives a verbal picture of the race as follows:—

"There were and are and ever more shall be hen-pecked husbands in Scotland and everywhere else. This man had a wife who would not spin but she would drink, in a country

where spinning was a virtue and drinking a disgrace. A terrible life he lived till at length she died, and he followed her 'feet foremost ower the knowe' to yonder kirkyard with his eyes overflowing with tears and his heart with joy. He saw her weel trampit doon six feet aneath the grund, and went home to his own house, where for the first time he dared speak his mind, and what did he say? I'm weel oot o' this mess, afore I'd marry again I'd rather hang mysel'; but his joy was short-lived, for the horrible fear comes over him that death itself may not be able to hold this fearful woman in his clutches. So he leaves your sight moaning as of yore over the 'Weary pund o' tow.' Hen-pecked husbands are commonly tall, thin, lanky men with yellowish, dryish, thinish, greyish, hair. Their eyes lack lustre, the colour of them blueish yellow, their voices are thin, dry, or douf, their complexions are sallow, their shoulders stoop, their knees approach, and their toes turn inwards—

'The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Afore she spins her tow.'"

"The women are a' gane wud" was another example of a man who was not master in his own house, a man who "trimmed" and was on neither side at the time of the Jacobite Rebellion. He paraphrased the old man's opinions as follows:—

"Women should never be allowed to meddle wi' politics. Women dae what their heart bids them, and what's the use o' your heart in politics, it's your head you maun use. It's no what's richt or

wrang ye maun dae in politics, it's what's expedient. If it's expedient to dae wrang, do't, if you're perfectly certain that it'll advance your ain personal interests."

It would be much more difficult to give an idea of his impersonation of Patie Birnie, the auld fiddler of Kinghorn, in " The auld man's mare's dead," or his rendering of " The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman," or " Johnnie Cope," or " The wee wee German lairdie." In connection with this last named song, he used to tell how for years he tried to realize the white heat of a Highlander's wrath and the bitterness of his scorn, but without success, till one day, walking in the Zoological Gardens in Toronto, Ontario, he came against the cage of a wild cat. The beast glared at him and sprang at the bars and shook them. Instantly it struck him that *that* was a Hielandman singing " The wee wee German lairdie." He practised the effect there and then with his model before him, and sang the song to it, and his mimic rage so subdued the brute that after the first line it loosed its hold of the bars, after the second it slunk back, after the third it ceased grinning, and at the end of the fourth it went to the back of the cage, coiled its tail on the floor, sat down upon it and winked at him.

He was a most enthusiastic lover of the Highland songs, urging us to the study of them, which we cheerfully took up, singing them first to some of Professor Blackie's translations, and later attempting the whole song in Gaelic. He was never tired of listening to them. Indeed it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of his enjoyment of his own nightly work and of the singing of his " bairns." He had no grades of performance, he always strained every nerve to do his best for the sake of the songs he loved so well.

As indicating to some extent the particular place he held as an exponent of Scottish songs, we close with the following

extract from a letter of Mr. John Forbes-Robertson, of London, the well-known art critic, addressed to him in September, 1885. He writes:—

"I knew personally and familiarly John Sinclair, John Templeton and John Wilson—a vocal triumvirate of whom Scotland might well be proud.

"The first was known as 'the leddies' bonnie Sinclair.' His daughters, by the way, like your own, were mainly educated in Italy. One of them was married to Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, who, if I remember rightly, told me he was born in Montrose. I have often heard Mrs. Forrest and her sister sing as a duet, 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,' with much tenderness and effect. They never sang in public. Sinclair was a frank, genial fellow, and among his Scottish songs were 'Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie, hey the bonny breastknots,' and one of his own composition 'Come, sit ye doon, my bonny bonny love.' But Sinclair often sang English operatic songs such as 'Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,' and the like. He could hardly be said, therefore, to have been a special exponent of Scottish melody. Similar remarks are applicable to John Templeton. He also went in for English opera, and was specially good in English hunting songs. Among Scottish lilts his most popular were Imlah's "There lived a young lassie far doon in yon glen" composed forty-five years ago by De Pinna of London, and 'Roy's Wife,' which, I must say, he sang splendidly. I have heard him try your glorious song of 'Rantin', Rovin' Robin,' but his delivery of it, though very spirited, was quite conventional, and entirely lacked that rousing swing you give to the chorus. In both cases the men were as anxious to display the academic flexibility of their voices as to set forth the innate beauties of their country's songs. Each had in his turn, like Wilson after them, been first tenor at the English Opera, and they could not forget the fact.

"When I come to John Wilson, I name the only man who has any real claim to be considered your forerunner, or compared with you in any way. He was not without a certain rather stilted pawkiness, and had perhaps all your sweetness but none of your breadth and power. His singing of 'The flowers of the forest' was really exquisite; but when he came to deal with the native humor of his country's muse his sense of the proprieties always came in the way, and he allowed

manners and deportment, in a certain measure, to override the inspiration of nature. He never abandoned himself, as you do, to any of those homely influences or glorious bursts for whose display our songs afford so many striking opportunities. Further: you are a born actor, and possess a dramatic sympathy and intensity—a power of personation, in short—to which none of your predecessors could, in the same degree, lay claim. From long residence in England, they were all three more or less Anglicised, both socially and as artists, and were, when among Southrons, almost apologetic in introducing the Doric of their native land, whether in speech or song. You, on the contrary, have not only the courage of your country, but an exceeding great joy and pride in whatever is hers; and your mither-tongue, as the wide world knows, is to you a sacred trust and possession.

"In short, my half century's experience, and my own lyrical instincts, entitle me to assert that, whether for simple narrative or description, for emotion, pathos, and power, you are by far the most perfect and dramatic exponent of Scottish song that Scotland has yet produced."

Saunders M'Glashan's Courtship.

SAUNDERS M'GLASHAN was a handloom weaver in a rural part of Scotland many years ago. Like many another Scotsman, he was strongly possessed with the desire to own the house he lived in. He bought it, before he had saved money enough to pay for it, and he toiled day and night to clear the debt, but died in the struggle. He bequeathed the debt and his blessing to his wife and bairns. When he was dying, he called his son to the bedside and said, "Saunders, ye're the eldest son, and ye maun be a faither to the ither bairns, see that they a' learn to read their Bibles and to write their names, and be gude to your mither; and, Saunders, promise me that ye'll see that the debt is paid." The son promised, and the father died and was buried in the auld kirkyard. Years passed—the bairns were a' married and awa', and Saunders was left alone with his mother. She grew frail and old, and he nursed her with tender conscious care. On the evening of the longest summer day she lay dying. Saunders sat at her bedside, and they opened their hearts to each other on the grandest themes. Stretching her skinny hand out of the bedclothes, she laid it on his head, now turning grey, and said: "Saunders, ye've been a gude laddie, and I'm gaun to leave ye. I bless ye, and Heaven will bless you; for ye have dune Heaven's biddin', and honoured your faither and mither. I'll see your faither the morn, and I'll tell him that the bairns are a' weel, and that the debt was paid lang or I left the earth." She died, and he laid her in the kirkyard beside his father, and returned to the house he was born in—alone. He sat down in his father's chair crowned with the priceless crown of a deserved blessing, but there was no voice to welcome him.

"What'll I dae," he said. "I think I'll just keep the hoose mysel'." This was easily done, for he lived very simply—parritch or brose to breakfast, tatties and herrin' to dinner, and brose or parritch again to supper. But when winter set in, his trials began. One dark morning he awoke and said, "What needs I lie gantin' here, I'll rise and get a licht." So he got his flint and steel and tinder-box and set to work. Nowadays we strike a match and have a light, but Saunders had no such easy task. The sparks from the steel and flint would not ignite the tinder, he struck vehemently, missed the flint, and drove the steel deep into his knuckles. "This'll never dae," he cried, "I'm tired o' this life—I'm determined to hae a wife." He succeeded at last in lighting the fire and made his parritch, but he burnt them, and the soot came doon the lum and fell into them. "I'm pooshinin' mysel'," he said; "I'm fa'in' awa' frae my claes, an' my breeks are hingin' in wrunkles about me. I said in my haste this mornin' that I wad hae a wife, an' noo I say in my solemn leisure, '*This very* day I *shall* have a wife!'"

Saunders was a simple-minded man, but no simpleton. He knew nothing of the ways of women. Various maidens had set their caps at him, but he had never seen it. He knew his Bible well, and naturally turned to Solomon for advice, but did not get much comfort there. "Hoo am I to understand women," he said, "for Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, and he said that *he* couldna understand the ways o' women—it was'na for the want o' opportunity ony way."

Instinct told him that when he went a-wooing his best dress should go on; and looking in the glass he said, "I canna gang to see the lasses wi' a beard like that." So he shaved himself, altho' he was never known to shave except on Saturday; and he was such a strict Sabbatarian that if he began to shave late on Saturday night, and the clock chappit twelve when he had but one half of his face scrapit, he would leave it till the Sunday was over. The shaving done, he rubbed his chin, saying, with great simplicity, "I think that should dae for the lasses noo." Then he turned and admired himself in the glass, for vanity is

the last thing that dies, even in man. "Ye're no a very ill lookin' man after a', Saunders; but its a' very weel bein' guid lookin' and weel drest, but whatna woman am I gaun to seek for my wife."

He got at length paper and a pencil and wrote down with great deliberation six female names in large half text, carefully dotting all the "i"s and stroking all the "t"s, and surveyed the list as follows: "That's a' the women I mind about. There's no great choice among them, I think—let me see," putting on his spectacles, "it's no very wiselike gaun courtin' when a body needs to wear specs. Several o' them I've never spoken till, but I suppose that's of no consequence in this case. There's Mary Young. She's no very young, at ony rate. Elspeth McFarlane, but she's blind o' the richt e'e; and it's not necessary that Saunders M'Glashan should marry an imperfect woman. Kirsty Forsyth—she's been married twice already, an' surely twa men's enough for ony woman. Mary Morison—a very bonnie woman, but she's gotten a confounded lang tongue, an' they say the hair upon her head's no' her ain hair—I'm certain it's her ain tongue, at ony rate! Jeannie Miller, wi' plenty o' siller—not to be despised. Janet Henderson, wi' plenty o' love. I ken that she has a gude heart, for she was kind till her mither lang bedfast; an' when ony barefoot laddie braks his taes, he rises and gowls, and runs straight to her house, and she dights his bubbly nose and claps him on the head, and says, 'rin awa' hame noo, ye'll be a man afore yer mither!' Noo, which o' thae six will I go to first? I think the first four can bide a wee, but the last twa—siller and love!—love and siller! Eh, wadna it be grand if a person could get them baith! but that's no' allowed in the Christian dispensation. The patriarchs had mair liberty. Abraham wad just hae ta'en them baith, but I'm no' Abraham. They say siller's the god o' the warld—I never had ony mair use for siller than to buy meat and claes, to put a penny in the plate on Sabbath, and gie a bawbee to a blind fiddler. But they say heaven's love and love's heaven, an' if I bring Janet Henderson to my fireside, and she sits at that side darnin' stockins, and I sit at

this side readin' after my day's wark, an' I lauch ower to her, and she lauchs ower tae me, isna that heaven upon earth? A body can get on in this warld withoot siller, but they canna get on in this world without love. I'll gie Janet Henderson the first offer."

He put on his best Sabbath-day hat, and issued forth into the street. Instantly at all the windows commanding a view of the street, there were female noses flattened against the panes. Voices might be heard crying, "mither! mither! mither! Come here! come here! come here! Look! look! look! there's Saunders M'Glashan wi' his beard aff, and his Sabbath-day claes on in the middle o' the week; he's looking awfu' melancholy,—I wonder wha's dead."

Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, he walked gravely on towards the house of Janet Henderson. She at this moment, not knowing that her first offer was so near, was sitting spinning, sighing and saying! "Eh preserve me! its a weary warld! I've been thirty year auld for the last ten years (sings)—

'Naebody comin' to marry me,
Naebody comin tae woo!
Naebody comin' to marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo.'"

The door opened, and there stood Saunders M'Glashan. "Eh! preserve me, Saunders, is that you? A sicht o' you's guid for sair een!" The maiden span and took side-long glances. A woman can see mair wi' the tail o' her ee, than a man can see with his two eyes wide open. "Come awa' into the fire. What's up wi' ye the day, Saunders? ye're awfu' weel lickit up, ye are; I never saw ye lookin' sae handsome. What is't ye're after?" "I'm gaun aboot seekin' a wife!" "Eh, Saunders, if it's that ye want, ye needna want that very lang, I'm thinkin'." "But ye dinna seem to understand me; it's *you* I want for my wife." "Saunders M'Glashan! think shame o' yersel', makin' a fool o' a young person in that manner." "I'm makin' nae fool o' ye, Janet. This very day I'm de-

termined to hae a wife. You are the first that I've spoken till. I houp there's nae offence, Janet. I meant no offence. Eh! oh very weel, if that's the way o't, it canna be helped," and slowly unfolding the paper, which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket, "I have several other women's names markit down here tae ca' upon."

She saw the man meant business, stopped her spinning, looked down, was long lost in thought, raised her face, and broke the silence as follows, "Saunders (ahem) M'Glashan (ahem), I've given your serious offer great reflection; I've spoken to my heart, and the answer's come back to my tongue. I'm sorry tae hurt yer feelins, Saunders, but what the heart speaketh the tongue repeateth. A body maun act in thae matters according to their conscience, for they maun gie an account at the last. So I think, Saunders,—I think I'll just—I'll just"—covering her face with her apron—"I'll just tak' ye. Eh, Saunders, gae 'wa' wi' ye!—gae 'wa'! gae 'wa'!" But the maiden did not require to resist, for he made no attack, but solemnly sat in his seat, and solemnly said, "I'm rale muckle obleeged to ye, Janet: it'll no be necessary to ca' on ony o' thae ither lassies noo!" He rose, thinking it was all over, and turned towards the door, but the maiden was there first, with her back at the door, and said, "Preserve me! what have I dune? If my neebors come tae ken that I've ta'en you at the very first offer, they'll point the finger of scorn at me, and say ahint my back as lang as I live, 'that woman was *deein'* for a man': so ye maun come here every day for the next month, and come in day licht, so that they'll a' see ye comin' an' gaun, and they'll say, 'that woman's no easy coortit I can tell ye; the puir man's wearin' his shoon aff his feet!' For, Saunders! though I'll be your wife, Saunders, I'm determined to hae my dues o' courtship a' the same." She lit the lamp of love in his heart at last. For the first time in his long life he felt the unmistakeable, holy, heavenly glow; his heart broke into a full storm of love, and stooping down he took her yielding hand in his and said, "Yes I wull, yes I wull! I'll come twice every day, my Jo! my Jo—Jaanet!" Before the unhappy man knew where

he was he had kissed the maiden! who was long expecting it; but the man blushed crimson, feeling guilty of a crime which he thought no woman could forgive, for it was the first kiss he had gotten or given in fifty lang Scottish kissless years—while the woman stood with a look of supreme satisfaction, looking for more, but as no more seemed coming—for a woman can see a kiss a long way off—she lifted the corner o' her apron and dichted her moo, and said to him as she dichted her moo, "eh, Saunders M'Glashan! isna that rale refreshin!"

The Minister's Fiddle.

In a small, northern, inland, lazy, sleepy, self-satisfied Scottish town, lived John and Tammas, weavers by profession; aprons round their waists; fond o' snuff; in the days when the snuff mill was used as the pipe is now.

"Tak' a snuff, Tammas? Onything new?" "No." "Naething ava?" "No."

Now Tammas was the gossip of the place, the man that knew everything first in the town, and folks sometimes said he kenned things afore they happened.

"Eh! man stop or I mind! Weel, I'll just mention a circumstance that came to my knowledge yesterday. As I was gaun doun the street, a wheen wives were fillin' their pigs at the well. I couldna help noticin' that they were a' Baptist bodies an' dissentin' trash, an' they were speakin' about *oor* minister, and said ane to the ither, 'No!' 'Eh, preserve me, have ye no heard? Folks are sayin' that the fiddle gangs frae morning till nicht in the parish minister's hoose.' Weel, when I heard that, I could'na help sayin' to mysel' a' last nicht, I wonder if there was less fiddlin' in the manse if there wad be ony mair pith into the poopit."

"Capital," says John, "capital, guid mornin', guid mornin'," and away went the old man to his cronies and told them the pungent saying of Tammas, and they came to the general opinion that something must be done to prevent the parish kirk becoming a byword and a reproach. So the Session at last met informally, and decided that it was their duty to expostulate with the minister, and John and Tammas were

appointed a deputation for that purpose. He heard of their coming—a minister has lang ears—and was prepared for them. The deputation came to the door of the manse confident of their success, and were met at the door by the minister. "How's a' wi' ye, Tammas? How are ye to-day, John?" "We're quite well, sir," said they, bowing stiffly, with all the dignity of "offeecial" persons. John, who was the spokesman, cleared his voice and began, "Sir, the Session appointed me and Tammas a deppytation to ca' upon you to say—." "Ye manna stand at the door and speak, come awa' in. Sit doon there, Tammas."

"I canna sit there! that's yer ain chair."

"All the chairs in the house are mine, but that's my study chair. If ye sit there lang enough Tammas, ye'll maybe be able to mak' sermons yersel'!"

John felt that he must begin at once, but he soon discovered that it is one thing to be appointed "a deputation" and another thing to do its business. His "mull" was in his hand, and he tapped it as if his brains were in it. "Weel," as I said, "the Session appinted Tammas and me—me and Tammas—a deppytation to ca' upon you an' say that—that we were appinted, Tammas an' me, a deppytation—that the Session met an' appinted Tammas an' me to wait upon ye, sir, an' say that —that— *Wull* ye tak a snuff, sir?"

"Oh, yes. I'm very fond of snuff, and speaking of snuff puts me in mind of a man that sleeps in the seat with you on Sabbath. Would you kindly give him a pinch of your best snuff to keep him awake."

"I'll dae that, sir," says John, "I'll dae that. But dae ye no think it wad be a gude thing if ye wad put a pinch o' snuff into your sermon?"

"What's the matter wi' my sermons, John? Are ye no pleased wi' my sermons?"

"Oh, yes," said John, "I'm rale weel pleased wi' your sermons—they're getting better and better every Sabbath."

"In what respect?"

"They're gettin' shorter and shorter, sir."

"Ah, John! ye're gettin' fond o' yer joke," and the minister showed his common sense, by laughing with others, at his own expense.

"Guidwife! is the tea ready? we will have oor tea and a crack." After the tea in those days came the toddy. They talked of everything *except* the fiddle; and after a glass or two the minister said, "I must tell you that I have been spending a good deal of my spare time lately learning some fine old Scottish tunes, 'The Land o' the Leal,' 'John Anderson my Jo,' 'Auld Robin Gray'——"

"Eh!" cried John, "that's my favourite tune! There's just twa Scots tunes I'm fond o', 'Auld Robin Gray,' and the 'Auld Hunder.'"

"But the Old Hundred's not a Scottish tune."

"Is't no! I thocht there was naebody but Scots folk could mak' tunes."

"Ah na, John, ye're wrang there! It's a German tune."

"*A German Tune!!* I thocht thae German bodies could mak' naething but sausages."

"Perhaps you would like to hear me playing these tunes?"

"Certainly," says John, "certainly! Bring forth the fiddle!"

Forth came the fiddle—a huge bass fiddle—and the clergyman played some tunes with exquisite taste and feeling. The two men, as they ought to have been, were charmed—for, though elders of the kirk, they were still human beings.

"Eh! we never heard sic grand music a' our lives. We ay kent ye were the best preacher in a' the country side, but noo we ken ye're the best fiddler," and as often as he played, they praised. At last they shook hands and parted, and homewards the deputation went, after thanking him for his tea, and toddy, and tunes.

John was in high fettle, for he was pleased with himself. "Tammas! I'm the boy for the clergy. Ye'll no catch me sayin' onything ahint their back that I canna say afore their face; the sermons will be a quarter o' an hour shorter, an' ye'll see that what I told him about the f——"

"Are'na we twa born idiots—sent to argue against the fiddle,

and here we've sat an' fiddled an' fuddled the whole nicht. We'll be a lauchin'-stock to the whole congregation."

Homeward they went, sad and silent, till they came to John's door, when he suddenly stopped (and slapped his leg and said)—

"Eh, Tammas, I see daylight through'd noo! Oor minister's perfectly justified in playin' on a fiddle like *yon.* Yon's nane o' yer sinfu' screechin' penny waddin' fiddles that blind fiddlers scart upon for bawbees—No! Yon's a respectable fiddle—yon's a substantial fiddle—yon's a *releegious* fiddle!!

SINGING ROUND THE WORLD.

PREFACE.

THE following pages tell the story of the tours undertaken by my father during 1872-1880. While not exhausting the record of his professional travel, this Narrative may be regarded as representative and complete in that it details what was literally our singing round the world.

Sailing down the South Atlantic, round the Cape of Good Hope, we sang three years throughout the length and breadth of Australia and New Zealand. Then voyaging across the Pacific, *via* the Sandwich Islands, we performed a considerable tour in California. Journeying over the Transcontinental Railway, and singing a week among the Mormons, we began a Canadian campaign which lasted an autumn, winter, and spring. Then, after a series of concerts in outlying Newfoundland, our faces were at length homeward turned across the Atlantic. In February of 1879, amid the excitement and anxiety attending the disastrous opening of the Zulu War, my father sailed for South Africa—the tour comprising Cape Colony, the Diamond Fields, and Natal. After returning to Scotland for only a brief ten days' rest, we set out for a six months' tour of India, singing the Songs of Scotland at Parsee Bombay and Hindoo Calcutta, amid the scenes of the great Mutiny, and as far north as the Punjaub. The wanderings thus sketched form the subject of this book.

Some years previous to these excursions, however, my father had paid his first visit to Canada and the United States, and had also sailed from New York to California *via* the Isthmus of Panama, an interesting if somewhat anxious undertaking in

those days. It chanced that he was invited to assist at the San Francisco celebration of the opening of the Transcontinental Railway, and was among the first to travel over that extensive line—a journey otherwise memorable to him from the fact that *en route* he had an interview with Brigham Young.

Simply as a tale of travel, this book may have a *raison d'être* in describing arduous and adventurous routes, performed by means of primitive conveyances, amid a condition of things which has disappeared or is fast disappearing from the Colonies. As a record of concert tours, it chiefly recounts such incidents as were more peculiar to the countries through which we journeyed. Our travelling party consisted of my father; my sisters Helen, Marjory, and Lizzie; my brothers Robert and James, and myself. I must not forget to mention my mother, who shared with us in our pleasures and toils, and who, though not publicly taking part in our professional life, contributed so much to our comfort and happiness during our years of travel in these far-off lands. The charm to us of these wanderings consisted in the fact that, journeying as a family, we could as it were carry with us "our ain fireside."

DAVID KENNEDY, Jun.

July, 1884.

CHAPTER I.

The Voyage—Port Phillip—*Melbourne*—John Chinaman—A Chinese Theatre—Cabmen—Melbourne Institutions—Pentridge Stockade—Australian weather—The People of Melbourne—Our Concerts in Melbourne—*Ballarat*—Down a Gold Mine—Ballarat Worthies—A Picnic—*Geelong*—A Farmers' Meeting—*Sandhurst*—The Suburbs of "Bendigo"—*Echuca*—Purchasing Coach and Horses—A Storm in the Bush.

ABOUT the middle of March, 1872, we sailed from Glasgow to Melbourne in the clipper ship "Ben Ledi." Its state-rooms were commodious, and just numerous enough to accommodate our party, so that we reigned supreme in the saloon. To while away the time, we occasionally gave concerts to the sailors. The jolly tars more than once reciprocated by decorating the forecastle with bunting and lamps, and inviting us to listen to their nautical lays. We of course had with us our small travelling piano, which was securely lashed-up in one of the hinder compartments. Here we juniors—under the paternal direction—held daily and nightly practice of vocal scales, glees, and part-songs. No matter whether the vessel was rolling off Madeira, or stagnant for a week in the sweltering calm of the tropics, or wildly careering in a ten days' gale far south of the Cape, there was the same rigid rehearsal. On one occasion, in the height of a storm, each of us holding a candle and swaying our bodies to the varying angles of the vessel, there was a sudden pitch, a roll, and a crash of waters breaking upon the

deck. My father was violently lurched off his camp-stool, and all of us huddled remorselessly into a corner amid black darkness and stench of extinguished wicks. While thus achieving a sufficient measure of "light and shade," it was somewhat difficult to import these qualities into our vocal numbers, so the rehearsal was that night abandoned in deference to the tempest. Otherwise, our ship-board life was not more eventful than commonly befalls the Australian voyager. We caught the usual albatross, and killed the customary shark. The passage, however, was exceptionally protracted, as it was not until dawn of a Sunday in June—when we had been all but a hundred days on board—that the "Ben Ledi" rounded Cape Otway, the mountainous promontory of the Victorian coast, and shortly afterwards entered Port Phillip Bay, at the head of which stood Melbourne, its towers and spires showing dimly through the dust that blew over the city. On the left lay the port of Williamstown, our desired haven, which was reached late in the afternoon.

A short railway ride brought us to the city, and an Albert car conveyed us to Scott's hotel. After disposing of a sumptuous meal, we took a moonlight peep at Melbourne, inaugurating our walk by purchasing at a fruit shop a magnificent pine-apple for sixpence. Bourke Street, the principal business thoroughfare, was filled with a busy crowd promenading before gaily-lighted shops and gas-flaring stands—the housewife with her basket, intent on purchases; the native Australian youth or "corn-stalk"; the Chinaman, with his stereotyped face; lounging fellows with big beards and tall slouched hats; Frenchman and German; English, Scotch, and Irish—all blending in one common throng.

Melbourne, at this time, had a population of 200,000—a fourth of the inhabitants of the colony of Victoria. The city stands on the Yarra Yarra River—a little stream, sylvan near Melbourne; but further down, afflicted with the stench of chemical works and tanneries. It is very tortuous, and takes eight miles to go from Melbourne to the Bay, which, as the crow flies, is scarcely a third of that distance. Viewed from

an eminence, the river resembles a liquid cork-screw. The principal streets of the city are one mile long, 100 feet wide, and run at right angles. The drainage is open, a stream of water running down each side of the street, with small wooden bridges for foot-passengers. Every house and shop has its verandah. The first thing that strikes the stranger as peculiar is, that lofty warehouses stand side by side with one-storied workshops; grand stone-built stores hob-nob with low wooden shanties; and stately churches rise in close proximity to timber-yards, tinsmiths' shops, and small public-houses.

Collins Street is the most regularly-built thoroughfare. At its intersection by Russel Street, is the monument erected to Burke and Wills, the famous explorers of the Australian Continent. Close to it stands the large and costly Presbyterian Church—its site one of the finest in Melbourne, and the lofty spire, a noble feature in the sky-line. Further down Collins Street is the stately Town Hall, with a lofty tower. Bourke Street boasts the principal places of amusement. Here, too, is "Paddy's Market," where tropic and temperate fruits and excellent vegetables may be obtained. In this street the miscellaneous business of the city is transacted, with a strange mixture of nationalities. Moses, Levi and Abraham will be happy to sell you all descriptions of cigars, pipes, and tobacco; Sprachen & Herr can supply unlimited varieties of fancy goods and colonial-made jewellery; Moosoo, Adolphus & Co., possess an excellent stock of furniture and "French polish"; and Ah Ching, Ah Wing, & Chum Foo have on hand a large assortment of tea, opium and Chinese curiosities.

In Little Bourke Street, the Celestials, with excusable clannishness, have gathered themselves together. At nearly every door you see "John" lounging and smoking, or grinning feebly at you as you pass. We see the gambling saloon with its group of avaricious speculators, and its windowful of "lucky" papers; the tea warehouse; the opium shop, with its vacant-eyed customers; and the lottery shop, presided over by a priestly hoary-haired Chinaman. Some Chinamen gain a livelihood as pedlars, their goods slung on a long bamboo, by

which they can carry great weights on their shoulders. They are frequently to be seen at back-doors, chatting with the servant-girls, and trying to dispose of their wares at a good profit.

One evening we went to the Chinese theatre, held in a booth at the head of Little Bourke Street. The tent was surrounded by a noisy crowd of eaves-dropping street-arabs and loafers. Paying our shilling we entered, and saw an audience of eighty or ninety Chinamen. We took our stand beside one of them, asking him to explain the "plot;" but he declined the task, as he had left China when he was only "one moon old." The stage was like an inverted proscenium—the "foot-lights" being placed above the heads of the actors, who raised their faces towards the lamps when any strong emotion had to be exhibited. Behind the performers, at the back of the stage, sat the orchestra, numbering two, who played Celestial airs on a monotonous gong and a wearisome one-stringed fiddle. The entrance of any great character was the occasion of a furious burst of sound, which subsided when he spoke, but was immediately resumed upon the conclusion of a sentence. No scenery graced the stage, the *dramatis personæ* appearing from behind two tapestried curtains. The drama was relieved by an incident not in the programme. A shower of missiles, thrown by the rabble outside, came flying through the roof of the tent, and alighted on the heads of an emperor and chief mandarin, who were instantly carried from the stage amid the shrill jabbering of the audience, the play methodically proceeding as before. Imagine the effect upon an English audience of seeing their favourite Hamlet carried off at the wings dangerously wounded by bricks hurled in at the skylights!

Naturally, we came frequently in contact with the Melbourne cabmen, many of whom were waifs from the diggings. In appearance, the Jehu is a respectable fellow, and on entering his cab or Albert car, you are soon put at your ease, as he talks in a friendly manner that is quite assuring:—

"Ah! you admire them houses, do you, sir?—well, what would you think of seeing them all trees, sir—all bush, nothing

but tents?—that's what I saw when I came out here twenty years ago this very month. I left the missus an' young folks at home, an' sailed for the diggings in '52—yes, sir, an' I made some thousands of pounds up at Ballarat. I wouldn't like to tell you how much I made—indeed, I wouldn't. I took the gold out in bucketfuls—didn't sift the gold from the dirt; that was too much trouble, sir—I took the dirt from the gold. Yes, I built a hotel up there, and it was crammed from week's end to week's end. My word! the coin I put away then! But I was a fool in those days, sir. I was too free, too generous, too open-hearted—spent all my earnings among my chums. I took to the drink, sir, bad; an' the money went as fast as it came. Then I lost the run of my luck, an' had to sell out an' come down to Melbourne a cab-driving. You'll be wondering, sir, at seeing me holding the reins, but a chap's got to be humble in this world sometimes, you know. It's my own horse an' cab, sir; all my own property; but it don't make up for the good old times. Get off at this corner, sir?—good-day, sir."

And away he goes in his Albert car, a vehicle memorable to us by reason of an accident that occurred one evening while driving down Bourke Street. We had reached a very steep portion of the road, which was slippery owing to recent rain, when the horse fell, the shafts flying into fragments and the front-seat passengers rolling out over the unfortunate animal; while my sisters had to be taken down by a ladder from the back of the vehicle.

A pleasing feature of Melbourne is its beautiful parks and reserves. The Botanical and Fitzroy Gardens are the two principal resorts, the former containing tropical and British plants, growing side by side in the open air, and the latter laid out in beautiful walks and ornamented with classical statues. Again, material prosperity does not shut out a due recognition of the Arts and Sciences. There is a fine University; also a Public Library of 80,000 volumes. One night we heard a spirited debate in the Legislative Assembly, an ample, well-seated, and excellently lighted chamber. The subject was the re-arrangement of tariffs, and the discussion of course

involved hard-hitting at Free Trade and Protection, to which latter Victoria pins its faith.

Nominally there are no poorhouses or workhouses in Melbourne. But there are kindred institutions—a Benevolent Asylum and an Orphan Asylum. Important buildings also are Melbourne and Alfred Hospitals. The Blind Asylum is another noteworthy institution, where the inmates, in addition to useful trades, are instructed in music, occasional concerts being given in the Town Hall; while of equal interest is the Deaf and Dumb Institution, where the scholars are taught by an elaborate system of signs grafted on their usual alphabet. The faculty of the pupils for mimicry is very great, and the superintendent cultivates it for their mutual amusement. Historical tableaux are arranged for the gratification of visitors, the scholars being chosen according to their real or fancied resemblance to Biblical or other characters. We were not favoured upon our visit with any special exhibition, the superintendent lamenting that he could not show us the spectacle of "Abraham offering up Isaac;" for though Isaac was still in the institution, yet Abraham had gone to Tasmania to see his friends.

One day we visited the great penal establishment at Pentridge, a few miles from Melbourne. This famous prison, or "Stockade," to which we were kindly invited by the Presbyterian Chaplain, contained 600 convicts. Inside we found the prisoners alphabetically arranged (A, B, and C), into various stages of wickedness. It was stated that our view of the Stockade would be limited, as the establishment was in great anxiety owing to the attempt of one of the prisoners the previous afternoon to murder Mr. Duncan, the Inspector-General, who was severely wounded. Passing along the first corridor, we heard scuffling and yells, and through an open cell-door saw the murderous prisoner struggling in the arms of two warders. Hurriedly moving on, we were presently locked up for a short time in the dreaded "Dark Cell," where however we performed a part-song! This dungeon is virtually sound-tight relatively to the rest of the building, any shout or yell being carried up through the roof by a long iron pipe.

Here we were told numerous stories of attempted escapes. A short time before, three men had for three days secreted themselves under the zinc covering of the roof, and were discovered almost dead from the extreme heat, the roof being fully exposed to the summer sun. Before leaving, we looked in at two halls where choirs were practising. In one place a group of sturdy Wesleyan felons were vigorously engaged over a hymn; and in another, up in a gallery, Episcopalian convicts harmoniously rendering "Hark! the herald angels sing," while a man in a canvas coat, with F.A.D. on the back of it, accompanied on a harmonium.

As the cold weather had just set in, we had twelve weeks' experience of an Australian winter, which was a failure as regards inclemency, the sunny days far out-numbering the rainy. Now and then there appeared light "mackerel" clouds, "downy feathers," and "horse tails," as they are called, that seemed to be switching the heavens to a most delicate blue. There was an exhilarating sparkle in the air—one seemed to be breathing brilliance—inhaling aerial champagne.

The people of Melbourne are bustling and energetic. There is still perceptible a flavour of the prodigal generosity of the early "digging days." The folks are very warm-hearted, off-hand, and not troubled with burdensome conventionalities. The fashions, however, hold as important a place in Melbourne as in any capital of Europe, which is incontestably shown upon a fine afternoon when the aristocracy promenade the northern side of Collins Street, "doing the block," as it is colonially called. The inhabitants are very jealous of the good name of their town, and on all occasions urge the new-comer to express his opinion of it. The vital question, "How do you like Melbourne?" was poured into our ears day and night. We had it at our meals, encountered it in our walks, and had volleys of it at evening parties. We were asked the fatal opinion in crowded railway carriages; questioned by acquaintances who cropped up in omnibuses; saluted with the query by "companions of the bath;" and addressed in all the varied circumstances in which it is possible to meet your fellow-man. Luckily a favour-

able answer could be given to their enquiries, for we admired their fine city almost as much as did the residents themselves.

Our entertainment of Scottish Song ran for fifty-two nights on our first visit to Melbourne. The building chosen was the new Temperance Hall, capable of holding over one thousand persons. It was situated in Russel Street, and as its lofty and spacious gable commanded a neighbouring and important thoroughfare, it entered into the head of our manager to cover the wall with a huge canvas announcement. I forget of how many square yards it consisted, but an "ornamental painter" was occupied several days in executing the mammoth-lettered advertisement in an extensive studio. At length the immense sign was safely secured to the gable, and was voted a success by some of the more gossipy prints of the city. Once, during a high gale, a large portion of the canvas "fetched away," in nautical phrase, and flapped so portentously, that one or two men had to be sent up with instructions either to replace it in position, or to take in two or three reefs.

By frequent change of programme we secured large numbers of regular attenders, who latterly looked on certain seats as their right—some facetiously terming them their "pew"—the illusion being increased by many of the audience holding sittings in the hall, which was temporarily used on Sundays by one of the Scotch Kirks. We were told that amongst our most ardent adherents was a Glasgow tailor, who systematically put aside ten shillings a week, saying, "That's for the Kennedy's." We had also the compliment of a noticeable clerical element in our audience. A story was current of two Scotch ministers meeting in Collins Street one evening, and holding only a brief chat. "Excuse me," said the one, "but I have a *very* pressing engagement." "And I too," replied the other clergyman; "I have a most important meeting to attend to-night." They hurriedly parted, went different ways, and five minutes afterwards confronted each other at the pay-box of "Kennedy's Sangs!"

Ballarat, the second city of Victoria, is 100 miles by rail from Melbourne. It has a population of some 47,000, and is possessed of fine streets. Sturt Street is surprisingly wide, with

reserves of trees running down the centre of the thoroughfare. Though most of the city is well built, much of it is narrow, tortuous, and uneven. The irregular streets are those formed along the line of a gold "lead" or claim in the palmy old days, —the historic ground of memorable nuggets. The south side of the town we found to be a wilderness of gold "claims." All around were innumerable heaps of sand surmounted by windlasses, with here and there a head and pick momentarily visible, —the scene a wholesale mutilation of nature. There were Chinamen, too, working the refuse or "tailings," and some in their eagerness sweeping the very dust of the road,—an act forbidden in the streets under a heavy penalty. If ever a city was "paved with gold," it is Ballarat.

One day my brothers and I went down that famous alluvial mine the "Band of Hope." We put on a complete miner's dress—a greasy canvas cap, a coarse flannel shirt, a dirt-bespattered blouse, thick worsted stockings, and voluminous, lengthy pants, the surplus of which we stuffed into a pair of knee-high Wellington boots. Equipped with candles, we went down in the iron cage. I was strangely tempted to look upwards, but our companion, a stalwart miner, cried: "For goodness' sake, sir, don't look up; why, only the other day a man had his brains scooped out agin' the shaft doin' the same thing; an' another fellow had an eye knocked out by a bit of stuff falling in his face: besides a chum o' mine that had a leg completely jammed to a jelly atween the woodwork and the cage; so keep your head well inside o' my arm, sir!" We came to the 500 feet level, where we stepped off, the cage going downwards a hundred and odd feet more. A grey horse stood near, looking sleek and comfortable enough, waiting to draw empty trucks back to the various "drives." We each jumped into one of the empty trucks, and after what appeared an interminable ride, arrived at a distant part of the workings. We came to a "jump up," communicating with a higher level of the workings; but we found the rope of the cage had broken, to the disablement of an Irishman, who hopped up to us rubbing a limb, and trying to look invalided, though it chanced he

was more frightened than hurt. As the ordinary means of communication had failed, we climbed up an iron ladder eighty feet high, placed in a shaft 2 feet wide, just large enough to admit the body. The ascent was no mean trial of the nerves, as the iron rounds of the ladder were wet and slippery. I climbed with my left hand, holding the candle in my right, an unlucky stream of water latterly extinguishing the light. We emerged at last into a large open space, where the principal mining operations were being carried on. The place seemed like a forest, the feeble candlelight showing us immense upright timbers supporting the lofty roof, the beams growing fainter and fainter in perspective till lost in the darkness. Here and there a light twinkled.

We saw a number of men busy upon a "facing"—a wall of earth or a ledge of rock in process of detachment or excavation. Upon our expressing a strong desire to see gold in its natural state, one of the miners exclaimed that he had found a speck, but it turned out to be smaller than a pin-head, and we had to flatten our nose in the dirt, with an eye in the candle, before we saw it. As a rule, the men scarcely ever see the "colour of gold." The earth has to be "washed" in large quantities to make it pay, and it takes about a ton of dirt to yield five or six pennyweights of gold. I may add that this mine is the most important in or near Ballarat. In the year 1867 it yielded £60,000 in forty-four days—a memorable seven weeks' work.

One day we saw a poor-looking old man posting our placards in the street. His face was spotted with paste, and his clothes threadbare. He was once rich, and had a fine hotel; made money during the gold rushes, and was elected mayor of a town not far from Ballarat; failed either in business or gold-mining, and gradually sank to his present humble position. We found him to be a philosopher, "not above his work," as he said, while his conversation was sprinkled with moral precepts and maxims that had a certain charm when coming from a bill-sticker. In the same street we saw a homely-looking man, dressed in plain clothes, with a red-spotted handkerchief

hanging out of his pocket. He had the look of a decent farmer, was slightly bent, and leant upon a thick stick. This was the richest man in Ballarat, and called "Jock" from his nationality. Originally an Edinburgh butcher, he came out to Victoria comparatively poor, and seems to have acquired wealth by always luckily possessing land that some person else urgently wanted. His life seems to have been a continual "buying-out." Once he had a farm, which a number of speculators desired for mining purposes. They offered him £5000—£10,000—£20,000—till finally the master of the situation closed with the magnificent sum of £30,000. But the speculators had not yet got rid of him. He required the money to be counted out in his own presence and in his own house, and that not merely in notes, which he religiously avoided, but in sterling gold.

A pic-nic at Kirk's Dam was arranged for our special delight by a worthy Scotsman, town-councillor, and veritable stranger's friend. Kirk's Dam is a delicious nook, a forest-encircled sheet of water, artificially constructed for the supply of the city. On its grassy banks was spread an elegant lunch. This was startlingly diversified by the capture of a poisonous black snake, three feet long, which one of the company triumphantly brought along on the end of a stick. The reptile was hung over a fence for the general inspection, many of the old colonists in our party never having seen a snake. Returning home, we passed Lake Wendouree, a small sheet of water graced with row-boats and pleasure yachts. Close to its shores are the Botanical Gardens, with verdant lawns and extensive gravel walks, one of the latter a mile in length.

Our footsteps were next turned to Geelong, once the second city of the colony, but Ballarat, with its gold discoveries, having shot ahead, has kept the lead. The town is busy during the summer, when pleasure-seekers troop in from all parts of the colony. The salt-water baths are a great attraction, the bathing-ground being staked in to keep out the sharks that infest the Bay. They are a very hospitable people in Geelong, fond of bazaars, tea-meetings, and evening parties. We felt rather

taxed upon one occasion when we had to dance in a hot crowded room, with the thermometer at 80°. I think that was the figure; but I am painfully certain it stood at 120° about midday. The party, who seemed composed of salamanders, danced indefatigably until the cooler hours of early morn.

Next day brought an experience of the abominable "hot wind." For many years this wind was a mystery. In the early days it was conjectured that it came from interior wastes, where the baked surface reflected back the fierce rays of the sun; and though recent explorers have found no absolute desert in the heart of the continent, yet the old speculation may be so far correct, that the large extent of uncultivated country does not absorb the heat as it might do if properly tilled and irrigated. We have not one good word for the hot wind. On this occasion the dust rose in immense cones and pyramids, drifted against the doors and windows, and enveloped struggling pedestrians. The gale blew the whole day and far into the night—the heat and the whistling and groaning of the wind almost banishing sleep. In the morning a southern breeze brought a heavy downfall of rain, the hissing sound of which was sweetest music. The sky brightened, the healthy, cool winds blew in from the sea——Ah!

The country round Geelong is agricultural. One day we drove to a Scottish farmer's house some fifteen miles out. The day was overpoweringly hot, and the road hilly, but we arrived in time to enjoy the hospitality of our host. Among many good things provided was a complimentary basin of "kail broth." Upon our return journey we stopped at the village of Ceres, and found ourselves in the midst of a jolly gathering of Scottish farmers. Old memories came crowding round them, and many volunteered songs. One said he would give a fabulous sum to hear such and such a song; another said he would sing a ballad he had not sung for the last fifteen years—a proposal received with acclamation. A loud chorus accompanied this song, and choruses became the order of the evening. One farmer produced a large volume of Scottish music, and searched for his favourite song. Another started up and proposed they

should sing the whole book through—a motion received with hearty cheers, but forgotten next minute in the vehement chorus of "Auld Lang Syne," ingeniously started by some individual who wished to draw the meeting to a close.

From Geelong we went to Sandhurst or "Bendigo," 100 miles north of Melbourne. It is an arid city, large and scattered—a place diluted with distance. On a hill in the outskirts stands a row of chimneys, marking the reef-line of the most celebrated mine in the district—the Great Extended Hustlers. Fine streets stretch in various directions, with, in many cases, handsome buildings, their elegant outlines standing out strangely against a background of smoke, chemical vapours, and steam. The principal street—Pall Mall—is fronted by a cool, shady, grassy, reserve——Puff! snort! creak! puff! What is this?—steam is rising behind that clump of trees. Looking closer, we see in all their hideousness a poppet-head, a steam-engine, and the open mouth of a mine. Along the pavements you see wooden pegs stuck in the ground marking the boundary lines of claims, and bearing the name of the mine in bold characters. This Pall Mall, however, had quite a metropolitan appearance on Saturday night, when the shops were brilliantly lighted and the street thronged with people listening to the brass band in the balcony of a large hotel. The bank windows that same evening were also great attractions, as the gold cakes of the different companies were being exhibited—the meltings for the past week, fortnight, or month. The large masses of gold were guarded by wire screens—one window containing £18,000 worth of the precious metal, and another £20,000 worth.

Walking out to one of the suburbs on a very hot day we rested ourselves beside two Chinamen, who were engaged with a "cradle" in sifting cast-off "tailings." We inquired about their luck, and the younger turned out his sieve with great glee, showing us "one speck," with an air of acquired fortune. The elder Chinamen then asked us in broken English where we came from; and being told "Scotland," he brightened up, and said patronisingly, he had heard of the place. Before leaving, my father sang "Allister M'Allister" to their great delight,

though one may question the fitness of singing the least intelligible of Scottish songs to the most foreign of foreigners. Further on we entered a Chinese shop and bought a Chinese book. It was illustrated profusely with woodcuts. After some haggling we gave eighteenpence for it. "Nice book, John?" "Welly good book!"—at which the surrounding pig-tails were convulsed with laughter. We seized a passing Chinaman—"Read this!" "Ah! welly good book—one year book—days, moons—last year book—him no good now!" The rascally Chinese had sold us an old almanac!

In Sandhurst we became acquainted with two of its principal characters, whom we shall call Messrs. Smith and Jones. Their career had been a mixture of luck, pluck, and perseverance. They came from Ireland with their better-halves about twenty years ago. They were close friends, and agreed to go shares in every undertaking. On landing in Sandhurst their purse was limited, and they spent their all in purchasing a waggon and two horses, with which they carried goods to the goldfields. This vehicle was converted at night into a two-storey house, Mr. and Mrs. Smith occupying the interior of the waggon, while Mr. and Mrs. Jones slept underneath. As the goods-carrying business prospered, Smith and Jones came to be proprietors of a small cottage, in which they were one day digging a cellar, when lo! a bright stream of water bubbled up to the joy of the two Irishmen; for water was a scarcity, and brought from a long distance at great expense. The two friends carefully tapped the stream, and sold water to the miners at one shilling a bucketful—another source of increasing revenue. By various steps they rose to be the proprietors of two fine hotels.

We have a vivid recollection of a large public school in the vicinity of the town, kept by an Aberdonian, who exercises rigid authority over some hundreds of scholars. After school had been dismissed in stern, regimental fashion, the dancing class commenced. Half-a-dozen boys and girls entered the class-room, marshalled by an elderly dame, another Aberdonian, who unfolded to the rising generation the mysteries of Highland reels, flings, and strathspeys. It would have done a Celtic

heart good to have seen the lady tripping round the room followed by her juvenile charge, who executed the same manœuvres like so many shadows, hooking their elbows and snapping their thumbs in true Highland manner.

From Sandhurst we went north to Echuca, 166 miles from Melbourne, and situated on the river Murray, the boundary between Victoria and New South Wales. The main street is full of red brick stores and wooden houses, each end of the street terminating in rough wild bush—which bush lurks in back-yards and gardens, and creeps in at all corners—Echuca seeming to have settled down bodily in the forest, and scraped itself a resting-place. It was founded in 1853, when there was no railway, and when people did not care to settle in such a remote district; but during the great spluttering rush to the Bendigo gold-fields, some splashes of population found their way as far north as Echuca.

Along the banks of the Murray were traces of the great flood of 1870, which rendered Echuca amphibious for many days. The hotel we lived at had been severely damaged by this flood. The ceiling in the sitting-room showed two yawning gaps, and the plaster was coming down in flakes the whole time we were there; but assurance was given that no dangerously large pieces had fallen for some time. We happened to look in one morning at the Town Hall, where a half-caste was charged with committing an assault upon the son of a squatter. There were present two justices on the bench, a clerk, the prosecutor, and witnesses, flanked by a sergeant of police, a local constable, a trooper booted and spurred, and a miscellaneous crowd of townsfolk. The black man was ordered to be removed to the lock-up for twelve hours. The Town Hall is divided by folding doors into a court of justice and a concert-room, and in the latter we gave our entertainment that same evening. Amongst the audience we saw our friends of the morning—the two justices, the clerk of the court, the complainant, the witnesses, the policeman, and the trooper—all but the prisoner, who, we were told, was unable to attend, as his

sentence would not expire till an hour after the concert had concluded!

At Castlemaine, a thriving town, we took our leave of the railway, as we had mapped out some thousands of miles of bush-travelling. We went one morning to a hotel-yard to see an American waggon, with a square-built body, and glazed leather roof. The vehicle was hung upon "thorough-braces," two or three layers of leather belts bound together with clamps —iron springs being useless for Australian travelling, save in the case of light carts and buggies. The proprietor of this coach was in the "show" line, and had travelled most of the colony with this same waggon. "Here's the machine, gentlemen." We examined it carefully, fingered the bolts and nuts, jerked the wheels, measured our limbs on the box seat, unrolled the side curtains, moved the moveable seats, and scrutinized the condition of naves, tires, and axles. Everything was satisfactory, but we got a practical wheelwright to examine the vehicle—verdict, good for its age. "Here's the horses, gentlemen"—three stout, middle-aged horses, on which we got a veterinary surgeon to give his opinion—verdict, horses as excellent as they were old. "And here's the driver, gentlemen"—a short, red-haired Irishman, on whom we pronounced our own favourable verdict. We bought the whole "turn-out," and engaged the driver. Next morning the equipage drove up to the hotel door, the leading grey horse prancing in a way to make one proud. We packed the coach, building up the back part with luggage. Imagine the rack carefully strapped and roped up; imagine four of us inside, and two on the box; imagine—no, you cannot imagine—how we tore down the principal street and out into the country, bowling along a capital road, with the horses fresh, the day auspicious, a fine breeze blowing, and the landscape interesting. We had scarcely begun to feel the full sense of proprietorship when we rattled, with a succession of loud whip-cracks, into the paved courtyard of the hotel at Kyneton.

This was a quiet agricultural township. We drove out by invitation to a farmhouse five miles distant—a comfortable

dwelling of four rooms, stone-built and plain. There was a hole by the fire-place, with a large brick lying alongside, and we said laughingly to the goodwife, "You're fully prepared for the rats and mice, we see." "Mice!" she exclaimed, "we've no mice here; it's a snake. We keep the brick off through the day, because we can see to kill the creature; but we put the brick on at dusk, in case it gets out—I don't like the idea of the beast crawling through the house in the night-time!" The farm was situated on the banks of the Campaspe, amid softly swelling hills. A fine orchard overlooked the river, and being December, the trees were loaded with plums, apples, pears, and cherries of great size. The river Campaspe, which, strange to say, flows inland a hundred miles northwards to the Murray, was dry when we saw it, with a deep water-hole appearing here and there in the bed of the river,—a wonderful provision of Australian nature, by which man and beast can quench their thirst in the dead heat of summer. We accepted the fact as one of the numerous wonders poked at you by the Australians:—"Our seasons and months do not agree with yours; our cherries, as you see, grow stone outermost; our north wind is warm; and our gum-trees shed their bark instead of their leaves."

Soon after we encountered a bush-storm, while crossing the ranges near Mount Macedon. The wind tore over the hills, sweeping the rain before it in masses of spray. On every side flew branches of trees. Close by us, a giant of the forest rent asunder near its base, and slowly tottering, fell with an alarming crash amid clouds of earth. The sky was inky black, rent by lightning. The road was strewn with fallen trees, enormous limbs, branches, uptorn roots, and white flakes of timber. In several instances the fences had been destroyed on both sides of the track by the fall of more than usually lofty trees. Happily we escaped unscathed from the perils of the ranges.

CHAPTER II.

The "Stony Rises"—A Squatting Station—A Drove of Kangaroos—The Bush and Bush Roads—The Middle Diggings—Coaching to Sydney.

In January, 1873, we commenced a tour in the western or pastoral district of Victoria. Before leaving the metropolis my father and mother invested in a horse and buggy, as they found the coach too fatiguing. The first stage of the journey consisted of a steamboat sail from Melbourne to Geelong, whence we started on our coach journey. We stayed a night at Winchelsea, and spent two days at Colac. Leaving Colac, we entered upon flat country—the coach running quietly along a soft earthy road. I sat half asleep upon the box, while Patrick, our driver, trolled out some Irish love-song, stamping the time cheerily with his right foot. I had become tired of counting the telegraph posts, and staring ahead for white milestones. Every now and then the hot sunshine would glow on my face, making me unspeakably drowsy. Heigho! A violent nudge on the elbow from Patrick. "Hillo now, wake up, wake up; don't you know we're just driving through the Stony Rises!" We suddenly come, with all the pleasantness of a transition in music, upon a lovely collection of hills, volcanic in origin, shaded by trees, and strewn with innumerable boulders, between which grew clusters of fern or bracken. For several miles the road wound amid miniature glens and charming dells, with the same delightful blending of bracken and boulder. Presently Lake Korangamite gleamed upon our right—the largest expanse of salt water in Victoria, being eighty miles in circumference and twenty miles long. It is supposed to be formed upon the site of an extinct volcano, and the peculiar saltness to be due to the drainage of the basaltic rock. Most of the country in Western Victoria is volcanic, and possesses rich soil. Approaching Camperdown, we saw a hill of a conical shape,

called the "Sugar-Loaf." Whenever you see a cone-shaped peak in Australia, be sure and call it the "Sugar-Loaf." In nine cases out of ten you will be right. Camperdown, a number of detached one-storey houses, lining a thoroughfare two hundred feet wide, is merely a continuation into the town of the main road. This extreme width of street dwarfs the buildings, but gives one an enjoyable feeling of space, freedom, and fresh air. The road has a broad margin of grass upon either side, called the "Poor Man's Paddock." This is used by stockdrivers for pasturing their cattle upon a long journey, and by passing travellers for their horses.

Here we first saw an aboriginal black. He appeared at the hotel-door in a white hat, a light linen coat, and tattered grey trousers. He had a flat nose, thick lips, dark black eyes, and straight hair. He made us a long speech, rather incoherent, owing to whisky and broken English. Then he whiningly begged for a "lickspince" (sixpence), and went off, making exaggerated salutes. Most of the western towns have a black; and this one, for distinction's sake, was called "Camperdown George." Government supplies with clothes, meat, and tobacco, any native who will reside in a particular township, but vagrant life is too strong a temptation for them. A gentleman in Camperdown informed us that he had officially given away about £500 worth of clothing to the natives, but that most of it had been found scattered over various parts of the country. No one is allowed to sell drink to the aborigine, but the latter turns his clothes into money, and gets the first available white man to purchase the whisky.

Here, in Western Victoria, reigns the squatter. He is no rough customer, but a pushing gentleman, full of care and forethought. He lives in a handsome villa on his property, enjoying his fine table, his wine, his library, and his garden. He is the landed aristocrat of Australia. Through the kindness of a squatter living near Camperdown, we had a glimpse of life at a sheep-station. His house lay some eight miles away, on the brow of a hill. We approached it through extensive sheep-runs and paddocks, arriving at the house through a closely-shaded

avenue of trees, and along a well-planned terrace garden. We had always regarded a squatter's house as a kind of rural habitation, a farm house on an extensive scale; but here we saw an elegant verandahed building surrounded by sloping gardens, and uniting all the homeliness of rural life with the luxuries of modern society. Previous to dinner we ascended the hill. Our host gave us the topography of the district—how his station extended to that fence, that dark line away in the distance—how it took in most of what we saw on the left hand—oh, no, that lake did not belong to him—that was Mr. Smith's lake—that hill there, however, was his; but the mountain further away was purchased recently by Mr. Jones, and now called Jones's Hill. After dinner we were mounted on stock-horses, in order to visit the sheep-washing sheds some miles off. Here the sheep have their wool made white, free from grease, and fit for market. The sheep are first driven into a large tank full of soap and warm water, then rinsed in a cold water tank, with the addition of a shower bath. After this Turkish bath the sheep are taken to the wool-shed, where they remain overnight to dry, the shearers setting to work upon them early in the morning. The men are paid 15s. per 100 sheep, and a skilled hand can shear sixty in ten hours.

This was peculiarly a sheep-station. At Terang, a village fourteen miles further west, we visited a cattle-station of 11,000 acres, with 3000 horses and cattle. The house was of stone, with a large fruit garden and two or three croquet lawns. Water pipes, supplying the cattle troughs, had recently been laid out at an expense of £5000. Lake Keilambete adjoins the station, the opposite side being occupied by "free selectors." We spent a Sunday in Terang, attending the Presbyterian Church in the afternoon. The congregation assembled in true country fashion from miles round. Men and women rode up to the door, and hitched their horses to the church-paling; others drove up in buggies and carts. There was one service every Sunday, supported chiefly by the landowners round about. The minister had a very comfortable position, with a

very short service—"In fact," he said to us with a quiet look "I daren't keep the squatters more than an hour."

The road to Mortlake, our next stage, lay through extensive cattle-runs, the coach winding about as if engaged in a gum-tree quadrille. We were in high spirits, and the driver had just begun to whistle the symphony to his love-ballad, when——

See, see! haul up the horses! by all that's wonderful, a kangaroo! a real, live kangaroo, right in the middle of the track, its eyes staring directly towards us, its languid forepaws preparing for a leap. There it is off! Hooray! it has cleared the high fence, tail and all, with feet to spare, bounding through the forest, scattering the dry leaves and twigs, and rousing three others, who keep company with it in flight. Hooray! another and another, and yet another, crop out behind the trees, till there is a full score of them bobbing irregularly in the distance. Hooray! hooray! our shouts have roused scores more, and the vista is filled with them in full retreat. Oh, how pretty! a drove of youthful kangaroos burst into an open glade, and follow their elders with juvenile leaps. Our sisters wave their handkerchiefs. In a few moments the kangaroos seem but grey phantoms flitting in the distance. The last tail has disappeared. Hooray! we give three cheers for the kangaroos—crack! goes the whip, and we're off on the track once more!

You cannot say you have seen the kangaroo till you have seen it leap. Those immense bounds sometimes reach a distance of 30 feet. Kangaroos are unmitigated pests to the squatter, as they impoverish the cattle-runs by eating up the valuable grass. They are hunted unmercifully. Kangaroo-dogs are to be seen about the townships—wiry, muscular animals, seamed and scarred with wounds. They are very plucky, and boldly attack the kangaroo, which is very desperate when brought to bay, gripping the dogs in a mortal embrace, and tearing them up with its strong hind claws. "Don't you get into their clutches," a man once said to us; "it's like being hugged by a bear with a circular saw in its stomach!"

Another day's journey brought us to Warrnambool, a seaport

town 170 miles south-west from Melbourne. Then *viâ* Belfast, another seaport town, we drove towards Portland, 45 miles further west, and reached by a really bad road, which at one point ran along the sea-beach. We had the greatest difficulty in getting along at all, as a storm had blown and washed up the sand into uncouth, irregular hillocks—the wheels of the vehicles sinking over the axles. After charging a mile or two of sand-heaps, one of the horses fell in a fit of the "staggers," and was only revived with difficulty. Our journey of 45 miles took from seven in the morning till seven at night, when we arrived weary and hungry. But at eight o'clock my father was on the platform as usual, introducing a large audience to "Twa Hours at Hame." From Portland we struck inland once more through the bush.

The Bush—what is the Bush? You will find nothing like it in our British woods, in the backwoods of Canada, or the forests of New Zealand. The Australian bush is unique. It consists of undulating, grassy, thinly-timbered country. The trees stand wide apart, and there is no undergrowth, so that a coach-and-four can drive through any part of it. The leaves on the gum-trees are long and thin, and turn their edges to the sun. There is therefore very little shade in the bush; the sun penetrates freely, and the grass, which is always light, grows thin and brown in the summer-time. Everything appears to be burnt up. The earth is hard and dry, and has not the springy velvetiness of a British park. The trunks of the trees are dry; there is no humid moss about the roots.

The bush road winds its lonely way, every succeeding horse and vehicle giving it more defined form. In wet weather the bullock-drays form deep holes and ruts, and lighter vehicles spread out in different directions to avoid the old road. It is a common sight to see seven or eight different tracks in all stages of development, from the almost completed road to the barely perceptible wheel-marks on the grass. Sometimes the traveller comes to an open space, with tracks winding tantalizingly to right and left, and if a "new chum," he is sadly at a loss. They stretch out before him like the fingers on his outspread hand.

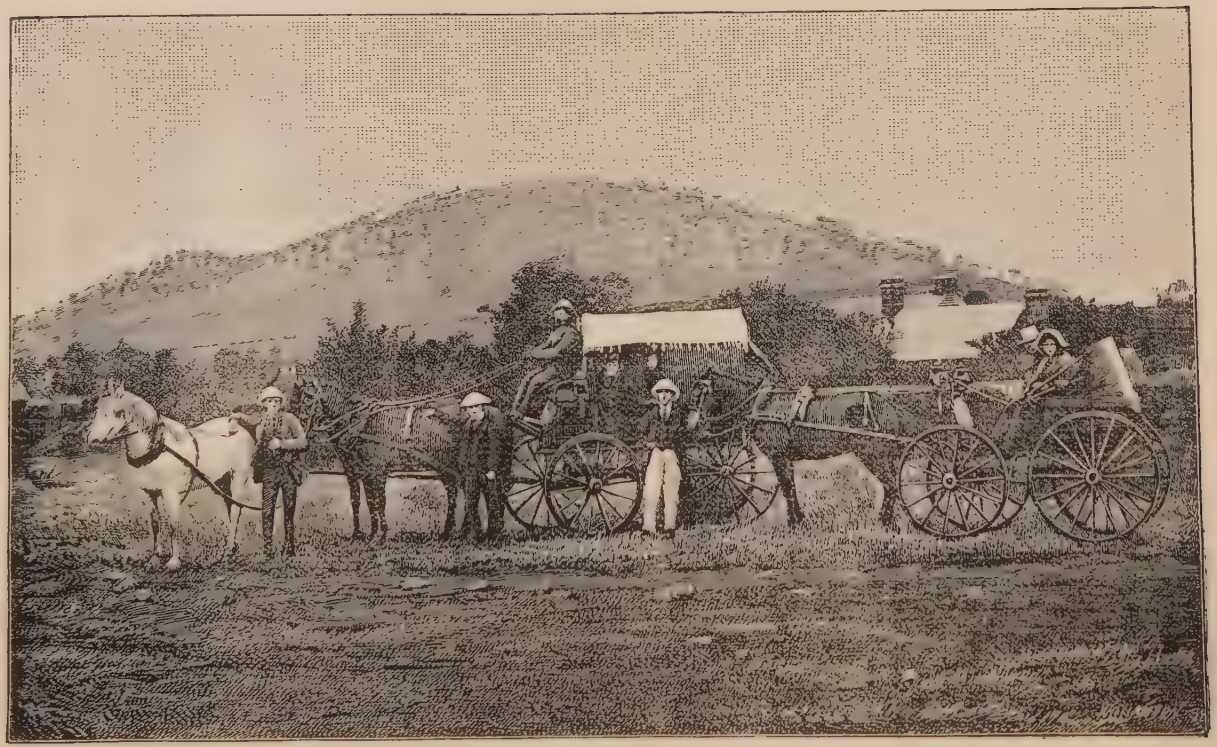
This one does not lead in the right direction; that one is not enough trodden to be trustworthy. He would take the middle-finger track, if a little further on it did not suddenly turn in a suspicious fore-finger direction. The thumb starts well, but after all it is hardly so taking as the little-finger track. Yes, it will do; and yet the fourth finger is the very way he wants to go. Tut, tut! it gets fainter and fainter. Oh, if there were only a hut to inquire at! The stranger is sorely puzzled, but in the end trusts to luck, latterly finding that the tracks all harmoniously blend at no distant spot, like the converging lines of a railway junction.

A bush road is generally lonely, and you never meet any one except an occasional swagman, stock-rider, bullock-driver, or commercial traveller. The swagman or tramp is a kind of demoralized "gaberlunzie," who trudges from squatter to squatter, from township to township, begging food or assistance on his journey; which journey is endless, and continues from year's end to year's end. The professional swagman walks to live. One species of tramp is the "sundowner," so called from his habit of appearing at a squatting-station about sunset, and asking food and shelter for the night. The generous "open-door" hospitality of the early days, which has latterly been abused, is fast disappearing from amongst the squatters, and instead of his usual cold mutton, the swagman now gets the cold shoulder.

While driving along you will sometimes observe in the distance a cloud of white dust, and hear the creak of wheels, with loud shouts and whip-lashes, which announce the approach of the bullock-driver and his team. He is a seedy, dust-covered man in a slouched hat. He carries a long whip, its trailing lash eight feet long, with which he can flip the farthest bullock. "Hoick! hoick! get up, Diamond! Now, then, daisy! come hither, Strawberry! Hoick! hold off, Brandy! Hoick! you short-horned Whisky, come up! Nobbler, what do you mean, eh? hoick! hoick!" He gives each a cut in turn, with the addition of high-flavoured epithets, the bullock-driver being chargeable with a large amount of vocal sin.

At the small village of Branxholme we gave a concert in a little wooden schoolroom that stood solitary some 300 yards away in the bush. The room was so limited that tickets had to be sold in the open air. It was not till eight o'clock, when the shades of evening had set in, that the people began to assemble. At different points persons seemed to be starting up from the earth, so noiseless was their approach. On all sides we could hear the soft thud of horses' hoofs on the grass, and the jolting rumble of carts. The school-house formed a strange concert-room. The audience were seated on school-desks and forms, while we had to sing on a platform composed of a brandy-box covered with a tablecloth. The lighting consisted of our two coach-lamps, one each end of the "stage," supplemented by one or two candles stuck in bottles, which we asked the front-seat people kindly to hold in their hands. The room was soon filled to overcrowding; but upon the doorkeeper jocosely announcing to those outside that they could go "Up the chimney for a shilling!" some half-dozen people rushed in and took up position in a capacious fire-place, while the rest swarmed noisily outside, and looked in at the broken windows. The concert concluded, the audience slowly dispersed amongst the trees, with cart-rumbles, hoof-falls, and phantom flittings as before.

The town of Hamilton came next, and from there we went to Ararat. Here we struck the Middle Diggings—a region of hot, bricky, inflammable-looking townships, composed of one long stretch of shops and chief buildings, with other houses straggling out here and there, as if they had lost heart at not finding room in the chief street, and had become quite reckless and careless of appearances. Some of these wooden houses are more comfortable as to their interior arrangements than one would imagine. They have respectable furniture, and of course a piano. We say of course, because, as in most mining towns, nearly every person has a piano. During the gold rushes, when a digger became possessed of a "pile," he would perhaps commence by having a good lengthy drink, but he would assuredly at one time or other purchase a Collard or a Broad-



OUR CARAVAN

wood. As often as not the instruments were second-hand, tuneless, and thrummy; but what cared Alluvial Jack or Auriferous Bill? The piano had a shape to it, had a good shiny case, and was altogether about the right sort of length for him; so out came the roll of notes, and the piano went home.

Near Stawell or Pleasant Creek, one of these mining towns, is a small Scottish community, which some years ago was very exclusive. An Irishman, it is said, came one day to settle in the place, and next morning a deputation of indignant Scots waited on him, demanding he should either put Mac to his name or leave the district. He chose the former alternative, and was ever afterwards known as MacFlaherty! Landsborough was our next stage—a musty, canvas-flapping place; you could almost fancy you saw its ribs. In former days it was three times the size, owing to a great flock of tents that fluttered down during a famous rush. These have all fled, leaving the old nucleus of bark huts and stores. After finishing the Middle Diggings we went by Daylesford and Bacchus Marsh back to Melbourne, where we arrived near the close of a hot afternoon, ending our eight weeks' circular tour of 600 miles.

Our projected overland journey from Melbourne to Sydney struck our friends as a remarkable proceeding. Some of them conjured up bushrangers—others spoke of rough roads; but latterly they changed their friendly remonstrances into suggestions, one enthusiast writing us out a voluminous list of articles required for travelling. This wonderful document urged coils of rope, advised hatchets, counselled tin cans and soup-basins, proposed nails, hammers, and screw-wrenches, and above all things impressed upon us the necessity of taking feed for the horses and food for ourselves!

On the 17th of March, 1873, our procession swept out of Melbourne. First our big dog Uno, bounding and barking with joy: then two of us on horseback; then the coach with its white cover on the roof, its team of four-in-hand, and Patrick holding the reins with an air of great dignity; and lastly, the buggy, containing Pater and Mater. It was a hot-wind day—

before us, an implacably straight road, swept by dust-storms which veneered us with a white impalpable powder.

We rested at Kilmore, thirty-seven miles out, an agricultural town, with 1600 of a population, mostly Irishmen. Being St. Patrick's Day, two straggling, tuneless bands were promenading the streets, and a ball took place in the evening. The town was further excited on the following morning by a trotting match between a local pony and a stranger mare. Towards noon the revellers of the preceding night lolled about the streets in a very twilight state. Most of them were betting upon the race—one bemuddled man persistently stuffing as his stake a handful of pound-notes into another's eye. Our route lay by Seymour, Longwood, and Violet Town. The township of Longwood seemed to the eye as if half-a-dozen cottages had sworn to a hotel and post-office that they would keep them company, and not leave them in the wilderness alone. At dinner in the hotel at Violet Town we encountered some magnificent specimens of the colonial farmer—one a tall, strong-built Irishman, who treated his left-hand companion, a member of Parliament, to a condemnation of the Land Act. He also declared that it cost him £200 a year for his "nobblers" or drams, and that no man could say he was earning a living who banked less than £1000 per year.

We had some difficulty in getting quarters here, as the hotel was full. One limited room was occupied by six low trestle-beds placed side by side, and filling up the entire floor, so that to reach his humble couch the furthest sleeper had to step over five beds. "Shake-downs" or mattresses were also laid on the floors of the other rooms. As we had determined to sing in every place, large or small, we gave our entertainment here. The largest room in the hotel was arranged in imitation of a hall. The table became the platform, and all the chairs about the house were gathered together. The lounging benches that stood in the verandah were brought in; tub-stools came from the kitchen; and rough pieces of timber, or halves of saplings, were laid on boxes with the rough, rounded side uppermost. By a little squeezing and good-humour on the part of the

audience, a large number of people managed to get in. Most of them had come from many miles round. In all these country-places we used our "wee peeawny," as an old Scotsman called it. This was a square little instrument, four octaves and a half, made to order by Wornum, of Store Street, London. Since then it has been all round the world—been baked beneath the suns of Queensland, and frozen amid the snows of Canada—been handled by Yankee "baggage-smashers" or railway-porters—has tumbled off carts and fallen downstairs; and, in short, has conducted itself in a roving way, such as no piano, I am perfectly certain, ever did before. It served us well, and kept marvellously well in tune. We packed it in a canvas cover, with leather handles to it, so that two of us could carry it. The three legs were previously screwed off and enshrined in green bags. Within three or four minutes from the final chorus of "Auld Lang Syne," the piano was strapped up ready to go on the back of the coach. We regarded it as a valuable member of our family.

Next morning we had intended to follow the mail-coach to get the short route to Benalla, but the information which we received about the road was so precise that we proceeded on our own responsibility. This ended in our being lost five hundred yards from the town. We wandered for miles without seeing face or habitation, losing tracks and finding fresh ones, till we struck a small hamlet. Here we gained some more precise information, which sent us through innumerable paddocks with immense slip-panels, every individual bar of which had to be carefully taken out and replaced upon each occasion. A journey of seventeen miles thus extended to one of thirty.

Near Oxley, some few miles from Benalla, there was an encampment of blacks, and a company of four children and two women soon introduced themselves. One of the lubras was old, and very black, but with a blacker eye, which she had received during a recent "corroboree" or meeting of the natives. The old, plump, black woman's hair was long and glossy, and she was dressed in loosely-tacked corn-sacks. The other lubra was younger, had white pearly teeth, and carried a baby slung

over her back. The children were from six to twelve years old, and scampered about in costumes that seemed only a formal yielding to social requirements. The aboriginals work at the Oxley Hotel, but they are lazy ; and it was amusing to see the length of time they took to clean a candlestick, shake a hearth-rug, or wash a plate. They presented us with a live opossum, which we kept as a pet for weeks afterwards. It was quite tame. It used to climb our knees, jump on the top of our heads, hang by its tail from our forefinger, scamper about the house, and scramble up window curtains. It was, of course, no favourite of the landlady we had in Sydney, and one day we found it curled up dead, evidently poisoned, in a corner of our room.

We visited Wangaratta, and then went on to Beechworth, a town which lies so high above the level of the sea, that one almost expected to see a thunder-cloud trailing along the main street, or driving mists obscuring shops and houses. Leaving Beechworth, an abrupt turn brought us in sight of Yackandandah, lying far below in a plain. This, the Valley of the Murray, is famed for vine-growing, the landscape being thickly dotted with luxuriant vineyards, gleaming with the rich yellow tints of autumn. Yackandandah, lying far below in the Valley of the Murray, was our next stage. Going from there to Chiltern, we came across the "Gap," a rough, precipitous track winding down a hill. After long suspense we reached the level ground, but had scarcely gone twenty yards when the "ring-bolt" of the coach (the pivot run down through the front axle) snapped in two, and with a crash the pole flew up, severely cutting one of the horse's mouths. With the greatest difficulty the animals were brought to a standstill, and had it not been for two strong supplementary belts round the axle, the horses would have bolted with a legacy of wheels.

Two days after, we crossed the Murray at Wagunyah, twenty-three days out from Melbourne, and passed into New South Wales. Eastward, on the north bank of the river, we drove forty-one miles to Albury, the chief town on the river Murray, and famed for its manufacture of wines.

We are off now to Wagga Wagga, ninety miles north—a hard two days' journey, but the horses are fresh. We start as usual early, and all forenoon wind monotonously through sheep-runs. At midday we camp for a couple of hours. We unharness the horses, and tie them to the trees; then one of us runs down to the creek to fetch water, another spreads a white cloth on a sloping bank, and a third scrapes together miscellaneous tinder, making a blazing fire against a tree stump. By this time the supplies are out of the coach—a cosmopolitan diet of canned meats—sardines from Paris, herring from Aberdeen, oysters from Baltimore, and currant-jelly from Hobart, Tasmania. The "billy" is bubbling on the fire, and another large can is simmering with potatoes. The horses are crunching their maize; our driver is bedding up the fire with logs, and fanning it with his old slouch hat. He makes capital tea, which we enjoy with the hot potatoes. Then we stretch ourselves out in the shade, and enjoy a short dreamy siesta. In half an hour we are bustling about, folding our tablecloth, collecting our tin pannikins, hooking our pails and billies to the back of the coach, collecting the horse-feed, and harnessing the horses. We are careful, too, to put out the fire—there is a heavy fine inflicted on any one who leaves anything burning in the bush. The grass is dry, and a spark sometimes will set it ablaze. A brief look round to see that nothing is left, and we are off.

Still the same wearisome scenery—trees, trees, trees everywhere—new vistas opening in front, and vistas fading away behind us. Towards the close of the afternoon, the sun sinking lower in the sky ribbed the track with the long shadows of the trees. Then the far-off timber seemed to rise and shut out the sunset, the track becoming suddenly dusky, and silence settling on us all at once. We had wished to reach the Billabong Creek by night-fall, but at last regarded it as hopeless. A shrieking laugh burst out of the bush. It was the vespers of the jackass birds—a hideous discordant chorus. When this batch finished, another family took it up, a little further off; then another further still, and another, and yet another, till the

laughs died away in the distance. Hark! the faint tinkle of a bell, nearer and nearer, till we meet a cloud of dust, out of which evolve a bullock-dray and driver. "Far from Billabong?" "No; a few miles." On again, poor sweaty, dusty team. There's the moon just shining over the tree tops; and, oh happiness! a light is glimmering ahead. Here at last is the solitary settler's house. Invisible dogs howl at us from every point of the compass. We knock!—silence—no one at home, so we hitch up the horses to a cattle-pen, and wait the arrival of the folks. On the other side of the creek a large fire is blazing, and round it a number of Wagga Wagga men, who have been driving bullocks to Melbourne, and are now returning after a six weeks' journey. They come to the creek-side and pray across to us for only one thing—they want but little here below, and that little is butter, which we feelingly throw over to them in a piece of paper. By the light of the moon we see two females approaching the house, and after a brief colloquy, it is found that the accommodation will only suffice for my mother and sisters.

The males "camp out"—a very romantic feat in this fine weather. We put the horses into a pen; then make a tent close by with a sheet of canvas, spreading a couch of straw and rushes. This makes an airy bedroom, and the moon shines through the sheeting. Oppressed with a general sense of quietness and straw flavour, and soothed by a lullaby of tail-whisking and hay-munching at our ears, we fall asleep, but are rudely awakened next minute by Patrick, who tells us to get up. It is five o'clock A.M.—"next minute" has lengthened to seven long hours. It is still dark; the moon is low down on the horizon, the morning cold and raw. There is a brisk fire with a billy on it—our breakfast. We seize the opportunity of the remaining moonlight to water the horses in the creek—not an easy job, two of them escaping up the opposite bank, and keeping us anxious till they come back neighing for their companions. The moon has given place to a streak of daylight, and we are greeted by the mocking laugh of the jackass-birds, this time put to the blush by a civilized cock, who crows

a prodigious blast. About six in the evening we cross a wooden bridge spanning the Murrumbidgee, and in the twinkling of an eye are in the main street of the town amidst cheerily-lighted shops and a Saturday-night pavement crowd.

Wagga Wagga lies midway between Melbourne and Sydney, and is the metropolis of a wilderness. It is in reality an emporium for the convenience of the wealthy squatters residing in the neighbourhood. We sing in the Masonic Hall, said to be the largest concert-room out of Melbourne; it had a sumptuous proscenium, and a stage loaded with scenery. There were, however, scarcely any seats, and persons using the hall were compelled to place planks over barrels, boxes, and brandy cases—a style of seating very laughable in such a pretentious structure. Among the "lions" shown to the visitor, is the hut of the Tichborne Claimant. The mean-looking hovel, now rented by a tinsmith, is jammed in between a larger shanty and a public-house in one of the by-streets. You find the usual persons who parasitically attach themselves to famous or notorious characters. Smith knew the Claimant, and so did Grazing Tommy; Bilkins supped with him, and Wilkins drank with him; Barber Brown had his butcher meat from him for years; Robinson worked with him for months on end; as for Jones, you might almost say he lived with him; and, in fact, they all knew him, and a rare good fellow he was. It would surprise even "Tichborne" himself to know the number of bosom friends he left in Wagga Wagga.

From hence we travelled to Gundagai, an extraordinarily clean-looking place, perched upon a hill-side, looking down upon some flats. This is Gundagai No. 2—Gundagai No. 1 having been totally destroyed by a fearful flood in 1852. A young squatter here gave us a reminiscence of the calamity "It was an awful time," said he. "My father acted as minister of the place, and read the burial service over forty-five persons. Our house didn't last long. We had to stand on the window-sill with poles, and stave off the big trees and rubbish. But the logs kept battering against the house, and letting in the water. For a long time we could hear the chairs and tables

washing about inside, and our grand piano bumping. Then the house fell away piecemeal, and it was all we could do to escape with our lives."

Yass, further east, was reached by a weary drive of two days. There was no incident to lighten the journey, save when we came upon an open glade covered with a dense flock of cockatoos. They rose in a large white cloud, circling and shrieking, and latterly flew to the shelter of the forest, where they clustered thick as orange blossom on the trees. The town is built upon the borders of Yass Plains, and here a great iron bridge spans the River Yass. The first to traverse Yass Plains was Hamilton Hume, the explorer; he discovered this portion of the country during his famous expedition. For many years he resided at Yass in quiet seclusion, spending his old age in a neat rustic cottage, fondly pointed out to strangers by the inhabitants. Strange to say, as we were entering Yass, the funeral of the venerable explorer was leaving it for the cemetery, which lay outside the town. The hearse was followed by forty vehicles, belonging to doctors, squatters, hotel-keepers, shop-keepers, and tradesmen generally, followed by a hundred horsemen, riding in couples, and representing every class of society. The spectacle approached the historical. A day's journey from here brought us to Goulburn, whence we took the train to Sydney. This ended our six weeks' overland trip of over 500 miles.

CHAPTER III.

Sydney—The "Larrikin"—Parramatta—Brisbane—The Wilds of Queensland—Gympie Gold Fields—Queensland Blacks—Rockhampton—Darling Downs—Stanthorpe Tin Mines.

THE streets of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, are, generally speaking, narrow. "Yes, yes," a citizen said to us, "they are no doubt far from wide, but see the advantage in point of shade!" You feel nervous about the wheels of your vehicle, or the legs of your horse if you are riding. On the pavements of Pitt Street, you are either elbowing plate-glass windows or slipping off the kerb-stones. George Street is far more modern in appearance, and has commendable width. We took lodgings in Wynyard Square, a locality of boarding-houses, and white-porched private dwellings. Our landlady was as smirking as possible, with excessively fashionable daughters. She was generally agreeable, but upon any disparaging remark being made as to the size or quality of chop or steak, she flared up as to her high birth, and wondered what her ancestors would have thought of this keeping of boarders! The lodgings were close to Church Hill, so called because of the sacred edifices clustered round it. Of the Presbyterian churches Dr. Lang's is the oldest—the "Scots Kirk" as it is called, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1833. We were invited by the veteran Dr. Lang to take tea with him, and we had a most interesting evening. The Doctor's talk was of a bygone generation—of the early strifes, politics, separations, Parliaments, and Governors of the colonies. He came to Sydney in the month of May 1823, and ever since has identified himself with New South Wales; the review of his career would almost be that of the colony. He has been in Parliament, and mixed in the heat of politics; he resigned his seat in the Legislative Assembly about the close of 1872. The

separations of Victoria in 1851, and Queensland in 1859, were a great deal due to the unflagging energy of Dr. Lang, who has also been foremost in the cause of immigration. Though over seventy, he still took part in public affairs, and was then preparing a fresh edition of his excellent *History of New South Wales*, one of the numerous works he has written on the colonies.

Sydney is blest in the matter of public parks and gardens. The Domain is charming, and the Botanical Gardens close to it, are a bewildering profusion of palms, bananas and fern-trees, while tasteful gravel walks wind about the grounds and skirt the dark blue waters of the Farm Cove. As to Sydney Harbour, the praises of it rang in our ears from the time we landed in the colonies. We craned our necks from the top-storey window of our lodgings, but could only see a small patch of water almost filled up with the masts of shipping. And yet our landlady claimed a View. Every hotel and lodging-house, if it command but a speck of water, advertises a View. We even saw one or two houses overlooking the harbour on tiptoe—that is, with about twelve feet of solid masonry as a foundation, and the front door reached by a narrow flight of steps. In Melbourne, people demand your opinion of the city. In Sydney they ask, "What do you think of the Situation?" and had it a political significance they would not ask it with more earnestness.

A kind friend projected a sail round the harbour and a picnic in one of its hundred pleasure grounds, getting together an enjoyable company of folks, and chartering a steam launch. Passing "Lady Macquarie's Chair," a stone seat carved out of the solid rock, we sailed through Watson's Bay; then doubled the rocky point on which the sea breaks coming through the Heads, once the scene of a terrible shipwreck, with no survivors. Our little steamer tumbled about here, but we soon got into smooth water in the Middle Harbour, the high-wooded banks of which recalled the River Hudson in America. We had a glimpse of Manly Beach, styled by the Sydney folk "the Brighton of Australia," and Clontarf, the pleasure-garden where the Duke

of Edinburgh was shot by O'Farrell—our sail concluding in Pearl Bay, where the steamer rasped and grounded some distance from the shore. A boat came off and took the ladies round a projecting point. Then one of the gentleman swam about, along with a brother-*sansculotte*, pushing off, till at last the launch slid away, one of the gentlemen clinging to the gunwale, and the other being left on the rock a knee-deep shivering white figure. When the boat came, he was right glad to be relieved, as he said that most of the time he had been standing on oysters. Safely landed, we beheld a table on shore spread with every imaginable delicacy. After three ringing cheers for our host, we all got on board again, and arrived at Sydney in the twilight.

There is one thing you make note of before you have been long in Sydney—the number of middle-aged people who have been reared in the colony, whose fathers were born in it. At least it seems peculiar after Melbourne, where nearly every mature man carries about with him the date of his arrival in Australia. You see a preponderance of the Jewish cast of countenance. In Sydney, also, there is an old established criminal class, which Melbourne, being a younger city, does not possess; a Sydney crowd can muster its roughs with any place we have seen. There is one deplorable character to be met with, the "larrikin," who is indigenous to the colonies generally, though Melbourne is more particularly his home. He is a wild youth, a creature bred by the absence of parental control—a lower-class youth, but not necessarily very poor, very wretched, or very young. You would not know him if I were to call him a street arab, a rowdy, or one of the "great unwashed." Like some foreign phrases, he is untranslatable. His misdeeds rival those of the "Tom and Jerry" days. The larrikins, in gangs of twenty and thirty, break street-lamps, wrench off knockers, tear down fences, mob and maltreat policemen, hustle respectable people at noon-day, and at night assault some sober citizen and rob him. Scarce a week passes without some larrikin outbreak.

Sydney has eleven suburbs. At Balmain, a picturesque

suburb, occupying a point of land, with streets sloping down to the harbour, we gave one of our concerts. During the day our manager came over from Sydney with a large box-full of oranges, a present from some unknown friend. We felt anxious as to how we could stow them away on our impending journey from Sydney to Brisbane; but the difficulty was unexpectedly solved. By the time of our departure there were no oranges!

Parramatta, fifteen miles from the metropolis, is an old town, settled in 1790 under the title of Rose Hill. The streets are wide, the houses old, and the whole place quaint. Tropical plants surrounded the hotel we lived at, and a rich orange tree was pushing its way into one of the bedroom windows. Who has not heard of the golden fruit of Parramatta? The orange groves are a sight to see—long straight rows of small trees speckled with flaring yellow fruit, and filling the air with fragrance—the oranges delicious to look at, but still more pleasant to be plucked fresh from the tree, and tasted in all their pure beady juiciness.

Steamboat life is the same here as at home—the same close saloon, the same red velvet-cushioned seats, the same sickly-smelling zinc-covered stairs, the same stokers, and the same broad-speaking Glasgow engineer—but not the same captain. The Australian skipper is a distinct species of being; there is nothing at all sailor like in his appearance. When you have singled out on the wharf some stout florid commercial traveller, and said to yourself, "That is the captain," behold! a slim gentleman in a black coat, white shirt-front, coloured necktie, steps on board and shouts his orders to the un-nautical crew.

Sydney to Brisbane, a sea-journey of 500 miles, occupied fifty-four hours. We left at six o'clock in the evening, and rose in the morning to a fine sea-picture. The sky was blue and cloudless—the scenery bold and mountainous. The coast was outlined in foam—the green seas breaking upon the shore, washing and swirling round the rocks, climbing up the shaded sides of the cliffs, and bursting in the sunshine on the summit into clear masses of spray. Scores of porpoises leapt about the ship—an exciting, inspiriting scene. I became ac-

quainted with a young Melbourne gentleman, and contrived to pass the time with him in interesting discussions. He maintained his views in a lofty philanthropical manner, supporting his arguments as if they were so many paupers. The captain was genial, though at table he proved himself a perfect Munchausen, pouring into unsuspecting ears a succession of improbabilities. We had heard of his powers ere we came on board, but he almost managed to hoodwink us with his fictions while apparently busied in something else—handling his knife and fork, or crumbling a piece of bread—his most flagrant efforts being made under cover of reaching for the cruet-stand.

"Fine flavour this tea—best tea I've tasted for weeks—(a sardine, steward!)—it was lucky I got it as I did—the Marquis of Normanby, Queensland Governor, you know, had—(ahem, hem! something in my throat, I think!)—had ordered a large quantity of it from Hong Kong—the finest Bohea, mind you (another cup, Williams)—he bought more than the family could use; so—(I'll take the butter, please)—so I got three chests of the tea from the Marquis, and—and——" "Ah, captain," said he, shaking half a dozen remonstrative fingers—"ah, captain, how could you?" He gravely winked, and answered in a whisper—"You've found me out, but—but—you'd wonder how many believe me!" During the rest of the trip the captain devoted himself to a convalescent English curate and his brother, giving them a comic account of the coast—how Smoky Cape got its name from the fumigation of a cave full of escaped convicts—how the Solitary Islands were inhabited each by one man—how Cape Byron was so called because a descendant of the poet Wordsworth lived there—and how Point Danger, strange to say, was the safest promontory on the coast, with other facts that eventually opened the eyes of the two mild people.

Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, lies twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river. It is a new-looking town, with fine wide streets and a population of 20,000. From the verandah of the Royal Hotel we have a good view of the town. From the rear we look across an array of back-yards and

gardens, with waving banana-trees. The street is busy with horsemen, big red coaches, and drays with in some cases twenty bullocks attached. Aboriginals, male and female, and Polynesians from some up-country sugar plantation, stroll about, with blue-striped trousers, short coats, and umbrellas; while little boys are to be seen chewing sugar-cane two and three feet long, using it as a walking-sticking and eating the upper end.

Brisbane is a flourishing town, the capital of a young and thriving colony. Queensland, which for a time formed a northern district of New South Wales, did not come into separate existence till 1859. At first, it had a season of fictitious prosperity, flourishing on borrowed funds, precociously raising a national debt. But in 1866 there came a serious commercial crisis, paralysing trade, and creating a panic. Riots were feared, and the community was in disorder; when, like the opening of a door to relief and safety, there broke out the great Gympie gold diggings.

The hardest four days' travelling we ever had in Australia was from Brisbane north to Gympie. About dawn one evening my brothers and I went to the stables and hauled the empty waggon up to the hotel; then packed it with our boxes, bundles, piano, fiddle, and a quantity of eatables. At six A.M. my father mounted the horse "Bob," which he occasionally did as a variety to riding in the buggy, and we left the Royal Hotel, with a cheer from the stableman and waiter. Forty-three miles of a lonely bush road, and towards evening we reached a way-side inn, kept by a Perth woman. Here we had every attention, for she was a "real nice body," and bustled about in a heart-warming Scottish fashion. After tea the good lady was very anxious to hear once more the "Auld Scots Sangs," so in the twilight we all sat in the verandah and performed a selection from our programme.

On the second day the road was rougher and the scenery grander. On each side of us rose high banks surmounted by lofty trees, which towered up like walls. Coach and horses seemed to dwarf as we passed through this precipitous vegeta-

tion. The straight, tapering timber interwoven with parasites, like natural trellis-work, with long leafy tendrils trickling down from a great height. We had to walk for many miles this second day, urging the horses three yards at a time up the long hills.

"Folks generally swear here," said Patrick with an air of information, at the foot of a formidable ascent—"a good long oath; it makes the horses go better."

No doubt; but—hum—we could never think of——

The very thing! use the names of Scotch songs. We started up the hill. "Jo-o-ohn Grumlie!" shouted one; "Ye Banks and Bra-a-aes!" shrieked another; "Get up and Bar the Door—oh!" yelled a third, frightening one of the leading horses, who sticks manfully into his collar. On we go. "Oh, why left I my Ha-a-me!" takes us an immense distance; "Castles in the Air!" gets the coach up about fifteen yards; "We're a' Noddin'!" delivered with impassioned fervour, makes great difference in the speed; "My Heart's in the Highlands!" in despairing accents, sends us half-way up a slope; while "Tam Glen," "Ower the Hills an' far Awa-a-a!" in fierce excited tones by the entire company, bring us hoarse, perspiring, and exhausted to the mountain's brow.

Near the top of another ascent, the "Devil's Elbow," we fairly stuck. So we left our driver Patrick in charge of the coach, and trudged with the horses seven weary miles to Cobb's Camp, a wayside house, where we arrived amid rain and darkness. This inn was kept by a German, an honest, good-hearted man. The animals were stabled and arrangements made for additional horses in the morning. After tea the host and hostess began peering out into the darkness for the expected horse-express going down to Brisbane with late letters for the home mail. The man was behind time, the night wet, black, and stormy. The rustle and creak of the trees, the hiss and beat of the rain, prevented us from hearing distinctly, as we strained our ears for some sound of his approach. He was up and close upon us with his white horse before we knew, and in a second he was off and into the bar,

where he undid his dripping glazed coat and told the folks the weather was bad, and that the roads were bad, and that the fall he had was bad, and that the same horse had rolled over him twice before, and that altogether he felt like taking a glass of brandy. He stayed all night, and left with his saddle bags early in the morning.

We started not long after him, taking two fresh horses, and finding Patrick comfortably asleep inside the coach. This day's travelling was unspeakably rough, with descents over rocks and boulders, the coach running through the high grass, and shipwrecking upon sunken roots of trees. In the midst of the wilds a tall, fierce, half-naked black started up in front of us. "Lickspince" (sixpence), said he—"Give Song," said we—and to our utter amazement he burst forth into a grotesque, barbarous version of "Auld Lang Syne," which he had no doubt heard sung at nights round the fireside of some lonely Scottish shepherd on one of the great outlying sheep-stations. We met, too, a perspiring, red-faced man "swagging it" from Gympie—a plasterer, who was disgusted with the place. "Fancy," he exclaimed, "they wanted me to work for 8s. 4d. a-day—the place is going to the dogs!" We made only a stage of eighteen miles this day, so heavy were the roads. We stayed all night at a small inn. Robert had to sleep on a table, while I lay on the bar-room sofa, having for lullaby a game of "euchre," played by the maudlin host, a passing dray-man, and our driver.

In the dark of early morning we started upon our final stage, our business-agent being commissioned to ride direct, and with the least possible delay, to Gympie to make preparations for our arrival. We had a great extent of boggy ground to go over—narrow lanes hemmed in by the same thick undergrowth as before, with deep mud through which the horses floundered and the vehicle proceeded by slow plunges. "Cobb's coach," the public conveyance, came rolling and pitching round a corner, the driver saluting us with, "Keep up your spirits, there's only the Devil's Backbone now!" And this last slimy ascent merited its name. The gradient was so steep that the

horses could not pull the coach up more than a few feet at a time—even though we had all leapt out, and were each pushing desperately at a wheel, with Patrick in front tugging frantically at the leaders' heads.

We sighted Gympie at four o'clock that afternoon, and never was town so welcome. We were covered with mud from head to foot, and as we drove up the main street, a rumour spread that "they had arrived too late for their concert." But we set to work, had tea, and at eight o'clock stepped on the platform. The hall chosen for us by our local correspondent having been deemed unsuitable on account of its lying in a distant part of the diggings, we had moved to one nearer the principal mines. It had no ceiling, and was far from resonant, a fault which was by no means remedied by the crowded attendance. The entertainment had been well advertised in the prevailing fashion; that is to say, the town-crier had traversed on horseback the extensive district, ringing his bell and shouting the news of our advent.

Gympie, the leading gold-field of Queensland, has been in existence since 1867. All mining towns have three stages of development—first canvas—then wood—then brick. Gympie is now in the climax of the wood metamorphosis. The principal street is an irregular thoroughfare winding up one side of a hill—the shop fronts in every shape and design, with wooden cornices surmounted by flagstaffs, and the street resembling from a distance the long straggling lines of booths at a country fair. We lived at a hotel which was a curiosity in its way. It had a good appearance outside, but was rather incomplete as to interior arrangements. The bedrooms, for instance, were all under one common roof, about eleven feet high, and separated from each other by wooden partitions about nine feet high. A knock at one door elicited "Yes" from half a dozen different people.

The population numbered 6000, one-half engaged in mining. We came across that wonderful digger, to be found on every gold-field, who retails to you his narrow escapes from good fortune, telling you what he might have been *if* he had only

held on to those valuable shares of his, *if* he had only taken the £5000 offered him for his small bit of land, *if* he had not been an ass, *if* he had kept his eyes open, *if* he had shut his mouth to drink, *if* he had not foolishly speculated with the hard-earned savings of years. This man of "buts" and "ifs" is vocally a millionaire. There were people in Gympie from every gold-rush under the sun. Whether they were managers, shareholders, or common miners, they all had an elastic, bounding confidence in Gympie. They based future prosperity on the reefs—deep-sinking was to be the foundation of Gympie's greatness. By all above the earth and underneath the earth, they believed in it.

The morning we were to leave Gympie, breakfast had been ordered at 7.30; but it was five minutes late and the hotel-folks were reprimanded. We were generally very precise in our arrangements for starting, trying our best to rival the railway in punctuality, in order to provide for the awkward contingencies which frequently beset the bush-traveller. A comparatively easy journey of two days brought us north to Maryborough. On the way we passed numerous heavy drays, sometimes with ten or a dozen horses each, conveying all kinds of goods to the diggings, where of course nothing is produced but gold. As we met about forty teams of eight on an average, as many as 360 dray-horses were at this time journeying southward. At Maryborough we saw large numbers of South Sea Islanders, who are brought to Queensland by as near an approach to slave-trading as it is possible to reach under the British flag. They are employed on the maize and sugar plantations, and work also on the wharves. There were scores of Queensland blacks, too, carrying cargo to the steamers —brawny, muscular fellows, with brass breast-plates inscribed "King George," "King Billy," and the like, though we were greatly shocked to see royalty tussling with corn-sacks and trundling bales of hay.

The blacks gathered about the town in large numbers, striding up and down with long spears, waddies or clubs, and boomerangs. The older women wore opossum rugs, had

their faces covered over with a thick coating of red chalk, and had a circlet of high feathers sticking up round their heads. All the women own dogs, and they share with them the bread and scraps of meat collected from domestics at the back doors of hotels. I saw one of these wiry dogs run over by a fast baker's van. The poor brute howled and doubled itself up in agony, while its old mistress, after great wringing of hands, set to work soothing the animal and replacing the pieces of abrased skin. All the time she continuously uttered a series of mumblings, a stray tear or two finding their way through the thick layer of red chalk upon her face. In a few minutes she was overjoyed, for the dog ate a piece of meat from her hand, and hobbled quietly along.

The Queensland blacks have a less civilised appearance, and altogether look grander savages, than their fellows in Victoria. They are sly dogs, too, those aboriginals. One of them was begging, and a gentleman tendered him an old battered three-pennypiece. "No, no, no," said the black, shaking his head and grinning—"no, no—that no good—that congregation money!" A black at Maryborough offered us a boomerang for a shilling, and we asked him to throw it in proof of its genuineness. Accompanied by a large number of young blacks and a bevy of erect, poker-like females, who smoked and who used spears as walking-sticks, we went to an open piece of ground. The aboriginal stuck out his elbows on a level with his ears, poising the boomerang on the back of his left hand, and grasping it firmly in his right. Then turning half round on his heel, he suddenly sent the weapon flying high into the air. It whirled, dodged, curved, went this way, came swooping down close to the ground, rose high again with graceful sweep, lost a great deal of its vitality, revolved feebly, fluttered down again exhausted, skimmed lightly along the grass, and finally landed a few yards from the feet of the black. We bought the boomerang, and thought we had not spent our shilling recklessly.

Our driver Johnson was left behind at Maryborough to drive the coach back to Brisbane. The horse "Bob" and the pony

"Jessie" were shipped on the steamer for Rockhampton, not without much ado, "Bob's" head requiring to be veiled by a coat before he would "walk the plank." We had a perfect sea voyage from Maryborough to Rockhampton, a distance of 250 miles. The sea was smooth and veiled by a faint mist, like a vast mirror that had been breathed upon. The shoals, rocks, and sandy spits fluttered with sea-fowl, amongst which tall sober pelicans stalked in a paternal manner amongst the smaller birds. The river banks were covered with mangrove scrub, and fringed with reeds, vividly reflected in the water. As the sun set, the sky blazed with orange tints, while the long reach of the river, stretching out before us, shone staring white with the reflection of the colourless sky immediately above. Then quietness settled down; the low thud of the paddle wheels, the metallic "clunk" of the frogs in the marshes, the chirp and whirr of insects, the frequent ripple of hungry fish, and the occasional warning clang of the ship's bell echoing back from the hills, seemed to deepen the general stillness.

Rockhampton at last. Though the month of August, and the winter season, we felt the climate warm. The townsfolk themselves complained of the heat, and threw open their houses to the noon-day gaze, reclining in canvas lounges, smoking and chatting in the verandahs. The windows were in reality folding glass-doors. The Rockhampton people certainly know how to combat warm weather. The grocer, the butcher, and the baker are attired in the lightest costumes; the barber shaves you with tucked up sleeves, and shirt open at the neck; and the draper goes about without coat or waistcoat, selling his goods to gaily-dressed young ladies. In the summer, labourers are allowed two hours' rest at mid-day, to avoid the sun. The population of Rockhampton was at this time about 6000. A captain once told us how his first load of emigrants to Rockhampton consisted of forty-five single women—a precious cargo! At that time there were only six houses in Rockhampton, and the fair sex were all lodged in one building. In a few days they had all disappeared—one third of them into service, two-thirds into matrimony. The bachelor squatters

used to walk into this interesting domicile and make their choice.

The Fitzroy is one of the largest rivers in Australia, and navigable thirty-five miles from the bay. Crocodiles abound, some of them twenty-five feet long. "Big Ben," who was caught in this stream, and who we saw stuffed in a museum at Sydney, weighed half-a-ton. Now and then large nests are found, and a gentleman one day presented us with an egg, one of sixty-six he had discovered the same morning.

The Leichardt Hotel was most comfortable; the landlord kind; the coffee-room spacious, and with two large punkahs, which were very cooling in the hot evenings. I had for candlestick a black man's skull, the candle placed in one of the eye-sockets—a piece of *diablerie* that might have graced the table of Alloway Kirk, and would certainly have raised an extra hair on the head of glorious Tam. One forenoon we visited a garden in the neighbourhood, owned by a good-hearted German. Our friend met us at the little white gate, dragged us inside, bustled before us into his house, forced us to drink jugs of milk, and then took us round his adorable vegetation. Clumps of bananas, sugar-cane, and bamboo—umbrella-trees, pomegranates, passion-flowers, castor-oil plants! cauliflowers! cabbages!—the mind reeled amid the profusion. "Oh," suddenly exclaimed our friend, "dem veeds!" and he pulled up a number of pine-apples growing wild alongside the walk. He called them "weeds," but they were most palatable. Then we had some more milk at the house, and while we were eating nice home-made cakes the German made up gay bouquets, his good lady meanwhile filling a basket with oranges. She *would* have us take them, they were so healthy. Lemons were even better, she said; and the kind folks stuffed our pockets with them. The same day our friend came to the hotel, smiling over an armful of flowers. Then hurrying out, he returned again with more smiles, and a large canvas bag filled with limes. It will be long ere we forget either the good soul or his garden.

At Rockhampton we met a young squatter, who had just

ridden down from his station, 200 miles up country. Some years ago a large party of blacks attacked the station and murdered the young man's father. He told us he found station-life dull. True, he read books and newspapers in the evenings, and sometimes visited his neighbours. Another squatter lived "only twelve miles distant," which was reckoned to be almost next door. Sometimes a passing show would call in at the little township—for be it known there is always a goodly collection of cottages and huts in connection with a station. One day a small circus came round, and the manager cast his eye about in a business-like manner. Then he addressed the squatter:—"Ah—hum—yes—I'll fix up my tent here, if you please. I've been turning the matter over, and perhaps it will—yes, it *will* be some slight trouble taking money from each person in the place—so I think it will simplify matters greatly if you just give me a cheque for the population!"

From Rockhampton we returned south to Brisbane, touching again at Maryborough. At this port, five aboriginals came on board, and literally "dropped off" at Frazer's Island. The youngest of the blacks was a child of about ten or twelve years old. The five rolled up their rags, and tied them on top of their heads, with a knot under the chin. After long fidging, twitching, and nasal droning, they dived off, one after the other, into the rushing, glancing foam. One old man had the additional task of pushing before him a bag of flour. The long yellow beach of the island, more than a quarter of a mile distant, was shining in the sunset, and thronged with blacks. Looking behind with a glass, we saw five black heads bobbing in the distance, then five dark figures scampering along the sand, and joining their companions on the shore.

We had to be in Brisbane on Friday to give a performance on behalf of one of the charities, but we did not find till too late that the steamer's time was altered, and that she was not due till Saturday! The captain, however, was most obliging, for he did not waste a moment, hurried up the loading at the

various ports *en route*, caught all the tides, and landed us at Brisbane in plenty of time for the concert.

One of our horses, "Billy," a massive animal, having had fever in the feet ever since the toilsome journey to Gympie, James and I took him by steamboat to Ipswich, while the rest came on by the coach. The tide was very low, so much so that the little steamer had to be steered on shore at the sharp turnings, and then poked off with poles—a most laughable procedure, the extreme shallowness inducing the captain and one of the passengers to bet as to whether the boat had or had not "scraped" on this or that occasion. Passengers, too, were picked up here and there off the river-banks, a small boat for the purpose being towed behind the steamer—giving one the idea of an aquatic omnibus. Once we drifted slowly under a large tree trunk that jutted out from the bank. "Unship the flagstaff!" shouts the captain, signalling to back the engines. A man springs to the bow, but is caught full in the back by the projecting tree, which takes him slowly off his legs. With such stirring adventures the time passed pleasantly.

Next to Brisbane, Ipswich is the most important city in Southern Queensland, and prides itself upon being the terminus of the Southern and Western Railway, the line running to the Darling Downs. This region is a splendid table-land rising fifty miles back from the coast, and reached by a railway that climbs 2000 feet up to the plateau. The carriages are roomy, and double-roofed to keep off the direct rays of the sun. There was a characteristic notice in our compartment:—"In consequence of damage done to the linings, persons are requested to take off their spurs before lounging on the seats"—a notice, by the way, which a bespurred squatter seemed to ignore. Through the breaks between the deep cuttings we had frequent far-off views of fields and forests—flat expanses of trees spreading out like carpets, wrought with a shady pattern of clouds. Presently came open grassy country of the table-land, contrasting strongly with the timbered, mountainous region we had just left.

The Darling Downs are cooler than any other part of

Queensland, and at Dalby we had a roaring log-fire in the hotel parlour. Our comfort, too, was increased by a humorous, autobiographical waiter, who presented his history along with the various courses of dinner. He served with the soup his butlership to an O'Donoghue in Ireland—he arrived with the joint in New York—by pudding time he had as a mariner got safely through the bombardment of San Francisco by the "Tuscarora"—and with the advent of cheese he finished a long career of glory in the principal hotels of Melbourne. The hall was a nice new building. Just as our concert was commencing, the red curtain of the proscenium had to be lowered for a few minutes at the desire of a number of the town's folks, who had not seen it before.

After singing in Toowoomba and Warwick, we went to the Stanthorpe tin mines. The road was awfully bad, having been cut up by the ore-laden and o'er-laden drays. The severe shocks the coach received bent the ring-bolt. We got a bush-blacksmith to make a new one, but soon this went like the other, and at last we had to bind up the underworks with ropes and chains. Two years before our visit, Stanthorpe was a lonely sheep station. A shepherd, who had lived unsuspecting on the spot for years, went mad with disappointment on the discovery of tin. This was the youngest township we had ever seen. Its sole street was three-quarters of a mile in length—a double row of wooden houses winding through an outer chaos of huts and sand-heaps. "Bar," "Bar," "Bar," stared at you on every hand. The signs were chiefly composed of calico. Among the principal houses were the "Mining Exchange Hotel," the "Woolpack Inn," and the "Sun Burst Tavern," with the rising orb pictured in front like a golden porcupine. Immense gum-trees grew in the middle of the street, proudly bearing Kennedy's posters! We stayed at a hotel built of wood and corrugated iron. The landlord united in his person the respective characters of publican, tin-buyer, and Member of Parliament. We had dinner in company with an editor, a commercial traveller, a squatter, a printer, and a railway official, and felt as if hob-nobbing with the vital interests of the place. The *menu*

was better than one could have expected. We had all the delicacies of a town hotel, as the landlord had the services of a French cook.

After dinner we view the township, and turning a corner come upon the Quart Pot Creek. Here truly was a scene of industry!—a veritable hive or unearthed ant-hill. Scores of men were to be seen in the stony bed of the creek. Men sat plunging away at horizontal brass pumps, thirteen feet in length —driving wheels, two or three feet in diameter, revolved in the water-races—miners in high boots, with long eight-pronged forks, were busy in the sluice-boxes. The water in the creek was carried off by a flood-race 300 yards long, but the inflow, still considerable, was drained off by two large Californian pumps, worked by steam, and constructed on the principle of the jack-towel and theatrical waterfall.

Returning from the Quart Pot Creek, we encounter stumps, bushes, boulders, fallen logs, barkless trees, heaps of sand, and square white canvas tents fluttering in the wind, with here and there a Chinaman's cabbage garden. We see a humble brown church, with the orthodox peaked door and windows, and with a bark roof straddled over by a framework of saplings to keep the sheets of bark from being blown off. The other churches are simply shingled weather-board buildings. The Wesleyans hold service in a shop. Every man seems to have been his own architect, and, as on most mining rushes, the rough appearance of the houses is more the result of necessity than poverty. One hut we entered was lined inside from top to bottom with cuttings from the illustrated papers, while over these again hung an excellent oil-painting.

We gave our concerts in the Court House, a wooden building raised on props two or three feet from the ground, with a platform outside reached by a flight of steps after the manner of "Richardson's Show." There were not enough seats in the building, so we had to borrow from various parts of the town. We carried out the prisoners' dock, and made it the "ticket-office"—the public paying their money over the long row of spikes with which the box was guarded. The jury-box was

hastily filled by a family who came very early. We sat ranged on the Judge's bench—a "terrible show!" The court-room was crowded and hot, and the windows had to be kept wide open, giving a full view of the performers to the large crowd which had gathered outside. On Saturday night, after our last concert, we had to return all the chairs and forms, as they were urgently wanted on the Sunday. My brothers and I had to unseat the Court House and reseat two churches before getting to bed that night! We sang in the choir of the Presbyterian Kirk next day, where we heard a most excellent sermon. The building was small and primitive-looking. The pulpit-step was a brandy box with the letters XX clearly visible upon it!

CHAPTER IV.

New South Wales again—A versatile Beadle—Our Dog Uno—Australian Hotels and Bush Inns—Hot Weather—Deserted by our Driver—An Upset.

LEAVING this lively township, we crossed the Queensland border into New South Wales, making our first stay at Tenterfield, a quiet town in the New England district. It stands about 4000 feet above sea-level, and has a pure, fresh, climate, though we felt it rather cold. "Cold? by Jove, this is excellent weather," cried an enthusiastic townsman, drawing in his breath with a hiss—"Cold? why, this is a glorious climate —same as England every bit—that is, barring the damp! Where will you find such glowing-cheeked damsels—such brown-faced sturdy young men! I love the cold wind, bless it!" The hall was in connection with the hotel, and its only entrance was through the latter. Seats had to be borrowed from a school, and lights from somewhere else. Furthermore, we had to fasten up a rickety door which had fallen off its hinges, and otherwise improve the premises.

A stage of thirty-five miles further brought us to Deepwater, the smallest place we ever performed in. It consisted solely of two inns about three hundred yards from each other. We had tea in the dining-room—then adjourned to the kitchen, where the concert was held. A rough wooden candelabra was hung from the ceiling, along with the coach-lamps. Forty people managed to crowd in, and we wondered where they all came from. The acoustics, I need hardly say, were not good, and one had the feeling of singing down the throats of the audience in the front seats. Even in such a small village as this we were not free from opposition, for the other half of the town—that is, the rival hotel-keeper—got up a "dance" to try and charm away our audience!

At Glen Innes, an agricultural township. The hall was an auction-room. We had the job of piling up

some scores of heavy bags of tin-ore to form a basis for the platform. Talking of bags reminds me of another place we were at, where the seating consisted of planks laid on sugar-bags. Early in the evening many of the bags burst, and if the audience did not take the entertainment with "a grain of salt," some of them at any rate helped themselves liberally to the sugar! The hotel at Glen Innes was full of commercial travellers, and my brothers and I had to sleep in some odd beds constructed in a building at the rear. As usual, one common roof covered a number of calico partitions. Towels were scarce, and it was highly comical to see a man wiping his face on the loose fragments of the calico partitions—"drying his face on the walls," as he called it. The hotel people had run short of calico in one instance, and had filled up the gap with old election banners, "Peace and plenty! Vote for Fipps!" and so on. The commercials made the night hideous by prolonged revelry in the parlour. They clanked glasses, stamped, slapped the table, engaged in vociferous discussions, and trolled out the gems of British melody. It was not till three in the morning that the commercial interest felt depression and departed to its couch.

We spent a Sunday in Inverell, another rural township, and went to the Presbyterian Church. This was the first time for months that we did not sing in a choir on Sunday, and the rest was peculiarly grateful. There was an attentive, respectable congregation of healthy-looking country-folks. Many of them had come on horseback, and the animals browsed outside the church until the conclusion of the service. Before entering the church, we had noticed a man tugging vigorously at the bell-rope. When the congregation had been "rung in," he hurried to the precentor's desk and led the psalms. Then later he whipped round with the collection-plate. Lastly, he saw the congregation out, and carefully locked the door. He was only equalled in versatility by a man we saw in Kilmore, Victoria, who was at one and the same time the Presbyterian church-warden, the town-crier, the bill-poster, and the inspector of nuisances! At Inverell we wished to buy a saddle-horse.

Patrick happened to mention that fact to the stableman, and in half-an-hour the news had spread all over the town. The street was soon busy with horses of every variety, and with all kinds of vices. My brothers and I had a hard time of it cantering up and down the road, trying the different hacks. At last we hit upon a small wiry horse, for which the extravagant sum of six guineas was asked! He was an insignificant looking, meek-faced animal, but we added to his dignity by calling him "the General." He turned out well, not only "in the field," but also on the road.

Armidale was the last town we visited in this New England district—the centre of an astonishingly fertile tract of country. We chanced to be in Armidale also on a Sunday, and found there a prosperous Presbyterian Church. The minister is hard-worked, for, in addition to his many duties in Armidale, he holds service at thirty-four different places every three months; but ministers are scarce and the country sparsely settled. The colonial clergymen certainly "live laborious days."

We heartily enjoyed our travelling. In the morning, just before the first streaks of daylight, we rose in the cold and the darkness, and made ready for the journey. Our driver busied himself in the stable by candle-light, giving the horses their oats and putting on the harness. We drew the coach out into the stable-yard—then took the wheels off, one at a time, and gave the axles a dose of castor-oil from a bottle which Patrick carried about with him for use equally on wheels and horses. The coach was packed; then off we started, Patrick smacking his whip, or "flagellator," as he called it, and our heavy dog Uno bounding in front. Poor beast! he had many a weary scamper alongside that coach, though he enjoyed himself in his own way. Now he would dash wickedly through the bush after some innocent sheep—now hear a rustling in the grass, and follow a snake to its nest in a hollow log—now rush excitedly after a drove of kangaroos—now sniff a tree for some hidden opossum. One day he would be splashed all over with black mud—another day powdered over with white sand—next day

covered from head to tail in red loam—according to the various districts we passed through.

We had great experience of Australian hotels. Taken as a whole, they were excellent. The accommodation was good—so was the "table." Meat of course entered largely into the fare. This might be expected in a country where beef is from fourpence to fivepence a pound, and mutton threepence a pound. The colonists eat a good deal of butcher-meat. A bush-farmer, a Scotsman, once said to us, "What wad the folks in Scotland think o' pleughmen gettin' mutton to eat in the mornin's? We have cauld mutton to breakfast, cauld mutton to dinner, an' cauld mutton to tea. We're weel aff, I can tell ye!" The charges in the hotels vary from eight shillings to twelve shillings a day, according to the quality of the house or the size of the township. This payment covers everything; there are no vague additional items such as "Attendance," or "Beds," or "Boots," or "Lights." Of course there is no law forbidding you to tip the waiter or stableman before driving off; but that is about the fullest extent to which anything is "looked for." While the accommodation in the country hotels is good, we cannot say so much for the bush inns, as the houses in the less-settled parts are called.

Hot, tired, dusty, thirsty, travelling through the lonely, endless bush, amid the unvarying fragrance of the gum trees, we come to a bush-inn, the "Traveller's Rest." We see its white-painted sides and its iron roof shining through the trees. We push forward in haste, the very horses pricking up their ears and quickening their pace. In a few minutes we draw up to the door. Immediately in front of it stands a tall white post supporting an empty square frame, from which the sign-board has broken away. A red-faced, sandy-whiskered man in tight trousers and a striped flannel shirt, with a halter dangling over his arm sees to the horses. In the bar, a bullock-driver is asleep upon a small three-legged stool, his head upon his arms, leaning on an ale cask that stands in one corner, and from which an occasional draught is tapped by the landlord for two swagmen who have just dropped in. A trooper has dis-

mounted from his horse, and is sitting on a form outside, reading the paper from the nearest township. At the side of the door a magpie chatters in a large round wicker cage. Going to the stable, we cross a rotten plank or two, that, from the slushing sound they make, seem to cover something sodden. We come upon dirty-faced, shaggy-headed children—dogs snuffing at old bones—hens pecking at cold potatoes—and a dozen pigs quarrelling in a small stye. The scene is backed by one or two tottering, drunken-looking out-houses. Near the stable-door lie half-a-dozen horse-collars, a set of chain-harness, a dingy stable-lamp, and an old brandy-case strewn with stray oats and chaff, the remains of some horse's *al fresco* feed. A thin layer of straw barely covers the earth in the floor of the stalls. The planks that compose the walls are wide apart, many of them swing loose, and a cold wind blows through and through the stable.

Dinner being ready, we enter the parlour. The walls are merely papered canvas, and bulge inwards with every puff of wind. The window is shaded by a white blind that is semi-detached from the roller and hangs down in a long dog's ear. The wide yawning fire-place, full of white powdery dead embers, resembles the mouth of a railway tunnel, for the smoke has blackened the wall immediately above. The sooty mantel-piece is occupied by empty pickle-bottles, two noseless, armless China statues, a tattered Cookery Book, and a tiny pocket thermometer, the mercury of which has broken its little bulb and trickled away in disgust at not being able to register anything but smoke. The table is covered with a glazed cloth, the veneer of which having scaled off in many places, shows the rough canvas beneath. At one end is spread a white cover, blotched with extensive yellow stains caused by the spilt coffee of some preceding guest. There are two dishes—an immense piece of corned beef, and a plateful of ham and eggs. The floor being uneven, you are in continual oscillation on your seat. The cruet-stand, formerly a tripod, has lost a foot, and now leans over invitingly towards us. The carving-blade is broad at the tip and curved like a scimitar; the

common knives, through long sharpening, look like daggers; the tarnished, dinted dish-covers are ranged on a side-table like shields. One feels as if dining in an armoury. A dog appears on one side, and puts its paws upon the table—a lean cat stands opposite and claws the cloth; you sit between a hungry, rampant coat-of-arms. The pudding is a long, dry rolly-polly, the jelly of which seems to have lost itself in one of the numerous convolutions. Obnoxious tea is brought in a large metal pot about eighteen inches in height. The bread, too, is unpalatable, being veined with raw white dough. The cups have rims a quarter of an inch thick; while the spoons are of a very miscellaneous nature, there being an egg spoon, a salt spoon, a German silver spoon, and a leaden spoon wherewith to stir our tea.

Robert, James, and I are quartered in one bedroom, and accommodated with what are called "swagmen's beds." The pillows are stuffed with straw, and wisps tickle our ears. We sleep under the national tricolour—red, white, and blue—a rough red-threaded coverlet, a thin blue blanket, and a thinner white sheet. Another sheet separates us from the barred trestle beneath, and we feel as if sleeping along a ladder. One window serves two rooms, the partition coming right in the middle of it. As the window is open, and a breeze blowing, we try to shut it, but find the gentleman next door has propped it up with the hair-brush. The wall on one side is a wainscoated partition, and a cataract of rats and mice pours unceasingly through it. The other is the usual calico screen, and when we blow out our candle we are startled by seeing, in gigantic shadow-pantomime, the whole of our neighbour's nocturnal toilette.

Just as my brothers and I are dozing off, we hear angry voices in the bar—a crashing of glasses, a scuffling of feet, with female shrieks for the police. Suddenly the sounds mellow down, and we know the combatants have been bundled into the open air. We hurry out and find the space in front of the hotel filled with a noisy crowd. In the middle stands a short, purple-faced, inebriated man, with disordered hair and ensanguined nose.

He is mildly denouncing everybody with a general wave of the hand—"Cowards all of you—I'm only a poor butcher—you're a lot of curs—I'm from the Moon-bi Range up there—seen skittles?—well, knock you all down like skittles—you're a confounded pack of —." "Shut up, will you!" roars another drunken fellow, bringing his fist down on the butcher's nose. Purple-face retaliates, but missing his aim, hits another individual full in the chest. This introduces a new combatant, who in turn becomes embroiled with some one else. There is a general melée. In the thick of it all is the Moon-bi man, whose nose is punched by every one consecutively. On the outskirts of the throng, the landlady tugs at the coat-tails of her husband, who is mixed up with the fight. The stableman excitedly rushes round with a lantern, and, standing on an inverted wheel-barrow, throws a glimmer of light upon the scene. For full five minutes there is continued shouting, kicking, and tearing of hair. Suddenly the crowd opens, and the poor butcher is projected violently against a wooden fence, frightening a number of hitched-up horses, who snap their bridles and vanish into darkness, followed by their half-sobered owners. The butcher sits for a time scratching his head, and meekly muttering vengeance; but eventually, with the assistance of some of his late foes, picks himself up and staggers into the bar, where he abruptly falls asleep over a "nobbler" of schiedam. It will be long ere we forget our day at this bush-inn, and our midnight introduction to the man of the Moon-bi.

At Tamworth, our following stage, some sixty-two miles south of Armidale, there was great talk about the capture of a party of bushrangers. They had committed robberies far up in the interior of Queensland, and had been tracked by mounted police into the vicinity of Tamworth, where they were caught after severe resistance. Sixty miles further south, at Murrurundi, we reached the Great Northern Railway, which extends to the port of Newcastle, a distance of 120 miles. Then we took the train to Singleton, passing on the way Musclebrook and Scone, two healthy-looking pretty towns. At the latter there were a large number of gaily dressed ladies

among the audience, and as they had ridden on horseback from the country up to the hall-door, it was wonderful how their toilettes had been preserved.

The weather during this month of October was very pleasant. On our second visit to this district, however, during December, the heat was intense. The town of Scone fully bore out its name, for it was baked. The thermometer stood for several days at 142° in the sun, and 110° in the shade. The grass went into powder beneath your feet—the earth was as dry as cinders ; grasshoppers were to be seen in myriads on every meadow and field ; mosquitoes sang loudly everywhere ; and going to your bed at night you would probably find an enormous tarantula spider, like a small crab, crawling on the looking-glass. The forests of Victoria were ablaze from one end of the country to the other, and such overpowering heat had not been known for many years. At Scone we were almost compelled to keep indoors, and it was there that, seeing a drayman standing in the hotel porch, we remarked that the weather was hot. "Hot!" he rejoined, "I should think it *was!* every time a bullock passes me I smells beef-steaks!"

Maitland, the second city in New South Wales, and the chief town of this Hunter District, is an extensive place, substantial and well-built, with the Hunter River flowing close behind it. At home Maitland was always associated in my mind with floods. As we walked about, old flood-marks were pointed out to us. The flats on each side of the town, and in fact the whole of the level country in this large Hunter District, owe their unparalleled fertility to the occasional overflowing of the river. A pleasant remembrance of Maitland was our meeting with a family of Highland Kennedys, distantly related to us.

At this time the district was agitated by Parliamentary elections. At one place, in consequence of a meeting of miners in the hall, we could scarcely get the building in time for the evening's performance. The political crisis affected our concerts, the majority of the audiences being composed of the fair sex. At one town, however, where there was a meeting

the same night as our entertainment, the national minstrelsy proved stronger than politics, for the member of parliament broke off his speech, and, accompanied by his constituents, adjourned to the hall to hear the Songs of Scotland! Of course we were warned not to come at this time. Advice of that kind is never awanting. "Oh, you should have been here last week—last month—the middle of next week." "If you could only have been here on the miner's pay-day." "Oh, there's the church bazaar." "Ah, there's the Methodist soiree." "All our best families are away just now." "The awful bad crop's against you." "You've made a great mistake—you've come when there's no moon!" Despite all these imaginary odds, we secured large audiences.

From Maitland we took the rail to Newcastle. Like its namesake, Newcastle flourishes on immense exports of coal. The hall here was small and perched at the top of a hill so steep that one night an omnibus, overloaded with the public coming to the concert, fairly broke down. During our stay here, my father and brothers indulged in the luxury of sea-water bathing, in company with a venerable clergyman, in artificial stone tanks dug out of the solid rocks along the shore.

We came back from Newcastle to Musclebrook, and resumed our coach and horses, which we had left there while we went down by rail. Our route now lay across country, along what was not by any means a high road. We purposed reaching Gulgong, the latest gold-field of the colony, 124 miles inland, in five days. We had pleasant travelling to Denman, a small village fifteen miles from Musclebrook, where we stayed all night. Here Patrick had a quarrel with the innkeeper as to which of them should clean out the stable. Upon our not backing him up in his imaginary grievance, he threw up his engagement with us, and next morning we awoke in time to see Patrick far in the distance trudging back to Musclebrook. Here was a dilemma! We were left with a coach and horses on our hands—no other driver was to be had—none of us had ever driven a team before. But "Tom" our business-agent, volunteered to drive the coach. We left in the early morning,

and toiled through the bush till mid-day, when we rested three hours by the side of a creek. In the afternoon, as we were ascending a soft sandy hill, the coach stuck. The horses were not to be budged by any amount of lashing. Tired out though we were by a whole day's hard jolting heat, and some miles of hill climbing, we hauled out the luggage. The horses dragged the coach across the hill, and edged their way down the slope. The vehicle gradually began to tilt over, while Tom the driver sprawled over towards the higher side of the box, and latterly jumped off unhurt, dragging the reins after him, as the coach went down with a loud crash. We prised the coach round, so that we could lift it into position down hill, and within five minutes it was on its wheels.

Daylight had vanished long ere we had arrived at Merriwa, but the horses seemed to feel their way instinctively. As I was riding ahead, I threw over my back a broad white handkerchief, as a faint guide to the driver. We kept up a series of whistles and shouts as a link between us—one of our cries being "Coo-oo-oo-*ee*! a bush-call borrowed from the aboriginals. As we drove into the township the folks came out, astonished at this untimely appearance of a coach, and the road was bright with the light that shone through the open doors. The day following we reached Cassilis, where we remained overnight. Then off we went again, arriving at a rough wayside inn. The house lay on one side of a creek, and the gully was crossed by a most dangerous bridge. "Bridge" one could hardly call it, for it was a mere layer or raft of branches thrown loosely across, and filled in with twigs. It was narrow, too, and reached by a sharp descent, so that there was great danger. As the coach jolted over it, the ends of the saplings came flying up one after the other, like the hammers of a piano in a brilliant chromatic scale.

On the fifth day we made an early start, and arrived about eight o'clock at a creek, where we made an excellent breakfast. About two o'clock we reached Gulgong, a bustling, enterprising place. We sang in what was grandiloquently known as "The Prince of Wales' Opera House," a hall seated for 800 persons.

On Sunday we attended the Presbyterian Church. The clergyman was a young man who had recently given up the jewellery business, and had not even become a divinity student; while his wife played the harmonium. The congregation was of the smallest, and apparently did not embrace any of the mining class.

We were five days here, and then left for Mudgee, a stage of eighteen miles. On the way, there occurred the most serious accident we had in all our travels. My father and mother were driving quietly along in the buggy. There was a hot sun, and the horse "Billy" was not at all in a good humour. To waken him up a little, my father gave him a touch of the whip. In a moment "Billy" threw up his hind legs; one of them got jammed behind the swingle-bars, and away he wildly bolted on three legs. As on most bush-roads, stumps were plentiful, and "Billy" darted over one of these; but the front axle came with terrible force upon the stump. My father, thrown out by the shock, fortunately fell on his hands, and escaped unhurt. My mother was shot out violently against a fallen tree, her face striking full upon the rugged trunk. The harness gave way at once, and "Billy" rolled into a trench just large enough to hold him tight. He lay helpless on his back, with all his hoofs elevated safely in the air—a providential occurrence. My mother was picked up insensible, her face covered with blood. We laid her at the foot of a tree, where there was some little shade from the burning sun. After her face had been bathed with water, which we brought from a creek, she opened her eyes and spoke. Two of us galloped back some miles to get vinegar and brandy, while the rest repaired the damage done to the buggy. The shafts had to be bound up with splints—the swingle-bars held together with rope—the harness mended with twine. By the time we were ready to start, my mother had somewhat recovered. When we arrived at Mudgee, we called in a doctor, and a few days afterwards our patient was off the sick list. Sad to relate, a few days afterwards the doctor was drowned while fording a swollen creek not far from the scene of our accident.

We had a standing line in our programmes: "Ladies and gentlemen arriving late will kindly oblige by remaining in the lobby till the conclusion of a song!" To suit all the strange places we sang in, this should have been altered to "kindly oblige by remaining on the stair," "kindly oblige by remaining in the bar," "kindly oblige by remaining in the vestry," "kindly oblige by remaining in the jury-room," "kindly oblige by remaining in the open air;" and so on. The regulation was the cause of some trouble in Mudgee. One evening, during the third song on the programme, a gentleman demanded admittance. The doorkeeper politely requested him to remain outside, but he tried to force his way in, his hat coming off in the attempt. His friends immediately magnified this into an assault by our doorkeeper, who had all the time remained on the defensive. When the song had concluded, the indignant gentleman called out the whole of his party, twelve in number, who had gone in before the concert commenced. Their money was returned to them, and they left the hall. Those of the audience near the door were astonished—"Do you know who that is?—that's Mr. ——, the biggest bug we have!" Next day, a gentleman called on us in a friendly way, deploring the occurrence, and offering to carry an apology from us to Mr. ——, so as to stop any legal action! Of course we declined the offer, for we knew from the testimony of bystanders that our doorkeeper had not gone beyond his instructions. That evening a brass band planted itself under the window nearest the platform, and played loudly all through the concert. We offered them a large sum to move on, but they told us candidly they "were paid more money than that to come there!" The incident caused some stir in the community. The papers unanimously sided with us, one journal in a neighbouring town devoting two columns to a humorous discussion of the matter. As a rule, the public took favourably to this regulation. Sometimes two or three young ladies, on being kept out, would tee-hee, and say to each other, "It's just like being at church!"—sometimes a man would growl, "Is this a prayer-meeting?"—sometimes a late arrival would turn angrily on his heel, go

away, and, frequently, changing his mind, return in the middle of a crowd with the air of having just arrived! But, as a general thing, our audience thanked us for the quietness that prevailed during the singing of a song.

On our bills we had also the more common rule: "Children in arms not admitted." It was amusing to notice the way this was evaded. Very often the fond mother would place her infant against the wall, saying, "Ye see the puir thing can stand!" and again it was no uncommon thing to see a father and mother dragging a suckling between them, almost dislocating its arms, till they got it past the door. In large towns this rule acted well enough; but in the wide-settled country districts, where our concerts were advertised as much by rumour as by bills, people in ignorance of the "stern law" came long distances with children in arms. Then it was that our materfamilias had a pleasant duty to perform; for my mother, taking compassion on her country-women anxious to hear a "Scotch sang," looked after their babes in an adjoining room during the concert. Very often she had three or four of these valuable charges at once, the mothers coming out during the "Interval of Ten Minutes" to give them their natural nourishment.

We had a toilsome journey from Mudgee to Hill End, and another from there to Bathurst, where we joined the railway, and ended for the time our bush travelling. We had to sell off our coach and buggy and seven horses, to whom we had got attached during our long and sometimes perilous journeys together; and worse still, we had to part with our old companion and self-constituted guardian, "Uno," who had done many a weary day's trotting to and fro in pursuance of his chosen avocation.

CHAPTER V.

A Trip through Tasmania—Hobart Town—Launceston.

TOWARDS the end of December we sailed from Sydney to Hobart, Tasmania—a three days' passage. Sighting the shores of Tasmania, we passed a grand line of basaltic cliffs washed into quaint pillars by the sea, and in a short time reached Hobart. Bright green hills, squared into orchards and fields, and gardens filled with flowers, stretched up on either hand—the city appearing in front of us, surrounded by delicately-swelling ground, and backed by the massive proportions of Mount Wellington, 4166 feet high. On arriving at the wharf we encountered quite a plague of flies, or rather fly-drivers, and were conveyed to the hotel in a kind of two-wheeled omnibus.

Tasmania boasts two cities—Launceston in the extreme north, and Hobart in the extreme south. There are really no other towns, the rest of the island lying between these two points being studded by a number of pleasant villages. Hobart is the capital—an old, substantial city, with a population of 20,000, and prettily situated on the Derwent. It possesses an excellent town hall, fine churches, several jam-factories, a large orphan asylum, and two benevolent institutions, the last-named sheltering between them five hundred old men. The number of old men to be seen in Hobart and throughout the island is extraordinary.

The temperature of the island is mild, and affords a strong contrast to the Victorian when he crosses Bass's Straits. The Melbourne man goes to Tasmania as an Edinburgh or Glasgow man takes his family down the Clyde, or as the whites on the plains of India fly in the hot season to the Hills. When we landed in Hobart, the weather was cloudy and the air so sharp

that we required a fire in our sitting-room—an agreeable change from the sultry skies of New South Wales. A few days later it became very warm, one of the papers announcing the temperature to be 90° in the shade. "It's a downright shame to put that in print," said an irate Hobartonian; "it gives the colony such a bad name, and none of the Victorians will come over if they fancy it's so hot as that here!"

We lived at a very well-conducted hotel, immediately opposite an Episcopal church. On Christmas Day we interested ourselves in watching the people assembling for morning service, and were astonished to find the great preponderance of the fair sex. I think they stood in the proportion of five to one. In fact, it is only at certain seasons that balls or fashionable assemblies can be held, gentlemen being usually so scarce. The reason for this sparseness is, that whenever a youth grows up he departs for Melbourne to better his prospects. As if to make up for this exodus, however, a young man every now and then comes over from Victoria and bears away a Tasmanian girl as his bride.

Society in Hobart is highly respectable. An old man crossing the street may be pointed out to you as a "lifer," but you remember that in the olden time people were transported for trivial offences, or crimes for which the mind has not a great natural repulsion. Many convicts have been sent out for poaching, mutiny, and the like. As regards the numerous well-to-do convicts who have risen to be shopkeepers, or hotel-owners, or who fill perhaps the higher offices connected with a town, you are in great measure left to guess who they are, if your curiosity by any chance should ever rise to such a pitch.

The people of Hobart are in a marked degree homely and hospitable. It was more than once our happy privilege to meet an excellent lady, the granddaughter of Neil Gow, and daughter of Nathaniel Gow, the composer of "Caller Herrin'." We enjoyed the kindly hospitality of herself and her pleasant family. They were very musical. The good lady is a talented teacher of music, and her two sons are organists in the city. At her house we spent Christmas Eve and the last night of the

year. One or two hours of music and conversation were succeeded, in each case, by a banquet fit for the gods, and supplemented with strawberries and cream better than any strawberries and cream we ever hope to taste again. Tasmania is the garden of Australia—all the British fruits growing here in great luxuriance. At the hotel, jam was in constant supply and demand. This city is famous for its preserves, and the jam-cans of Hobart are to be seen in all parts of the colonies. Had this been an American town, it would long ago have been called Jamborough or Jellyville. During Christmas time the shops were decked with shrubbery, fruit and flowers, and everybody seemed bent on enjoying themselves. New Year's day was celebrated with races at a place a little way out in the country. One of the racehorses was said to have run more than uncommonly well. In the morning the poor beast conveyed a load of spectators to the course and in the evening took them back again.

Hobart is 120 miles from Launceston, and an excellent road runs north and south through the island connecting these two towns. This important highway, unsurpassed by any other in the colonies, was made entirely by convict labour. We drove through Tasmania in a hired coach. First we went to New Norfolk, a delightful journey of twenty-one miles. The road was like an English highway, with long lanes of high hedges, through breaks in which appeared flourishing hop-fields like those in Kent. The landlord of the New Norfolk hotel, an elderly man, who seemed to have "roughed it" in a jolly way through life, proved a really good soul. He was pressing for us to have a drink and a talk with him. This veteran host had been actually fifty-two years in Tasmania. He was the oldest inhabitant; everybody knew him, and he knew most other people. He detailed some experience of the early days. In former times, it would seem convicts were nothing else than slaves; or, which was the same thing, were let out as servants to the settlers. Some of these, however, acted well towards the convicts, and very often one of the latter, on getting a ticket-of-leave, preferred staying by his master. Other em-

ployers, again, and those who had once been convicts themselves, were very cruel to their men, giving them on the slightest provocation a note to the magistrate saying,—"Please give bearer twenty-five lashes and return him." Now and again this missive was never delivered, the wretched convict escaping to the hills, where he had the alternative either of death by starvation, or a return to a twofold worse slavery than before. True, there was another resource open to the more daring spirits. They became bushrangers, robbed travellers, lived on occasional provisions sent them by sympathizing villagers, or those who desired immunity from plunder, and altogether led a short, restless, unhappy sort of life. In this way our genial New Norfolk landlord gossipped of "auld langsyne" in Tasmania.

Our next stage was Hamilton. The hall here was a barn, deemed by many of the villagers to be insecure, but sufficiently tested that night. Under the barn one could hear horses champing and stamping and grooms swearing, but the concert was not greatly interrupted. Fortunately we carried with us a roll of carpet and a table cover, and with these we made an impromptu platform look decent.

From Hamilton we went to Bothwell. We had scarcely been ten minutes in the village when the secretary of the local cricket club invited my brothers and myself to join in the usual Saturday afternoon game. The sport took place in one of the numerous paddocks about the place. The club consisted principally of the trades folks; also several persons who, from their bare black arms and hands, had apparently just left off work in a blacksmith's shop; and last, not least the rector of the village, who was as off hand and jolly as any other member of the team.

We had another game at cricket, a few days later at a homestead called "The Grange," where we spent the day with some acquaintances. There were other visitors, and after dinner we joined them in the game, which was played both by ladies and gentlemen, though the fair sex while doing their "fielding,"

showed a strong disposition to sit together in a clump under shadow of parasols.

We met here two young men, the sons of Glasgow merchants, who were doing the tour of the colonies, partly for business, partly for pleasure, and partly on account of delicate health. We were constantly meeting them in our travels. We parted first in Melbourne, then saw them a short time afterwards in Sydney, where we again took a last good-bye; then bade them adieu once more in Tasmania; another farewell to them in Melbourne; then met them when we arrived in Scotland. They were fine fellows, and something above the average young men we met in the colonies. The young man in a new country, far from the old centres of civilisation, is to be pitied. There is an absence of that immediate bustle, life, and discussion of important events or great questions which press in upon one at home, like a strong atmosphere, at so much per square inch. Out here, of course, there are numerous libraries and reading rooms, but there is none of that glorious national history which makes a person proud of his country. The colonial youth, I have no doubt, feels some interest in the land where he was born aud brought up; but as the history of the colonies is as yet only that of material prosperity, the young man must of necessity be greatly material in his views. In Melbourne we met a young man from Launceston, who was an unfair sample of the rising Tasmanian, though one of a large class in the colonies—persons who are lacking in a strong moral sense—who will detail an arrant swindle on some one's part, and then, with open admiration, dilate on the fellow's success. This Launcestonian was scarcely a worshipper of fraud, but he had an undisguised regard for what he called "smartness."

One day we drove up to a wayside inn, round the door of which had gathered a group of men. They were chaffing an elderly, rough-dressed fellow, evidently an "old hand."

"Bill, how's yer little farm? That pays ye better than yer old trade, eh?"

"Come, now," retorted the old man, "my other biz was pro-

fitable enough—many's the handkerchief I nipped up, as neat as any man as ever lived; but my fingers is stiff now to what they was in the good old days—see, they'll hardly curl up anyhow; but I'll stick a bullock with any man here!"

"Now, you chaps," remarked one man, "do you know that Bill here was once in the bushranging trade, him an' a batch of other fellows, and when the police got after them one day, they all ran away, 'ceptin' Bill here—he threw up his hands an' pretended he'd been robbed by the other coves—sharp practice, eh? Didn't he get sweet things said about him by the authoties, too! an' you was the worst o' the gang, wasn't you, Bill?"

"Of course I was; but I'll stick a bullock with any man here!"

This old convict evidently had his tongue loosened a little by "nobblers." As a common thing, individuals may confess they have been "sent out," but it is always a most trivial affair they have been guilty of. Something or other has been "lying around loose." A man once remarked that he had only been "throwing a bit of lead about," which, however, turned out to be a case of pistol-shooting!

In driving across Tasmania, we found the country very beautiful, but our spirits felt oppressed by the want of human life and industry, the absence of rural pursuits at times robbing the landscape of one of its principal charms. The pace of our team, too, was not quick enough to impart life, and the driver was stolid to all our hints. When we remarked that the axles were getting hot, he said that the wheels had been fresh oiled in the morning; on our being solicitous that perhaps the harness might break, he eased our minds by telling us he had plenty more; and when we praised the extraordinary "reserve of power" there was in the horses, he was mightily pleased.

Life in these townships must be dull; an old lady there told us, "It was vegetating, not living." At another township a stranger one day came into our sitting-room. The landlady whispered to us that this was a man "dying for society." He was rich, she said, but money could not buy company. So we tried to banish his ennui by talking to him, though his loftiness

of manner was not very attractive. He said he had been born in Tasmania, but his father had come out to this colony fifty-two years ago, implying by this, as well as by other remarks, that his ancestry was irreproachable. The hotel was pretty comfortable, though it did not boast of "high living," the bedrooms scarcely allowing a person to stand upright. Our hair turned white in a single night, not from "sudden fear," but from whitewash off the ceiling.

Launceston is a fine city, and not behind the southern metropolis in the size or elegance of its buildings. It is situated on the River Tamar, which here is seen flowing in many windings towards the sea through level country widely bounded by moderately high hills. On Saturday night we strolled through the town in moonlight, and happened to meet a tall, brawny, Border man, who had been a great many years "out," and had lost not the slightest inflection of his vigorous accent. He voluntarily confessed to having had two "laggings," but perhaps he was testing our credulity. However, he might at one time have been a poacher—indeed, he hinted to us something about his great delight at home being the shooting of game. He was a big, stalwart "dare-deevil"—a man fit at any time for a night struggle with a gamekeeper. But it may have been all our imagination.

We saw the last of Tasmania in magnificent weather. The sail from Launceston down the Tamar—beneath a warm, lovely sky, with the river sleeping under a soft haze, and reflecting on its unruffled surface every tree, bush, and rock upon its banks—will long be remembered. In Tasmania the delight of river and lake and sea is nearly always present. We were transported, not *to*, but *with* the charming little island. No one with the name "Van Diemen's Land" sounding in his ears can have any idea of the beauty, the quiet air of respectability that now pervades regenerated "Tasmania."

CHAPTER VI.

South Australia—Adelaide—A Feast of Grapes—A Plague of Mosquitoes—The Country Towns.

ADELAIDE, the capital of South Australia, is 480 miles by sea from Melbourne. A substitute captain was in charge of the steamer in which we travelled, the regular skipper being down with the measles, a complaint then very prevalent in Melbourne and Ballarat. One of the passengers was a gentleman with florid face and light side whiskers. He grew exceedingly confidential after a while—told us he was the son of a prominent English lord, and knew all the members of the aristocracy. He thought that he might—yes, he was certain he would—be missed in the drawing-rooms of England, for he was very intimate with the Prince of Wales, and often took a chop with him. But he preferred a roving kind of life, and was travelling to amuse himself. He had just come down from Queensland, where he had been shooting fowl, but (confounded nuisance!) his man-servant had recently left him to get married, and that put an end to all his duck-hunting. Another passenger was a silver-haired, talkative, *blasé* "world-tourist." "I'm now on my usual annual tour," said he. "My town house is in Belgravia, London, where I've got ferns from all the mountains on the globe. The Himalayas are my principal rendezvous, and I occasionally spend a day or two in the Vale of Cashmere. Then there are Burmah, China, Japan, and Russia—all favourite touring grounds of mine. I've been all round Greece and Italy, too. I recruit myself sometimes on the shores of the Mediterranean, and, in fact, you may say I've done the Seven Churches of Asia!"

Adelaide has a population of 30,000. Its streets are wide and clean, and run at right angles like a gridiron. The post-office, town-hall, and one or two other buildings have elegant

towers—several have graceful Corinthian façades. The city stands on flat ground, and is backed at a distance of four or five miles by a fine mountain range. There are excellent public gardens and reserves; the Botanical Gardens are a favourite walk of the citizens on Sunday afternoons. Here, in addition to trees and plants of every kind, are monkeys, emus, Brahmin bulls, eagles, and some of the camels used in the explorations to the interior of Australia. Adelaide may be described as a snug, comfortable city. There is no poor quarter to speak of, and no poverty visible in the streets. The people seem well-off, intelligent, and not altogether swallowed up in their stores and offices; the oar occasionally rests in the stream. There are a great many Germans in Adelaide, and here is published the only German newspaper in the Colonies, which journal, by the way, gave a flattering notice of our concerts. There are one or two villages up country composed entirely of the Teutonic element.

Being the month of February, the weather was very hot. Our life during this season was as follows. Awaking in the morning from a not very refreshing night's rest, we took breakfast with what little appetite we had. Then walking slowly down the hot street, the white glare of which was very hurtful to the eyes, and explained why so many ladies wore coloured spectacles, my father, brothers, and I visited the city baths, where we had an enjoyable dip. Somewhat cooled down, we proceeded to the free public reading-room, where you find the principal newspapers and magazines of Great Britain. Then we returned to the hotel, where a feast of grapes was at once laid out. We bought them from an Irishman across the way who kept a little grocery shop, and who made a practice every evening of leaning against his door-post and playing reel-tunes on a tin whistle, with what he thought an admirable imitation of the bagpipes. Grapes in Adelaide are sold at the ludicrously low price of three-farthings a pound. You can get them for eight shillings a hundredweight, very often for £4 a ton. The market price scarcely covers the expense of pulling them. Our sitting-room frequently looked

like some Roman banqueting-hall. Every now and again one of us would come in, like a Bacchus, with an armful of bunches of fat purple grapes, and one of my sisters, like the goddess Pomona, with apples and pears. We had a centre-dish on the table constantly running over with grapes. One of my brothers would make a large purchase, and shortly afterwards another would come in joyfully with seven or eight pounds more. Then a friend would call in and say the fruiterer had not served us at all well, which meant that in the course of the day a boy would call and deliver a large box of grapes, "with Mr. ——'s compliments." One family, with whom we became very intimate, lamented they could not present us with some fruit from their own vines, as one night their horse had broken loose in the backyard and devoured all the best bunches.

Long unquiet hours we spent at night lying awake and slapping at the mosquitoes, which here were more than commonly exasperating. The mosquito has a speckled body, long legs, and sharp, hollow proboscis. He settles, say, on your hand, and you watch him giving his tube a few flourishes at the start, like a carver's knife over a desirable roast; then you feel a slight sting, and know he has "struck ile." Down, down, you see his sucker going, the mosquito gradually getting on tiptoe, till he almost stands on his head. Then a "thin red line" is seen forming on his body, which swells till you fancy the insect is going to burst, when off he flies to roost on the bed-curtain or the wall. When you lay your head down to rest the mosquitoes sing about your ears in duet, trio, and chorus. Ping-ng-ng! Whack! you hit yourself a loud slap on the cheek. Ha! the monster is joined by another with a voice as sharp and incisive as the point of a needle. Ping-ng-ng! Whack! You miss him, for he snarls at you and flies back with increased vehemence. And so on—on—on for a whole night, till you never get a wink of sleep. By daylight you count the bites on your hands, wrists, and face—or perhaps ankle, if it has unfortunately protruded during the night. A friend presented us with a vial containing a

vegetable extract which would not only banish the mosquitoes, but at the same time drive them mad. It almost drove *us* mad! It was the vilest-smelling compound that ever was uncorked; the only fault it had as a mosquito-dispeller was that we preferred the mosquitoes.

We travelled for a month through the country districts, visiting sixteen towns. Our journeys were, of course, accomplished by coach, for the railway communication only included two suburban lines, and a line running something over a hundred miles north as far as the Burra Burra copper-mines. Most of the country is taken up with wheat-growing, Adelaide being the greatest centre of grain export in the Australias. Gawler is the principal inland town, and lies in the midst of a farming district. Strathalbyn is the most beautifully situated of the agricultural townships. Tanunda, which we passed through, is one of the German villages, and there we aired our stock of "Deutsch" phrases. Angaston was an exceedingly clean and pretty place, noteworthy for its grapes. South Australia, in addition to wheat, is famous for its wines, which are growing into favour year by year, and are said to be little inferior to those of Europe.

Copper is another great source of wealth to South Australia. At Burra Burra, Kadina, Port Wallaroo, and Moonta—the latter with a large population of Cornish miners—we saw the townships surrounded and intersected by ungainly wooden sheds, fuming chimneys, poppet-heads, and large hills of green ore, which latter gave a queer look to the scene. Kadina is situated on a plain. As we entered the town, an entire school turned out and gave us a vociferous "Hurrah!" We afterwards heard from the master, who was at one time a tutor of Helen and James, that he had aided and abetted the salute! Port Wallaroo lies on an arm of the sea, and the ore is shipped in vessels to Adelaide. The weather was fearfully stormy while we were here. It was strange to see, in the dusk of evening, the wild dark sky, the trailing smoke from the smelting furnaces, the glare of the fires reflected from the clouds, and hear the lash of the rain alternating with the roar of the sea. This port,

as well as Moonta, is situated on what is known as the Peninsula, a most wretched tract of country. There is nothing to be seen but dingy scrub—not a blade of green grass to refresh the weary eye. At most places, indeed, there is not even scrub, nothing but bare earth, and the prospect is unspeakably dreary. We asked some Wallaroo friends if they did not feel dull, but they answered—"Not a bit. We have croquet to amuse us in fine weather. There's pic-nics besides, so we're never lonely."

After that, we could believe in lawn tennis on the Desert of Sahara. The Peninsula is indeed a dry, barren wilderness. On the way from Wallaroo to Moonta we passed a public-house that advertised "Water for Sale," and all along the road we noticed tanks dug in the ground to catch the rain-water. We arrived in Moonta during a blinding down-pour. "It was the same last night," said a townsman—"hogsheads of water lost! the rain just pouring to waste down the streets!" From Moonta we returned to Adelaide in one day, a distance of 112 miles, arriving that night at eleven o'clock, after a toilsome ride of seventeen hours.

On the whole South Australia is an unpicturesque country—perhaps the least striking, in regard to scenery, of any of the colonies. In saying this, we do not forget a most pleasant day we spent with one or two friends at a pic-nic in Waterfall Gully, a few miles from Adelaide—a cool, sylvan glen watered by a sparkling rivulet, that fell trickling over a high green wall of rock. We also thought this colony boasted rather hot weather; but we did not experience the winter, which is said to be very enjoyable. South Australia, despite what may be considered its trying climate, will assuredly flourish on its great natural resources. With its wheat, wine, and copper, it will hold its own against any of the sister colonies.

CHAPTER VII.

Voyage to New Zealand—Dunedin—The Water of Leith—A Tour through Otago —A Concert in a Barn—The Highlands of Otago.

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand! The two colonies link themselves together in one's mind, yet they are separated by a wide ocean. Melbourne is 1400 miles from Dunedin; Sydney, 1500 miles from Auckland, the passage at this time occupying six days.

We sailed to Dunedin in the "Albion" one Saturday afternoon. Gradually we steamed out into the Port Philip Bay, past the steamer "Gothenburg," which was arriving from the Port Darwin Gold Fields in the far north of Australia, its foredeck, poop, and bulwarks densely thronged with returning European and Chinese diggers.

Next day (Sunday), a good sermon was delivered by a Presbyterian clergyman from Brisbane. The day was kept in an orderly manner, but during the afternoon some one was heard enthusiastically whistling sprightly melodies behind the deckhouse. "Impossible!" Cane in hand, with indignation in his looks, a zealous Sabbatarian strode round and—knocked his head against the cage of a whistling magpie!

The passage was rough, but not wearisome. Some of the passengers played rope-quoits, others shot albatrosses—the noble white bird, with its great wide wings, wallowing mortally wounded on the crests of the waves far behind. The captain

was genial; one of the mates was musical, and seemed to know as much of the Reverend Mr. Curwen as of Captain Maury. He was always humming over some tune or other—ordering the sailors to trim the yards with a do-re-mi-fa-sol! telling the helmsman to keep a straight wake with a fol-de-riddle-i-do! and taking his observations of the sun at mid-day with the full consciousness of knowing both the solar and the sol-fa systems.

Thursday morning at last, and the passengers gladdened by a grand view of the south-western shores of New Zealand. Lofty, sharp-pointed peaks towered away inland, their snow-clad summits blending with the sunny clouds that floated round them.

Soon there rose ahead a high, bare promontory—the Bluff! rounding which, we came into a spacious, well-protected harbour. The steamer lay at the wharf all night. Suddenly there was a cry of "Fire! fire! the 'Wanganui' is on fire!" The bells of both vessels rang continuously. The bowsprit of our steamer overhung the stern of the other vessel, and our sailors, in dread of sparks, set the pumps agoing and slushed the forecastle with water. One man excitedly tried to throw off one of the hawsers that held the "Albion" to the wharf, shouting at last for an axe to cut the rope through. The captain, pushing him away, darted on board the "Wanganui," and was drenched head to foot with an unlucky pail of water. Sailors of both steamers were there—a noisy, jostling crowd. Two women, just awakened, their faces white with fear, each with a child in her arms, were hastily handed over the side of the vessel. "Hah! there were five children!" exclaimed one of the females, catching her breath, and counting the four youngsters which the sailors had gathered together—"There were five; there's one amissing!" and she was in great distress till the little one, lost amid a multiplicity of deliverers, had been recovered. Buckets of water were swiftly passed on deck by a long line of bystanders. In an instant there flared up, higher than the funnel, a great red plume of flame, which flaunted amidst the smoke—then suddenly flickered and

"fluffed" out like an immense expiring candle. When immediate danger was over the passengers betook themselves to bed.

We left in the afternoon of next day, the remainder of the journey being along a bold precipitous coast that shone out grandly in the setting sun. Here and there were immense sombre caves, whose dark sides were lapped by the heavy rise and fall of the sea. The "Albion" was moored at Port Chalmers next morning. What? were we in Scotland? Every person on shore was talking Scotch. There were many calls for "Jock," numerous enquiries for "Sandy." The high mountains locking in the harbour were decidedly Scottish in character, and had the fresh greenness, the bright look of home-country scenery. Everything was redolent of Scotland. The waves seemed to ripple tartan, the wind to moan with a Scotch accent. "All in for Dunedin," cried the railway guard. The train plunged through the short tunnel piercing the hill upon which Port Chalmers is perched, and was rattling up to the capital, only some nine miles distant.

Through the Heads of Port Chalmers—part of the irregular shores of which harbour we were now outlining in a railway train—there sailed in 1848 the first body of the Otago settlers. An association of lay members of the Free Church, and co-operating with the powerful New Zealand Land Company, had bought from the Maoris the Otago Block of 400,000 acres. This was the first of the so-called "class settlements," Canterbury being founded shortly afterwards under the wing of the Church of England. Both settlements, however, have failed in carrying out their original plan of denominational exclusiveness, which is not to be regretted. The new community quietly progressed, till in 1861 gold was found at Gabriel's Gully. From that time Otago has advanced rapidly to a first place among the nine provinces that compose New Zealand.

The railway from Port Chalmers to the capital followed the windings of the harbour. We discovered fine scenery one moment, and lost it the next, till at length a hill-spur, like a

great green veil, drew off from the city and revealed it rising in an amphitheatre at the head of the harbour, with a picturesque lofty background of bush-crowned heights. The town seemed a great wave of streets washed up against the hills, with houses dispersed like spray among the wooded hollows all round.

The hour being still early, Dunedin was not yet awake. The shop shutters were up—the business-eye had not yet opened. Through the quiet streets, that seemed as silent as if daylight had suddenly been let on at midnight, we made our way to a quiet temperance hotel. We had breakfast in a high-roofed, large-windowed, warm-papered parlour. A dazzling white table-cover, radiant knives and spoons, rich creamy tea, thin crimp toast, delicious fresh butter, hissing ham and eggs, soon put us in the best of humour after shipboard discomforts.

This hotel was a few steps from Princes Street, the principal thoroughfare, named after the beautiful boulevard of Edinburgh. Many of the names on the signs were Scotch. Scotch names bristle in the "Dunedin Directory"—of Macs alone there are two hundred, to say nothing of the Mrs. Macs and the Macs Junior. Shopmen, shop girls, clerks, and labourers were hurrying along the pavements. The faces we saw bore the true Caledonian impress. The "honest men and bonnie lassies" we met at every step might have been transplanted from home but yesterday, so well had climate and colonial life dealt with them. The streets of Dunedin are named after the streets of Edinburgh, but with confused topography to one acquainted with the Modern Athens. We were struck with the manner in which Dunedin has corroded its way into the hills. Ziz-zaggy paths tack up to the ridges of the slopes—deep cuttings run back from the main streets, and steep thoroughfares rise to the heights above—the houses seeming to start simultaneously on a race to the higher ground, gradually to straggle, lose breath, and sift into mansions and cottages, till near the summit the goal is won by a number of handsome villas. At different places cuttings are vigorously going on, and the earth removed from these is conveyed down to the harbour, where it is thrown in for the reclamation of land. Many acres have thus been

reclaimed from the sea, and houses are now built where the the tide once ebbed and flowed.

On Sundays the church-goers of Dunedin form a well-dressed, most respectable crowd. There are no straw hats, no "puggarees" or hat scarfs, no sun-shades, no dust-coats, no secular tweed, as you sometimes see in Melbourne. Most of the men seem deacons or elders, dressed as they are in the blackest of broadcloth and the glossiest of glossy high hats. The New First Church or Grand Presbyterian Cathedral, with its lofty spire and elegant proportions, is the chief building of Dunedin. The foundation-stone was laid by the late Dr. Burns, the pioneer of the Presbyterian Church in Otago, and a nephew of Robert Burns the poet. The church was opened by Dr. Begg, in the presence of 1000 persons, upon his visit to New Zealand. We found the interior of the church to be spacious. The collection is taken up at the door, as in the old country. In Scotland, the average offerings are copper-coloured ; here they are silver, which is mainly accounted for by the difference in money value. A person here puts in sixpence as he might put in a penny at home—a threepenny bit as he might a halfpenny. This may not be the exact relative value of the coins, but it is as far as church-collections go. In the heart of the town stands the University, a clock-towered, Grecian building, having in connection with it a considerable museum. Here, enclosed in glass cases, are specimens of moss and grass from the principal mountains of Scotland, and on a mantelpiece, in a gilt frame, a lock of Burns' hair, modicum of a larger lock owned by Jean Armour.

One day we were invited to a pic-nic up the Water of Leith, the water supply of Dunedin. The party was headed by one of the leading botanists, who did not air Latin phrases more than was agreeable to ignoramuses. We arrived at what bore some resemblance to Hawthornden, near Edinburgh. The path through the glen was knotty with concealed roots of trees, and wound about through ferns and creepers. Prickly bushes called "lawyers," or "stop-a-bit creepers," seemed in league to tear the clothes off our backs. On coming to the

clear running burnie, the ladies laid down their parasols, removed their bonnets, and otherwise made ready for an awkward journey. Overhead, about four feet from the water, was a thin covering of broad-fronded ferns, through which the sun shone with a softened light. We were in a long leafy tunnel. Once we came upon an abrupt rise, and each had to climb up as best he or she could. A little dog flung itself repeatedly at the dripping rock, but fell at last into the water, and howled lamentably, till one of us brought it like a wet sponge to the upper ground. Another time, we came to a huge interposing smooth tree-trunk, up which steps had to be hacked with the axe our leader carried in his belt. Stumbling, jumping, swinging by overarching limbs of trees—crawling under damp, bearded logs, we reached level ground, and there before us was the waterfall. It was forty feet high, and had been discovered by our friend the botanist only three years before. The company picturesquely grouped themselves on the rocks. Sundry bottles appeared from coat-tails; biscuits, buns, and shortbread were handed round. Some drank diluted gooseberry wine, others the water that ran past on every side. Finally, "Ye banks and braes" was sung by the whole of us, standing, and then we made our way back. When we arrived in Princes Street, it was dusk, which was lucky, considering our worn looks, fatigued walk, wet boots, and the amount of moss and mud still hanging to our clothes.

As regards matters social, political, and religious, Dunedin lives in a very turbulent atmosphere. There seems to be something chemically eruptive in the social composition of Dunedin. One theory is, that there must be too much of a Caledonian flavour in the community, and regarding Scotsmen as an essence, there may be some truth in the supposition. As far back as 1856, the Otago settlers were a controversial people, deep in religious disputes and newspaper broils. An English traveller, writing about that time, compared Dunedin to "an enclosure of wild cats, tearing out each other's eyes."

Dunedin has great vitality—nothing lack-lustre and debilitated about it, but a marked full-bloodedness. It is a sub-

stantial middle-class town, a town of labour and commerce. As to the working-classes, every man can clothe, feed, and educate his family, and have something to spare. Speaking roughly, there are no poor people in Otago. There is none of that poverty verging on starvation which is so painful to see and hear of at home. Food is cheap, clothing is not dear.

In our comfortable hotel in Rattray Street, we were next door to the stir of the small Babel. At midnight, or rather in the small hours of the morning, as we lay tranquilly snoozing, we would be rudely awakened—not by a crowd of late-arriving, sea-sick passengers—not by a noisy breaking-up of heated revellers—but by a large flock of white-neck-tied clergymen returning from the Synod. They had usually a lively talk, to which the thin partitions made us involuntary listeners, anent the introduction of instrumental music, the joining of the Presbyterian Churches in the North and South Islands, and the state of the finances generally. But in a short time debates and debaters went to rest; the organ question was followed by the smell of extinct candles; the union gave place to hard breathing; and stipends were lost in snores.

On Christmas Day we were invited to dinner at a house some two miles from town. It lay behind the hills which back Dunedin, so that we might have been a hundred miles from the stir of the city. The country was open, undulating, and covered with tufts of heath. Coming to a white gate in a hawthorn hedge, we passed up a gravel walk, till we approached a large lawn, in the middle of which rose a high flagstaff bearing a red banner. About forty of a company had assembled —grandfathers, grandmothers, grandchildren, sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins, and friends of the family. There was a real Christmas dinner, with roast beef and plum-pudding as in the old land, and with as cheerful faces round them as ever were seen at any table either "here or far awa'."

On New Year's Day, the town was alive with holiday makers. The Caledonian Games, held at the Recreation Ground, in the midst of green hills and grassy uplands, were a

great feature. The crowd, with its mixture of kilts, tweeds, plaids, silks, and satins, was an enlivening spectacle. Tartans waved, bagpipes blew, flags flew. Every kind of booth was there, from the "Glasgow pie-shop" to the "Café de Paris." Pipers paraded in splendid garb, one man dressed in really elaborate costume, and with a ludicrously large blue bonnet. The chieftain was dragging behind him a little fellow dressed as Rob Roy, and choking over a sponge-cake. The competitors for the races assembled. The herald of the course was the town-crier, dressed in scarlet coat, who, after tooting on a trumpet, came round, bawling "'Pettitors! prepare to henter the harenar—make ready for the final 'eat!" The utter Cockney abandonment of the sentence, coming in the midst of intense Scotch dialect, was amusing in the extreme. Foot races, reels, strathspeys, sword dances, gymnastics, tossing the caber, and putting the stone, followed in quick succession. Then came some exciting wrestling between a tall Maori and a squat Cornishman, the brown-skinned fellow winning nearly every bout. In due course the sports came to an end, the Cockney trumpeter dropped his last H, and the crowd moved homeward to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Our concerts lasted five weeks in Dunedin, from Boxing-Day to Burns' Birth-Day, 1873-4—a long-time, considering the size of the town. But one peculiarity of the colonies is, that entertainments run longer than they would in an equal population in the old country. When we arrived, the only available hall was the Volunteer Drill Shed, a plain spacious building, which by means of calico and banners we made somewhat presentable. Then we moved to the Masonic Hall, a smaller but neater place. Eight months afterwards, on our farewell visit, we sang in a fine new Temperance Hall. "Twa Hours at Hame," found great favour with the Dunedin folks, though it might have seemed like "taking coals to Newcastle" to bring Scottish sentiment and song and story into a community where the nationality was so pronounced.

We spent six weeks in travelling through Otago. Having contracted with a coach-proprietor for the tour, there came to the

hotel-door one Monday morning a coach with a staunch-looking team of four horses. The driver was a stout, whiskerless young man of twenty-one years of age. His name was Gideon, he said—or, as some called him, "Gid"—and others again, "Giddy." The rain was blinding, and the wind boisterous. As the coach drove off, kind friends in waterproofs waved their umbrellas and cheered us with prophecies of finer weather.

Soon we were rolling along a smooth road. Through the heavy driving rain, lit up by fitful sunshine, we saw that we were travelling amid dark green hills, light green hills, yellow hills, distant purple hills, and that the landscape was treeless, save where blue-gums, like rows of nine-pins, had been planted as shade-trees round houses. The Australian tree flourishes well in its new home, and Government encourages its introduction as a means of attracting rain, giving as a bonus two acres of land for every acre of gum trees planted. All along the road were neat mile-stones, somewhat monumental in appearance—little white tombstones marking the expiry of a mile. Arriving at a wayside inn, we watered the horses, while our driver, in obedience to the iron law of custom, went in to have a sixpenny drink—"swig a tanner," as he elegantly phrased it. As we drove through the Taieri Plains, a fine agricultural country, the sky cleared. We were soon in the highest spirits, and emerged from our husks of rugs and shawls. Gideon whistled, and the horses had to be held in from a canter. The hill-slopes—spotted with small "tussocks" or tufts of grass like miniature sheaves—swept quickly past. Along the banks of the Taieri River—past a small lake glittering in the sun—down the Waihola Gorge—and through the fertile Tokomairiro Plain, we reached by a long straight road the cheerful-looking township. We found that the hotel-man, who also owned the hall, had, in his zeal to procure a good audience, displayed a large banner in our honour, and covered the township with small bills bearing the lucid intimation, "*They* are coming!"

Tokomairiro, or Milton, as the Government name goes, or Toko as it is termed for shortness, or Tok as I have even heard it flippantly called, is perhaps the largest of the purely agricul-

tural towns of Otago. It consists of one long street. The one-storey houses and shops, had here an air of freshness, due to white paint. Though an exceedingly prosperous town, it was dull in appearance. There was nobody at the street corner—nobody near the bank—no one at the Council Chambers—no housewife shopping at the large general store. The draper was mechanically rolling and unrolling his cloth, selling and buying to himself. The barber, hiding his hands behind his back as if they were contraband goods, not to be seized even in friendship, alternately surveyed the pavement and his projecting rainbow-coloured pole. A solitary rider left the echoes of horse-hoofs lingering about the street long after he had gone. Milton may be called an epic town, most of the streets being named after poets. There is an Ossian Street and a Shakespeare Street—a Chaucer Street, a Spencer Street, and a Johnson Street—a Pope Street, a Dryden Street, and a Burns Street. There is a cone-shaped hill a little way out, which might have been called Parnassus; to be sure, it is easy to climb!

We drove out with one or two friends to a bachelor's garden, some few miles from Milton. An uncouth wilderness met the view—gum trees, flax plants, and the poisonous "toot" plant, destructive to sheep and cattle. Through a maze of weeds and tall bracken, we were taken by the bachelor himself, coming latterly to a small gully, where one of us was severely stung by falling upon a hidden beehive. In Australia we would have been frightened for snakes! But it seems there is not a hurtful reptile in New Zealand, which fact was once satisfactorily explained by a learned Irishmen:—"As all of yez know, New Zailand is the antipodes of Ould Ireland; so when St. Patrick put his ban upon snakes in the ould counthry, begorra! it went right through!" In the gully were bushes of luscious black currants, that hung in bunches like small grapes. Fruits, flowers, and vegetables seem to acquire extra vitality in Otago. You see cabbages and cauliflowers with giant heads, and fuchsias growing to be considerable trees. Crossing the gully we came to a hothouse filled with vines, and facing a large

flower garden. Here bouquets, bunches of grapes, bags of apples, and large branches of currants, were thrust into our hands. Unitedly thanking our kind host, we drove off—a moving horticultural show! Next morning we were to start for Tuapeka.

"It's past eight o'clock!" cried Gideon the driver, laughing and squeezing his head through the partially-opened door of our bedroom—"the horses have had their oats, and your own breakfast's a-waitin'!" My brothers and I jumped up, hurriedly swallowed our breakfast, hauled out our luggage to the door, loaded the roof of the coach with portmanteaus, packed the rack, ballasted inside with bundles, filled the boot with a choice assortment of parcels, and heaped up shawls and greatcoats on the box. Gideon came round leading the horses. "All right there?—in with them pole-straps, first hole—woa!—quick, fasten up the trace that side—back, steady, woa! hand up the reins—all aboard!—stand clear there—hi, lads, hi!—Blossom, Jack, Nelly, Wall-eye, hi!" Crack, jerk, jingle, and we were rattling down Tokomairiro's quiet street at fully eight miles an hour.

At Tuapeka, or Gabriel's Gully, there are a large number of cleanly, well-dressed Chinamen. At night they walk about with their fashionably-attired English wives. At our concerts they invariably occupied the very front of the front seats! Many of them are capital market-gardeners, and indeed a number of places would be destitute of vegetables but for the enterprise of these Pagans. They have their weak points like Europeans. One "heathen Chinee" had been in the habit of taking his gold to a certain buyer, who, on John's departure, always found the precious dust to weigh unaccountably lighter. So one day he watched the Chinaman as he put his gold on the scales. "Welly good gold, welly good," said John, while the buyer bent over the counter to adjust the weights. Glancing quickly up, the broker saw the Chinaman, with distended cheeks, blowing down silently upon the scale! Smothering an exclamation, he vaulted over the counter,

seized the flying rogue by the pig-tail, and tarred and feathered him before a large crowd of the townsfolk.

We went south forty miles to Balclutha, a journey which our team performed in the wonderfully quick time of five hours. At a toll we were stopped by a portly, sunny-faced Scotch wife, who, finding we were Scotch also, thought it her bounden duty to ask for the "bawbees" in the broadest accent at her command. Father, in a moment of inspiration, putting his head out of the coach, gave it as his deliberate opinion that she was the "brawest wife" he had seen between that place and Dunedin. "My certie, that's true!" exclaimed the good woman, with a self-satisfied cast of her head—"there's no mony like me on the road—gude mornin' to ye!" And away we went, with many a laugh at the unexpected answer, so different from the bashful denial that had been anticipated. The road was lined each side by sweet-smelling hawthorn hedges, alternating with low sod-walls almost overgrown by dense gorse. At one place an English labourer, evidently a new arrival, was breaking stones in a listless kind of way, as if clods were more in his line. He had on the usual English smock, which looked a badge of servitude in such a country as this! We never saw another smock in the whole of New Zealand.

Balclutha was a pleasingly irregular cluster of houses, cheerful-looking under the enlivening sun. The township is looped in by the River Molyneux, a noble tortuous stream with sixteen times the volume of the Thames. Balclutha is the centre of prosperous agriculture. In fact, the whole country from Dunedin to Balclutha, a distance of fifty-four miles, is one long settlement. One meets with strange characters in some of these country places. For instance, in the hotel at Tokomairiro (spoken of in Scotch circles as Toakey-mirey) our boots were brushed by a fish-curer, who had just come out from London, and who regretted his luck in not getting work so soon as he expected. We happened to ask what induced him to come out. "Oh," said he, "I heard how the Otago folks were running mad after people at ten shillings a day and their board—

that's what did it!" We thought it a pity that, when affairs really have a bright, glowing aspect, people should persist in making them *too* rose-coloured; Otago could be a land of promise without being a paradise. At this same hotel the waiter was a banished Communist, who had fought and been wounded in the streets of Paris, and been exiled for ten years. He was a short, flaxen-moustached young man, with a wealth of politeness and gentleness. I may here remark that unsuitable people sometimes emigrate. One day a man was mourning the lack of employment, but he turned out to be a glass-eye maker!

We went on to Popotunoa, passing through much the same scenery as before. Popotunoa at this time was peopled only by a post-master, a blacksmith, a bricklayer, a butcher, a baker, two carpenters, and a hotel-keeper. A resident came up to us, gleefully rubbing his hands, and told us that he did not bake his own bread now, for to his great joy a baker had just opened shop in town! We had here the good fortune to be the guests of the Rev. Mr. Connor, formerly missionary in connection with Nicolson Street U.P. Church, Edinburgh. We were kindly entertained at the manse, a pretty, wooden house of two storeys. We were not to sleep under a private roof again for two years, not until we reached Napanee in Canada, where some of our relatives have settled. Here we met a Wick lady, who about three years before had come to New Zealand to be married. The wedding ceremony took place in Dunedin, and next morning the happy pair left for Balclutha. Sad to relate, on the way the coach upset and the husband was killed.

We had the honour of giving the first concert ever held in Popotunoa, the receipts going to help the young kirk. The "hall" was the barn of a neighbouring sheep-station. The seats were planks laid upon bags of grain, and an open loft, filled with sacks of chaff, served as gallery. The platform was a few boards covered with carpet. It was interesting to see the audience coming across the moorland—men, women, lads, lasses, mothers, children, shepherds, servants, and people

on horseback. Every shepherd brought his "collie" with him, so the barn swarmed with dogs. The horses were hitched-up to railings, posts, and the wheels of drays. The barn was not very brilliantly lighted—"chandeliers" being made of crossed pieces of wood, each with two holes, into which candles were placed. Perforated battens jutted out from the walls. At one end of the platform was a shaky door, leading to the shed which did duty as "side-room." In this door was a hole, and it so chanced that during my father's singing of "The Land o' the Leal" a poor dog jammed his head into the aperture, the melancholy howl that followed effectually banishing sentiment. Then the wooden chandeliers not being straight, the grease came dropping down. Icicles of grease hung on the walls—stearine stalactites drooped from the "candelabra." The lights guttered out one by one, till the concert concluded in the light of the dim globe-lamp.

When the audience went outside they found that the horses, alarmed either at the singing or the applause, had stampeded. Walking back in the gloom we were suddenly met by a party of riders, who had been on the search for the animals. "There's nine of them gone," said a man in a big flapping cloak—"clean gone, and into the ranges, I'll bet." We were really sorry for these poor fellows. The black sky—the moonbeams striking through the rents in the clouds, and sweeping round like so many aerial bull's-eyes—the strange shadows on the hills—the sound of the wind as it rustled the high grass—the sight of the dark range far away, where the horses were supposed to have strayed—increased our sympathy. Nothing ever impressed us with such a sense of hopeless search as this night-ride of those men. After plunging through some half-mile of tussocks and climbing six or seven fences, we reached the Manse, and next morning had the satisfaction of knowing that most of the horses had quietly cantered home to their respective stables.

We drove on to Mataura, passing through black grassy uplands. This was a place so small that the impetus of the coach almost took us past the township! We sang here in the

public hall, which is used as a court-house, a concert-room, a school-room, a church, and an assembly room for dancing. Even in this small hamlet, we had an audience of a hundred people. An old Highland couple, who kept a small grocery store near the hall, gave up all idea of the concert as the admission was too dear. When our manager heard of that, he rushed across to the little shop and bought "Twa punds o' Scotch sweeties!" No sooner had he got back to the hall than the two "auld folks" appeared at the door and smilingly paid to hear the "sangs."

As we went from this place towards Invercargill we saw faint pencillings on the far horizon—the mountains of Otago. The road had a singularly anomalous appearance. On our left were fields of corn, protected by quickset hedges—on our right, rough tussocky country, enclosed by open fences. On one side, young English grasses, bordered by Australian gum-trees (successful immigrants from a sunny land)—on another, hoards of wild Scotch thistles invading the soil, and pushing their purple heads between the tough, green, broad-spreading leaves of the New Zealand flax-plant. Well did the national emblem symbolise the energy and colonising spirit of the national character!

Invercargill is a thriving town, and its streets are named after Scottish rivers—the Esk, the Dee, the Teviot, the Tay, the Forth, and several others. Our concerts were held in the Exchange Hall, which, like most of the buildings in town, was composed of wood and iron. It was formerly a church in St. Kilda, near Melbourne, and the cost of shipping it to New Zealand amounted to £1000. Invercargill has a railway twenty miles long, which runs down to the "Bluff," the port first touched at by the steamers from Melbourne. The railway to the Bluff, in its early days, had many features in common with the "Innocent Railway" that used to run between Edinburgh and Dalkeith. On board any of the New Zealand steamers, if you unfortunately start the subject of railways, a commercial traveller will inevitably, and with a premonitory chuckle, tell you a certain "comical old yarn about the Bluff

Railway," which narrative is, nine times out of ten, the same that you heard from a chuckling commercial on your last steamboat trip, and which you will assuredly be bored with by another on your next. We heard, for instance, a story of how, in those good old times, a mob of cattle would frequently get in the way of the train. This caused great trouble to the driver, who used at first to sound the whistle, hop from the engine, and chase the obstruction off with billets of wood. This of course grew tiresome, and the driver at last carried a collie dog on the front of the locomotive. The sagacious animal sprang off whenever cattle appeared, barked them some hundreds of yards up the line, and then resumed its warm place over the buffers. One day an old woman was driving her cow along the railway track. The morning express came puffing up at fully seven miles an hour. The ancient dame, adjusting her spectacles, looked behind at the approaching engine, and thinking that danger was perhaps imminent, gave the beast an extra poke with her stick. On shambled the cow—on jogged the old woman. "Get off the line!" roared the engine-driver. But the good dame tucked up her dress and kept stumping along. At last the buffer of the engine quietly impinged upon the "bustle" of the old woman's dress, or rather where a "bustle" would have been had there existed any such thing as "bustle" either in train or dress in those slow-going days. The driver, shutting off steam and shutting his eyes to the impending catastrophe, shrieked "Hi! Hi!" while the old lady, dodging the buffer, uttered those ever-memorable words: "Man, ye're surely in an awfu' hurry this mornin'!" So run the short and simple annals of the rail.

At Riverton, a small township north of Invercargill, we found the hall in a woeful state owing to the wet weather. It chanced that the roof was in process of being unshingled, and the pouring rain had drenched the building. The public had therefore to be seated down one side of the hall, the wet portion being covered up with carpets. The effect of this lop-sided audience, as seen from the platform was somewhat funny.

We went next to Winton, another small township, where we

got the use of the school-room by canvassing the majority of the inhabitants (who were on the school-board) and receiving their permission. From Winton we travelled up a long wide valley towards the "Elbow," named from a sudden turn of the Oreti River. About three in the afternoon, we arrived at the Elbow Inn—a wooden building standing on an open, low-grassed plain, at the entrance to the Highlands of Otago. Inside the house was a blazing log fire—a great luxury, the wood having to be brought a distance of fourteen miles from the nearest clump of bush. The teamsters carry small braziers under their waggons. They cannot find wood everywhere, so they burn charcoal, and coal when they can get it. The Australian waggoner is far more favoured, as he travels almost continually amongst firewood. The landlord had been twelve years at the Elbow—"I came out from the 'art of London." During the gold rush to Queenstown and the adjacent diggings, the hotel was in continual stir. "I made £300 a week then," said he, "and in a smaller house than this. Three years ago I went back to London, but I didn't care for it at all—everything was so changed—I like this spot better, lonely though it be." I may state that the landlord refused to take sixpence in coppers which we offered him. "Ha ha," he laughed, "we have no use for these here—who'd take them?" So we had to give him silver.

Next morning we overtook one by one a number of carriers. English waggons, with their arched roofs of white canvas, could be seen for miles across the broad level floor of the valley. Scarfs of vapour floated midway down the mountain slopes; one felt he could rend the mist by simply throwing a stone. On the higher peaks the clouds lay longer and heavier, but we watched them gradually dissolving in the sun, the white specks of snow twinkling through the thin edge of the mist. Some of the mountains, clothed in rich grass, had an air of grandeur and rudeness, mingled with verdure—Highland form and height, with Lowland snug warmth. The lonely vastness of the landscape seemed to affect the feeling of perspective. Where there were no comparative objects, the moun-

tains became knolls; but when a solitary pill-box of a house rested at the base of one of these knolls, the knoll swelled into a mountain. We had breakfast at Athol, a small village. The hotel people did not give us milk to our tea, and we felt a good deal aggrieved; but presently our driver Gideon glided in with an air of mystery, and quietly handed us a cup of the lacteal fluid. He had gone to the rear premises and surreptitiously milked the cow! Then while the horses were having their oats we went across the road to have a talk with the blacksmith. This worthy possessed strong views on the land laws, had sledge-hammer opinions on squatters, talked of Athol farmers as being trodden under the iron heel of one man, worked himself into a white heat over local mismanagement, and blew a whole bellowsful of wrath against the Provincial Council. We had begun to feel interested in his clanging conversation, when Gideon was ready to start, and we had to say good-bye.

We drove towards Kingstown, the township at the south end of Lake Wakatip. The road lay through continuous chains of mountains. Along their base ran strange terraces or mounds, supposed to be the banks of some ancient lake. Now and then these struck out across the valley from each side, and met near the middle, leaving only a small opening for us to go through—like railway embankments with space for a stone bridge. Mountains rose round about us—crags with jutting slaty rocks that caught boldly the slanting rays of the sun—mountain slopes lined with watercourses converging into a central cavity, like the impress on top of a quartern loaf—and hills with soft-swelling, graceful slopes, whose harshness seemed to be concealed beneath the covering of grass, like the faintly-seen outlines of veiled sculpture. One chain was unspeakably grand, uplifting itself far above all around—a sloping range vertebrated with peaks, a twin peak here, another there, then a large molar peak, then another double fang—the range bursting into climax in the highest peak of all weighted with a mass of snow.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Lake District—The Arrow River Diggings—Oamaru—Perilous Fording of the Waitaki.

OTAGO, like England, Scotland, and Ireland, has its well-defined lake district. The more important lakes are Hawea, 48 square miles in extent; Wanaka, 75; Wakatip, 112; and Te Anau, 132. The scenery of this region is regarded by some travellers as scarcely second in grandeur to the Swiss lakes. We sailed up Lake Wakatip from Kingstown to Queenstown, a distance of twenty-two miles, in a laughably small steamer. The pole of our coach had to project over the side like a studding-sail-boom. The lake seemed about three miles wide—a calm extent of water bounded at first by massive mountains that came abruptly down to the water's edge. These could not have been less than three thousand feet high, and nearly all of equal height, walling in the water on both hands. On one side, the ranges were in deep shadow—on the other, flooded with sunshine. By-and-by the shadows of the mountains, which had previously lain concealed upon the lake, crept stealthily up the sunny shore, quietly scaling up and gradually taking possession of the heights. Close to the summit of the range, the aggrandising shadows were met by a bright red glow, the rearguard of the retreating sun, which seemed to linger and struggle for the small vantage-ground till forced off by the overwhelming darkness that settled on the hills.

We had tea served on deck by the attentive captain. First, the captain came struggling up with a large tin tea-pot holding two quarts. Then he recollected a knife was wanted, and down he clattered for that. Then he remembered the butter—then the tea-spoons—then the milk. Then cups were wanted, and last of all, he came up puffing with a huge calico bag of sugar, telling us breathlessly to "be thankful for what we had, there's

some poor fellows on shore here who don't get their meals quite so regularly." As he spoke, the steamer headed towards a point of land, behind which rose a column of blue smoke—a signal from those on shore, for there were men here, working in the bush, whose only communication with the outer world was by the boat. There appeared a hut, and a large fire, while on an extreme pinnacle of rock stood a man, towards whom a boat went off from the steamer with a well-stocked canvas bag of provisions. The man caught the sack, waved a hurried good-bye, and scrambled up the rocks. This scene was looked down upon by a most stupendous piece of scenery—a mountain of cliffs, one piled above another—mighty blocks of rock, cemented together with bush and brushwood, and towering in blackness to the giddy height of five thousand feet. This awe-inspiring sheer headland is one of the "sights" of Lake Wakatip. The scenery was on so large a scale that the steamer appeared to be motionless. The last place touched at was a gloomy little bay, where were to be taken in a number of pigs, owned by two Chinese passengers going up to hold their great New Year Jubilee at Queenstown. The boat was long in returning. "Hurry up with them grunters!" roared the captain. "All right!" exclaimed a voice on shore, "we're hard at work catchin' 'em!" Then followed a period of discord—soprano shrieks, counter-tenor screams, bass grunts—this porcine part-music occupying about twenty minutes, at the end of which a boat-load of pigs came alongside—the two Chinamen stroking the pigs fondly as they were deposited on deck. We reached Queenstown, which lay in a sombre basin of mountains, and appeared a cheerful community of street-lamps. Upon landing we were assailed by a score of lanterns, one lantern quarrelling with another over our effects, and a good-natured bull's-eye conducting us to the hotel, where we were ushered to our rooms by a civil and obliging candle. The house was kept by a German, and nearly every room was ornamented with a picture of the Emperor William.

Next morning was sunny and cloudless. Opening the glass

doors of the parlour, we stepped out on the balcony and beheld a view of striking beauty. On one side are the "Remarkables," the double peaks of a precipitous range 7,688 feet high, flecked with snow, and looking cold and distant, soaring as it were through rarefied air—a wall of granite scarred by torrents of melted snow—in form like some vast wrinkled iceberg drifted from lonely polar seas. All around are giants of 6,000, 7,000, and 8,000 feet, while the head of the lake is crowned with the glaciers of Mount Earnshaw, 9,200 feet high. The various moods of the lake this day were wonderful. At first there was absolute stillness, and so perfect was the reflection that the eye could scarce detect the rim of the beach. Bush, house, sail, boat, and mountain-side were all in perfect duplicate. A wedge of sky, that came down between the meeting spurs of the mountains, was reproduced as an outspread fan of light in the clear lake. Then a storm burst with massive clouds, high wind, and curling waves. Towards evening the scene was superb, for the setting sun filled the sky with crimson, shed a mellow pink hue upon the mountains, and transformed Lake Wakatip into a vermillion sea. Then at night, as the sky cleared, the stars shone bright on the lake like trickling drops of light, and the ranges stood in dark shadowy masses against the star-lit sky, mere silhouettes of their former selves, while a red raging bush-fire blazed far across the lake, and, with the help of one or two straggling clouds, feebly imitated the sunset of a few hours before.

Next day we ascended a spur of Ben Lomond, a mountain overlooking the town. We had to haul ourselves up, hand over hand, by tufts of grass and bracken, and after two hours' hard climbing attained the summit. Queenstown appeared below us, a cluster of microscopic houses peopled by black specks, with a white tortuous road winding behind it like a serpent about to enclose the town within its folds. Away to the left stretched a deep black gorge, gloomy, silent, and desolate, whose further extremity reached a faint silvery vision of snowy peaks; and wandering through it was the lonely track that led to the gold-diggings in the ice-bound fastnesses of the

Shotover River. The whole scene was indelibly photographed upon our minds.

The descent of this Ben Lomond spur was the hardest work of all. It took us an hour to reach town, and we did not waste time either. We slid, tumbled, and sprawled—botanized involuntarily over ferns—culled helplessly large bushes of bracken—were scratched by prickly "Wild Irishmen," and tortured by spike-leaved plants. Down we came, each of us riding on an avalanche of earth. Two or three times we stopped ourselves on the very edge of steep rocks, some thirteen feet high, which we had to descend, holding on by the grass that grew in the fissures. One of us, luckily at a small rock, could not stop himself in time, and clutched at a rotten bush, but it came away with him and he shot over, gliding down in a halo of rubbish, somersaulting over some interlaced grass, and disappearing head foremost into a gully where we could hear his voice dolefully amongst the ferns. We hauled him out and found his scratches few and harmless. It is needless to say we followed no system in coming down. Every one shifted for himself, one very often beneath the other, which was sometimes dangerous. Once a loud cry came from my brother highest up, and a large slaty stone flew down revolving on its sharp edges. My brother below seeing it bounding directly towards him, rolled over and over to one side, lay flat and covered his ears with his hands till the stone crashed harmlessly past. With such-like adventures we got to the bottom of this really precipitous mountain-side.

At Queenstown we started on our tour through the gold-towns which lie in the great gorges of Otago. Driving to Arrowtown, we saw a solitary white spire crushed between half-a-dozen converging hill-spurs—then, as if by magic, a long row of iron roofs sprouted out of the earth, the houses blossoming by degrees into sight, till a full-blown street, with squat shops, big signs, and chaotic mining, developed into view. Arrowtown lies in a wild spot, where high cliffs descend sheer to the Arrow River, bearing traces of many a "fresh." A rise in the river washes down auriferous deposits to Arrow-

town—the floods feed it with gold. Arriving at the hotel, we saw a cluster of men in the bar gazing rapturously at a large nugget which a lucky miner was holding in his hand. It weighed thirteen ounces, and was worth about £40. The owner handed it to us, telling us to feel its weight, while we congratulated him on his good fortune, and wished him "many happy gold returns."

On the way to Cromwell the road wound along one side of the precipitous Kawarau Gorge, the first touch of real gorge scenery we had experienced. It was not altogether a time of pleasantness, for the road was without exception the dustiest we ever travelled. The wheels went down to the axles, while we got out and walked with invisible feet. The road wound through the gorge at a height of three hundred feet, and at the Arrow Bluff it was fully four hundred feet above the dark-green Kawarau river, which seemed to be sluggishly moving far below, though in reality foaming along a rocky cliff-locked channel. Rounding corners, we would abruptly come face to face with great shoulders of hills, apparently instinct with life, slowly sinking as we descended, gradually heightening as we rose, and suddenly steadying themselves as we turned and drove straight towards them. Not long before this, a coach and horses had fallen over into the abyss and they were never seen again. It is pleasant to add that the driver and passengers somehow managed to clamber off before the vehicle turned over.

We passed, during our drive, three mountain torrents of different characters, which the miners have shown by calling them the Weeping Lizzie, the Roaring Meg, and the Gentle Annie. You may miss seeing Lizzie or Annie but you cannot escape Meg—a rumbling, raging, scolding stream, her utterance half-choked by stones and boulders, which change her steady flow of eloquence into loud, foaming incoherence. At a steep "pinch" or hill my father got out and walked ahead of the coach. Turning a corner he was met by a man on horseback, who said "good morning" to him in an astonished tone, and then added, "Excuse me, but really it is *so* strange, so *very*

unusual to see a respectable person like you walking—very strange indeed." But when the coach came in sight the stranger rode off quite relieved.

At our concert in Cromwell no less than a score of children in arms had to be refused admission, which gave rise to some grumbling. I may here state that our usual charges for admission were, 3s., 2s., and 1s. in the larger towns, but in the country, owing to the smallness of the halls and the cost of travel, the "popular bob" had to be dispensed with—the public never objected to this, in fact at Cromwell the "small prices" were more than once complained of. One miner went the length of telling us that "he felt quite insulted at the cheap prices of the show." The hotel at Cromwell was infested with rats. In the early morning my father was awakened by the noise they made, and discovered a large rodent trying to drag one of his dress boots through a hole.

At Clyde the town clerk was in the thick of census taking. He called at the hotel. The printed form was very exhaustive, for there were regulations as to Maoris and half-castes, as to Chinamen and their wives, as to religious sects, education, sickness, infirmity, and other interesting matters. We were greatly amused on reading the schedule to see that one lodger in the hotel had put down his religious denomination as that of "boiler maker," and that he was suffering from the infirmity of the "Free Church of Scotland." The census-taker had to go into the queerest and remotest of places. "To-day" he said, "I intend to visit one family only; then it will take me two days to reach the next, just a quarter of a mile off as the crow flies; they're so separated by creeks and mountains." Census-taking is no enviable task here—through gorges instead of streets, and up hills instead of stairs!

Two or three miles from our next stage we observed on a rock, a flaming poster of our entertainment—a gleam of colour in the lonely landscape, though to be deprecated as a violation of the picturesque. The place was pitted with holes. These frequently form the grave of some unfortunate "hatter," as a man who works alone and has all his property "under his hat"

is called. The earth "caves in" on the solitary digger—he is crushed to death—and the folks think he has left for some other place, till one day another "prospector" unearths a pick and a skeleton.

On the way to Otepopo we were overtaken by a man on a scrubby red horse. He had a fiddle by his side, and told us he had been out playing at a country dance the previous night. "I'm the boy for the Scotch reels," said he; "ay, an' I like a' kinds o' Scotch music; eh, man, my twa favourite Scotch tunes are Auld Robin Gray an' the Auld Hunder!" and with his old fiddle slung behind him like the harp of the Minstrel Boy, he put spurs to his shaggy steed and disappeared over a hill. We passed the village of Hampden, where harvest had put an end to education, the schoolmaster having gone off to help his brother to get in his crop.

The following day saw us at Oamaru, a sea-port town seventy-five miles north of Dunedin, and the chief town of Northern Otago. It is backed by the greatest wheat-growing district in New Zealand. The town is situated on an open roadstead. At the south side an arm of land stretches out with a headland at the end of it, to which they are at present building a long index-finger—the new breakwater of Oamaru. Ships have to discharge their cargo by means of surf-boats We saw a schooner unloading in the roads. A long cable stretched from the vessel, and on this a surf-boat was threaded like a shuttle, the crew hauling themselves backward and forward. There was a great swell on, and the boat pitched fearfully, one time completely hidden, the next standing high against the sky.

The people here are very Scottish, as we found during our four concerts. On the Saturday night the town was full of harvesters, who came in large numbers to the hall. We met here a Scotsman who was a great admirer of reel-tunes, and who at various times treated us to a large number of songs set to Highland dance-music.

"The Waitaki is up!" was the news we received in Oamaru. This river had to be crossed on our journey northward into the province of Canterbury. Word came that it was barely forda-

ble, a hot wind having melted the snows on the Ranges, and swollen the mountain torrents. This river is 120 miles long, and has its source in the Southern Alps, not far from Mount Cook, 13,000 feet high, and the monarch of New Zealand mountains. The Waitaki is the boundary-line between Scotch Otago and English Canterbury, so that "Both sides of the Waitaki" may come to be as suggestive a phrase as "Baith sides o' the Tweed."

A drive of fourteen miles brought us to the river, where we waited three hours, watching through a glass one or two houses on the opposite shore, about a mile off. At length a boat approached. The head ferryman, who was trying to discover a ford for the coach, came slowly across on horseback. He was a Norwegian named Müller—a big-built giant of a man, with a long red beard, flannel shirt, and tweed trousers. By his orders the luggage was taken out of the coach and put into the boat. Then, after my father, my mother, and my two sisters had taken their places, they were safely rowed across.

The coach was not equally fortunate. Our driver, though sustained greatly by a dram he had taken at a cottage; was in great terror of the water, a brother of his having not long before been drowned whilst crossing an Otago river. Had it not been that my cousin and I went on the box as company, he would assuredly have thrown up the reins. It was certainly far from pleasant to see the grey current rolling past us at six knots an hour, and know that next minute we were to trust ourselves to its uncertain depths. The Norwegian was mounted on a bare-backed white horse, so as to be ready any moment for a swim. Gideon cracked his whip, and we splashed in, the rear being brought up by Robert and James on the saddle-horses. The coach gave a severe pitch, and a substantial wave came over the box-seat. The two on horseback had a bad time of it. James, who rode a black pony, was every moment expecting to be carried away; but he got at last under the lee of the large horse, and felt safer. Müller tied a rope to the leading horses, to guide us round some awkward places—a proceeding which kept us continually on the alert;

for once or twice he turned us sharply on the "lock" of the coach, and we felt the vehicle lifting for an overturn in the river.

Another shingle-spit was gained, and Müller again peered about for a ford, but the bottom was lost a few feet from the edge. We drove in at random, the Norwegian keeping close alongside our leading horses. All at once his white horse sank to the belly, and in a second the coach had crashed down into the deep water. We had gone but a few yards farther when Müller suddenly threw up the leading-rope into the air, flung his hand back warningly, and sank with an ominous plunge, almost at our feet into an unknown depth of water. Horse and rider were swept before our terrified gaze away down the river. Clutching the bridle firmly in his left hand, the ferryman made a lunge with his right, caught the mane and held grimly on, while the horse swam strongly and brought him at last to a small point of land. The coach had been arrested on the brink of a hidden terrace. We trembled for the slightest movement of the horses; but luckily they stood like statues despite the water surging up violently against their sides. Müller made his appearance again, all dripping but hopeful, and got us out of our predicament by a sharp turn of the coach—telling us afterwards, in proof of the shifting nature of the channel, that he had crossed easily at this very place only the day before. When we arrived on the shore we found an hour had been occupied in fording, an experience that cost us thirty shillings. The Norwegian told us he had been ten years at this, had been swept off that same old white horse many and many a time, and had frequently to swim for his life. We would advise no one with weak nerves to ford a swollen river in New Zealand. A few days after, a number of passengers were fording this same Waitaki, when their coach upset and a "female magician" was drowned. We afterwards saw in the Christchurch cemetery, many graves of persons who had perished while crossing rivers. The inscriptions, which came home to us in all their force, included such texts as "A horse is counted but a vain thing to save a man."

CHAPTER IX.

The Canterbury Plains—Christchurch—A Waterloo Veteran—Wellington.

THIS adventure was succeeded by a journey of twelve miles through pastoral country. There are some large "runs" in this neighbourhood. A story is told of a squatter who, in a towering passion, ordered one of his men to leave—"Away off at once!" cried he; "get off my run this minute!" "What!" exclaimed the object of his wrath, calmly pulling out his watch, —this minute! Why, I couldn't do it if I were to rush at a break-neck pace for three hours on end!" We reached Waimate, our first experience of a Canterbury township—a collection of neat cottages, painted a light salmon-colour. Next day we travelled to Timaru, where we said good-bye to our genial driver Gideon. It subsequently transpired that he made "something handsome" out of his return journey to Dunedin, as he picked up a batch of Chinamen on the road and brought them into town—or rather to the outskirts; for, as he said, "I wasn't a-going to be seen drivin' home with a lot o' Chinee diggers!"

We prosecuted our journey to Christchurch by "Cobb's coach." Inside the vehicle was a young lady barnacled over with bundles. The other passenger was an elderly gentleman with a red face and grey moustache—to all appearance a Crimean officer—who was called "the Doctor" by everybody we met. A few miles out we came to a public-house. The driver handed the reins to the farmer, then slowly toiled into the bar. Three minutes elapsed. Out he came, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "What'll you have, Jack?" said he to a man on the box "Oh, I don't know—I'll try a shandigaff." The Crimean gentleman emerged from the coach. "And what'll you take, Doctor?" "Oh, a sherry 'll do me, thank you." After a while the driver and the doctor, followed

by a foul-speeched swagman, returned from the bar. The driver goutily ascended to the box, rheumatically took the reins, serenely filled his pipe, nodded in a careless way to a friend at the door, and commenced an enthralling stable conversation. The military doctor crawled into the coach, and the swagman, uttering threats at some one in the public-house, reeled out, pitched his blankets inside the coach, and took his seat beside them. The mail slowly jogged off once more. We passed by plantations of gum trees, rows of bright yellow stacks, corn fields hedged with gorse, green meadows, and a wide level plain far beyond—the grey road extending away ahead, till the unclouded sky came down like a bright blue blade, and severed it at the horizon. In time we reached Temuka, where the same drinking programme was gone through.

Drinking here is fostered by the appearance and number of the "hotels." "Hotel" sounds more respectable than "public-house." The bars are opener, more numerous, and less clandestine-looking than at home. Colonial Bill, when he beckons his chum Tom to have a "nobbler" over the way, is only increasing his long-established fame for good-fellowship. The digger, when he leaves his lonely gully and comes down to civilisation, has a "blow-out" with his friends—so has the shepherd when he pockets his cheque for some months' work, and leaves for a while the solitude of a sheep-station. No company of average men assembles, but some one "shouts" or "stands" drinks all round. Mr. Black meets Mr. White, whom he has not seen for a whole week, and the consequence is a couple of "drinks." Jones has something particular to say to Robinson about the weather—they step "across the road." Smith settles an account with Brown, and "two nips of brandy" are immediately called for. "Nobblers" act as the receipt-stamps of business. It is but fair, however, to state that there is a considerable absence of staggering drunkenness. There is more of what we might call casual conviviality, but it cannot be said there is more intemperance in the colonies than in the mother-country.

We stayed two days at Temuka and then caught the next coach, which left at eight in the morning. The track lay through a continuous sea of grass. Some passengers in the front part of the coach became extraordinarily happy, taking at frequent intervals a bottle out of a black bag. The jolly company established a "dog-watch," which meant that every dog met in with was to be the signal for a drink all round. The first seen was a boundary-dog chained to a break in a fence to prevent sheep straying from one run to another. It was a fierce, leaping, howling brute, with teeth like tusks and brown matted hair that flapped in long ragged strips over its back and over its eyes. It was fastened to a wooden kennel, and within the radius of its tether were red fleshy bones of sheep, a skull and half-crunched ribs, which the dog dragged rattling around with its chain as it wheeled and bounded furiously at the coach. Poor boundary-dogs, what a life they lead!—no society, nothing but an occasional coach to remind them of the outside world. They are said even to bark at a passing shower by way of variety!

In the middle of the plains we drew up alongside a post on which was nailed what looked like a small writing-desk. The driver leant out, lifted the lid, took out a small leather bag and drove off. It was a bush post-office—a very private letter-box belonging to some sheep-station. Then the horses as if by mutual consent, took it into their heads to "bolt." With vigorous gallop they careered along the plain. The team was guided off the road, and the frantic animals swept round in an immense circle on the plain. All fear and anxiety gave place at last to curiosity. "How long would they keep it up?" For nearly a quarter of an hour they dragged the coach round and round; but at the end of that time they sobered down to a smart trot, and all steaming and sweating, they were headed back to the road. A passenger was picked up—an open-faced young Irishman. "Ach! this country is no good," said he, "the best of the land's all taken up, and you can't get work when you want it—and little enough wages, too." Cross-examining him, we learned that he had been five weeks at

harvesting and was £25 in pocket. "Troth, that's a fact," said he; "I cleared five pounds a week. You see I'm one of those chaps that's always grumbling, and don't know when they're well off." Leaving Ashburton, where we had dinner, we passed paddocks of green grass, marshalled round in military fashion with sentinel poplars, outside of which bristled like bayonets the fixed blades of the flax. Eighteen miles of dull plains, a thirty miles' night-ride on a railway, and we sighted the street-lamps of Christchurch.

We got into a real English cab. The driver was a stout, garrulous old man, who, ere we had driven thirty yards, said he was a Herefordshire man, and had struggled long in the province. "I've 'ad my ups and downs," said he, "an' worked 'ard in my time, but, (giving his horse a crack of the whip), I'm blowed if I ever 'ad such easy work as this!" The cab turned into a quiet part of the town, consisting of detached houses, walled gardens, and numerous white gateways, and presently landed us at a verandahed hotel, surrounded with trees. The waiters brought us the numbers of our rooms. Candle in hand, I walked down a long passage, looking for No. 36. No. 7, No. 8, No. 9—10, 11, 12—confound it!—17, 18, 19—no appearance of 36 here! Back again, and along another corridor, with a narrow channel, dangerous to navigate from the numerous reefs of boots lying on either hand—alas! here was the end of the passage—50, 51, 52. What was to be done? As a last resource I darted off to some rooms by themselves—70, 80, 81,—no use! Getting hold of the waiter, he exclaimed, as an idea seemed to flash on him—"Oh! I know where you've gone wrong! open the door of No. 12 bed-room, and that will show a long passage—go straight down that!" Doing all this, I came to Nos. 23, 26, 30, 35——but no 36. Arriving at a small staircase, there at the bottom of it was the long-sought-for number! When I had shut the door, what was my surprise to see across the room another door. The apartment resembled those of old German inns, associated with robbery, murder, and ghost stories, where the door handle slowly turns, and a mysterious white figure

glides in upon the tenant of the room—Ha! the handle of this door really *did* begin to turn, and a man in a white glazed coat stepped suddenly into the floor—"What? are you 33 too? demanded he, pointing to that number on *his* door. "No!" I exclaimed, pointing to *my* door—"I'm 36!" Tableau. We both laughed heartily, and each took one of the two beds that occupied the room.

Christchurch has about 10,000 of a population and is a fine mellow city. The streets are named after Church of England bishoprics, and the asphalte pavements are sheltered with glass-roofed verandahs. Small reserves of English elms delight the eye at frequent intervals, and every vista ends in clumps of willows. There is a freedom of style, an air of saying, "This is a street certainly—it cannot altogether be disguised—but everything has been done to make you believe otherwise." In one quarter we came upon a cluster of flesh-coloured wooden houses, with high peaked gables, hanging eaves, and panelled fronts outlined in brown—like theatrical cottages or old English hostelries—with attics, too, goggling out of the steep roof like staring eyes, as if the houses were in great wonder at the more modern buildings around.

The hotel was excellent—the charges moderate, as in most New Zealand hotels. Eight to ten shillings a day is the usual charge for a single person—boarders by the week pay two guineas. The servants were all English. Instead of the Bridget and Molly of Melbourne, or the Jessie and Maggie of Dunedin, we had Sarah, Susan and Mary Jane. The boarders were chiefly clerks, bank managers, families on visits, squatters and squatters' sons. Some of the young gentlemen spent the day in playing billiards or hanging round the smoking-room; others in shooting, boating, and cricketing. Once a party of them came home in a lamentable, almost ludicrous plight—one run over by a waggonette, another with his arm in a sling, and a third fearfully lame from football. In a day or two however, they were all up and doing—nothing. A few steps from the hotel was the pretty little River Avon, its banks sheltered by heavy-plumed willows, that threw their dense

shadows upon the stream. Near here were the public gardens enclosed in a pear-shaped loop of this River Avon. The walks, dotted with rustic seats, were exquisite. A small park contained a number of deer so tame as to troop round and eat out of one's hand. In the centre of a grassy reserve forming part of the gardens stands the Museum, a spacious building under the directorship of the well-known Dr. Haast.

One day a Waterloo veteran called on us. He was a physical wonder—eighty-four years of age, yet straight as a poker, with a fine head and bold features. He launched at once into anecdote and reminiscence—telling us, in one continuous stream, the principal events of his life. He was born in Fife, but had Highland kinsfolk—enlisted early as a soldier, and lodged at the house of Mrs. Grant of Laggan—knew Jamie Hogg, and used to "blow up" Nathaniel Gow for his "new-fangled" arrangements of reels—went all through the Peninsular War, learned Gaelic from the Highlanders on the heights of Montmartre, plunged into the gaieties of Paris, fought at Waterloo, and had been on half-pay since 1817. We seemed to be shaking hands with the past. The veteran, however, was as full of the present as any one of the rising generation—explained the land laws of the colony, spoke of "ceevilisation" as "deevilisation," and, with "kindling fury in his breast," inveighed against the reigning follies of the day. Suddenly, like the great Alexander, his mood changed, for, seeing a fiddle lying on the table, he snatched it up, and dashed at once into a most inspiring strathspey. Then he took a breath, said something more about Nathaniel's bad arrangement of reels, picked up his stick, made a salute, and went towards the door; but abruptly stopped, wheeled round, and gave us the whole of the sword exercise in a most masterful style—then made another salute, went off in double-quick time, and strode erect, with martial step, down the gravel walk in front of the hotel. This vigorous old man was like a great gulp of mountain air in this placid city of Christchurch.

Being a Church of England settlement, you are apt to imagine this town more English than it really is. At one time, in-

deed, the Canterbury Pilgrims, as the early settlers were called, "ruled the roast" in social matters. Those who came out in the "first four ships" were looked up to by later arrivals. To have "come over with the Conqueror" bade fair to pale in face of having "come over in one of the first four ships." But the old worthies are dying out now; and on great social occasions, or at public meetings, the "fifth and sixth ship" people have to be brought in to do the honours. Scotchmen have now become largely part and parcel of the community, and English people playfully introduce quaint Scotch words and phrases into their conversation. Even the French man-cook at the hotel, when we asked him how he was, burst out briskly with, "Ha! eem per-r-rawlee, zenk you for zheeren!" We were told that of all the mayors who have held office in the city, two only have not been Scotch.

We left Port Lyttelton for Wellington in a steamship 286 tons. The passengers were chiefly commercial men, several folks on urgent business, one or two going to attend some meeting or market—in short, persons who had to travel, and could not help it. We did not see in New Zealand so many people on pleasure trips, or on friendly visits, as we would have observed in the old country. Steamboat accommodation was not in a very matured state on the New Zealand coast. The vessels were small, often over-crowded, and not very punctual.

In the course of the morning, after the steamer was fairly on its way, some of the passengers gathered into a group and amused each other with "yarns of the sea." One man related an incident that occurred to his friend Brown, when, upon arriving from England at Port Lyttelton, the passengers drank the health of the vessel. Brown, a water-drinker, being asked to partake, said, "No! I'm a teetotaler; but (with a jaunty air), I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in!" His friend disappeared, and returned with a tumbler of water. After a complimentary mumble, Brown gulped it off at once, but immediately spluttered out, "Ugh!—ah—ow!—this is—ooh!—Epsom, Gregory—what—what the materia medica is this?" "That?" exclaimed his friend;

"why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in!" Of course there was a loud laugh at this story, which encouraged another man to burst out with "Ha, ha, ha—talking of drinking, the ship I came out in had a captain and mate who were continually quarrelling on the voyage. They fought it out in the log-book. The captain wrote down one evening, 'Mate drunk to-day,' which the mate no sooner saw next morning than he scribbled underneath, 'Captain sober to-day!' Had him there!" With stories like these the time passed pleasantly. The shores of the South Island became indistinct, and presently there was sighted the entrance to Port Nicholson, the harbour of Wellington—a rugged mouth, armed on the western shore by sharp rocky teeth, between which were sticking the bones of several vessels wrecked during a gale.

Port Nicholson is seven miles long and five miles broad. Wellington is built on a fringe of land, backed by hills like Dunedin. It is the capital of New Zealand, and has 10,675 inhabitants. Imagine a timber-built metropolis! Wellington, being subject to earthquakes, is constructed entirely of wood. Grand towers, steeples, balconies, and shop-fronts are seen at every turn—all wooden, but having quite an "imposing" look even when you are close to them. We lived at the Empire Hotel, a building formerly a theatre, so there was plenty of space everywhere. The water of the harbour came close to the hotel and lapped the stone foundations, putting us greatly in mind of the amphibious houses of Lerwick, in Shetland.

No one who intends making Wellington his home need be frightened at the earthquakes. The shocks at Wellington are as distinct from the earthquakes of South America as a breeze is from a typhoon. Wellington is the centre of atmospheric as well as terrestrial disturbances. The blasts blow over the harbour remorselessly. As a Dunedin man it is said, can be told by his stoop, as if climbing hills; so a Wellington man is known abroad by the mechanical way he screws up his eyes and claps his hand on his hat! Every night we saw about as queer a way of lighting street lamps as could well be imagined.

A rattle of hoofs was heard and a man cantered up on horseback to a lamp-post. He drew bridle, rose up, stood on the saddle like a circus-rider, struck a match, lit the lamp, sank once more into the stirrups and galloped noisily off—the rapidly-increasing lights bearing testimony to the quickness of this novel system.

Here we saw Maories for the first time in any numbers. We met a native in velvet coat, light tweed trousers, and white hat, with silver-headed cane and heavy gold chain, and tattooed so that you could scarcely distinguish his eyes. He looked as if he owned thousands of acres, as perhaps he did, or as if he were a member of Parliament, as perhaps he was, for there are four Maories now in the Assembly—two on the Government benches, and two on the Opposition. Maories are worldly wise and take care of their broad acres, leasing them well or selling them at a goodly price. Many of the natives are rich, have large farms, and bring their crops to market as regularly as any of the settlers. The Maories are well-built fellows with brown skin, black straight hair, sharp eyes and high cheek-bones. The older natives bear the tatoo marks. As for the women when young they have a kind of comeliness, but they age fast and are inveterate smokers.

Two of the churches in Wellington are Presbyterian. One pulpit was filled by a clergyman from Ayrshire, from whom we heard a sound practical sermon on the text, "Look also on the things of others," in the course of which he urged his congregation "to go down to the wharf when a vessel appears, take notice of the numerous immigrants arriving on their shores, speak kindly to them, and shelter them if necessary, or at all events give them cordial welcome to this strange, new land." One should not miss seeing the Museum, which is worthy a visit, if only for the sake of the memorials of the Maori war. But even more interesting to us was the "Maori House," which has lately been added to the building. It was built in 1842 by the Ngatikaipoho tribe, as a monument to the memory of a departed chief. The walls were ornamented by thirty-two heads of celebrated Maories, carved out of totara

wood—hideous faces, carved and tattooed out of all trace of human lineaments, as if the originals had died from an eruption of filigree ornament. The big eye-sockets were filled in with green mother-of-pearl shells, which glistened horribly after us as we moved about the room. The heads are supposed to be true portraits of different individuals—to us they were all as like as two peas—but the Maories may have as much imagination as is required when we wander past the "long line of kings" in the Picture Gallery of Holyrood.

The Houses of Parliament are as grand as it is possible for wood to make them. We were taken over the buildings by Mr. M'Coll, the Government librarian, a warm-hearted Scotsman, who showed us repeated kindnesses during our stay. A large sum of money is to be spent on Parliament buildings; but uncertainty prevails about constructing them more substantially, as at any moment an earthquake might "make a motion" in the House. We were fortunate enough to be present at two sittings. Across the House from us sat two of the Maori members who find a place in the Assembly. One tattooed statesman rose, and spoke regarding "A Committee on Native Grievances"—gobbled in fiery Maori accents, while a prosaic interpreter coldly translated his clauses into English. Another night we heard Premier Vogel deliver his "Budget Speech." One of the benches was occupied by our strange trio of the previous evening. One native leant over one end of the seat fast asleep, the other also snored full length, while on the limited space between them sat the interpreter, with folded arms and closed eyes. The cause of this somnolency no doubt lay in the fact that nothing more important than Immigration and the state of the Exchequer was on the tapis, to the exclusion of all Maori grievances!

One of our mornings was taken up by a gossip with a very old but well-preserved gentleman from the Hutt. Like the veteran we met in Christchurch, he was interested in events that had long passed into history. His conversation was musty—he seemed to be speaking in old-face type. He was a university-bred Edinburgh man—was acquainted with men

that were friends of Burns—knew "Chloris" and "Clarinda," and spoke of the Potterow as quite a fashionable street. His antique gossip was interspersed with fragments of Scottish songs, but always the versions that have become almost obsolete. In bidding him good-bye, we felt like losing our hold on the link of a chain that stretched back into "auld lang syne."

In the colonies a person's home-yearnings lie considerably in a culinary direction. An example came before us here of a courageous but inexperienced lady trying to please her Scottish husband by making a haggis! We had the thrilling story from her own lips. After prolonged research, the ingredients were all carefully collected and prepared. Then a female friend was called into consultation. Plump! went the globular mass into the pot. A mutual smile of triumph spread over the faces of the two ladies, but it was quickly changed to an expression of dismay as they saw the unlucky haggis floating on the top! Strenuous efforts were made to poke it down, but the national dish obstinately persisted in its attempts to prove itself light eating. The despairing operators latterly called in an experienced woman from next door, who counselled them to puncture the pudding with a fork. This done, to the joy of all concerned, the offending haggis "sank beneath the wave." After some hours boiling, it was dished, but the result proved utter failure, for the haggis was unfit to eat, and was viewed with a distaste which not even a strong love of country could successfully overcome.

We had an interesting drive to the Hutt Valley in a cab, the glazed side-curtains of which had been blown to pieces a day or two before by a violent gale. At Ngahauranga we were shown where stood in former years the pah of Waripori, an influential Maori; but its strength and glory have long since decayed, and all that is seen on the hillside now is the monument to the great chief—his once formidable war-canoe, half buried, prow up, in the earth that covers his remains. The Hutt Valley is a quiet place, shaded by steep hills, and fertile —the scene of the first serious Maori outbreak—known to old

colonists as "Heke's War." During the few hours of our visit we met my father's aunt and some other distant relations; met also a man who was the only surviving member of a large family murdered by the Maories. We went into a general store, the keeper of which had been thirty-four years here, and had led a peaceable life with the natives. He had not much to say against them; they trusted him, or rather he "trusted" them. It would seem the only way to gain the confidence of a savage is to deal honourably by him. Of course there is another side to the picture. Before the war of 1846, some of the Maories had got largely into debt with the storekeeper, who had been just a little too trusting. After the fighting was over, he ventured to put in his little bill, but it was laughed to scorn. "No, no," said the Maories, "the war pay all!"

Crossing Cook's Straits to Nelson was a rough journey, the steamer encountering the usual gale that blows through what may be termed the "Channel passage" of New Zealand. The spray flew over the vessel; one blast tore a sail into rags. Irishmen, Germans, Chinamen, and Maories filled the fore part of the small steamboat. About dusk we approached the lofty headlands of Queen Charlotte's Sound, up which we steamed to Picton, a port on the way to Nelson. The population is not large, but has swollen 300 during the last three years, owing, as a rival town has it, to a vessel having been wrecked here, and relieved of her passengers! The steamer left Picton at four in the morning, and about breakfast-time neared the "French Pass," which separates an island from the mainland. The sail through the exceedingly contracted passage, with high cliffs on either hand, was very interesting. We could have thrown a biscuit on shore at one side. The steamer entered Blind Bay, and drew up gradually to Nelson. By-and-by we noticed that what we had taken for a long stretching shingle beach began to move past quicker than the coast-line. Of course we concluded that this "beach" was much nearer to us than the shore, and soon found it was the famous Boulder Bank, the natural breakwater to Nelson Harbour.

This strange formation runs for eight miles along the coast, and is supposed to have been washed down from a headland and gradually carried out by the tides.

The town rises on a gentle slope from the harbour. It is cradled amongst hills, and fanned to sleep by warm zephyrs, with its back turned to the winds and the tumult of the Straits. By universal consent it is called the "Garden of New Zealand." The streets of the town are roads—the houses principally peak-gabled wooden houses. From a hill we looked down upon a beautiful view. Nelson lay interspersed with trees. Round about were vineyards with yellow foliage, bright red bushes, elms, beeches, and willows. Little singing streams, crossed by hand-rail bridges, ran into gaps of hawthorn hedges; larks, which are numerous in the province, carolled above us. Blue-roofed cottages were perched on the hill-slopes, with a wealth of flowers in front of them, like baits for more sunshine. The river Matai flowed at our feet, dazzling with broken light, as if it had washed down diamonds and silted them up in its channel. Beyond the town lay the tranquil harbour, lined by the wonderful boulder bank; then farther off, the waters of Blind Bay, a sheet of blazing light. As background stood the first rising of the majestic Alps that occupy the interior of the South Island, with Mount Arthur, 8,000 feet high, towering through the purple mist.

"This is a delicious climate you have here," I happened to say to a Scotch acquaintance; "have you had many days of fine weather lately?" "Ou aye," says he, "it's been real gude *for the last twa year!*"

After seven performances we sailed for Auckland. The steamer left at 11 p.m., and next morning high land was seen on the horizon—Cape Egmont, the principal promontory on the west coast of the North Island. At last the base of Mount Egmont came in sight, the summit being invisible owing to heavy overhanging clouds. Anchor was dropped in the road-stead of Taranaki—a prettily situated town sloping up from the water's edge. The beach was dark-coloured with tons upon tons of iron-sand. The surf rolls heavily on

the beach, and there is sometimes so great risk in landing that the steamboats have to pass without calling in. We thought there was little chance of seeing the great peak, but in half-an-hour or so the wind had blown away the obscuring clouds. The summit towered before us far higher than where our eyes had been fixed. It seemed a mirage-mountain, so lofty, so removed was it from the detracting influences of other heights. Mount Egmont is 8270 feet high, an extinct volcano, and the most perfect cone in New Zealand. A long black band of cloud cut it in half, making it a kind of double mountain—the lower slopes shadowed by the cloud, the summit catching the full rays of the sun, and of a light tawny-brown colour. It came to a very sharp point, or double-lipped crater, containing a blob of snow, some of which had trickled out in small drifts at the narrow mouth of the peak. The steamer left Taranaki late in the afternoon. The dividing belt of cloud vanished, and the full contour of the mountain was displayed. The sun set, the strip of the town faded into the rising mists, and Mount Egmont, now a shadowy mass, was in time swallowed up in the darkness.

In the morning we near the Manukau Heads, the entrance to the western harbour of Auckland, but as the tide signals were against us, we dropped anchor outside. During the detention here, the time was spent in angling. Two or three "schnapper" were brought on board; then a "dog-fish," and afterwards a gurnard, an exquisitely coloured little fish. Lastly, a young man dropping his line over the stern, felt a powerful bite at the hook, and with a tug sufficient to have raised a small whale, he exposed to view a couple of red herring! The bewilderment of the angler provoked general mirth, the laughter even extending to a stiff old gentleman who was on his way to be cured of rheumatism at the Hot Springs of Rotomahana. By this time the tide-signals were in our favour.

Auckland has over 20,000 inhabitants, and occupies the best site of any town in New Zealand. Its principal street is one mile in length and merges into the long wharf that stretches

from the shore. The Waitemata harbour is large and well land-locked. The country round about is volcanic, and saved from being commonplace by its emerald grass, and its strange pink soil. The streets are paved with lava stone, and the side-walks strewn with scoria, or volcanic ash, which crunches beneath your feet. Forming part of the background to Auckland is Mount Eden, a flat-topped, verdant volcanic hill, its slopes ridged with terraces, the remains of Maori earthworks thrown up during old tribal wars. Cartloads of Maori bones, the remnants of Maori feasts, have been dug out of Mount Eden—in reference to which a man gravely assured us that these were being secretly converted into flour, and that we in turn would unwittingly be committing cannibalism under a milder form!

As usual we formed several Scottish acquaintanceships. A man who had done well in the world once grumbled sorely to my father: "Ech," said he, "this colony is no fit for a Scotsman to live in." "How's that?" my father inquired. "Weel, the fac' is," said the pessimist, "I canna get my parritch made to please me!" We received a letter from old Mrs. Nicol, mother of the late Robert Nicol, the celebrated Perthshire poet. She is living 100 miles from Auckland, at Alexandra, in the Waikato district, surrounded by her great-grandchildren—seemingly a hale and hearty old lady, though she must be far advanced in years. We spent an evening at the house of an old Scotch lady, a widow, who had arrived at Auckland in 1841. As she truly said, "What times I've seen!" Her husband and she were tempted to emigrate by the representations of the Great Manukau Company, reaching Auckland only to find that the Company had broken up. The old lady and her husband, who were to have £300 worth of land, only received £80 in script. The ship, too, had been eleven months on the voyage, leaving in November 1840, and arriving October 1841!

In Auckland we saw crowds of Maories, most of them dressed in European clothes. The women were in many cases exceedingly showy. A few had on native shawls and mats, with their hair sticking out from the head like a large-sized

mop. I remember seeing a fashionable Maori lady, with parasol, flowery bonnet, high-heeled boots, and long train, sweeping her silks down Queen Street. On the opposite pavement squatted another Maori woman—squalid, wrapped up in a shabby blanket, and looking the depth of poverty; but, in a burst of friendliness, the Silk Dress hurriedly crossed the street and saluted the Blanket, shaking hands with her and rubbing noses in the most affectionate manner. She then went to a cabstand, hailed a driver, gave the man her address, and stepped loftily into the vehicle.

On the forenoon of the day on which we were to make our first appearance in Auckland, torrents of rain fell, and owing to inadequate sewers, the water flooded the hall. Only after some hours' hard work was the building fairly cleansed, and it was not thoroughly dry until our third concert. The hotel where we put up was not of the cleanest or most comfortable. The presiding genius of the place was an old fossil waiter—his attendant imps, two or three slovenly girls, who were constantly eating bread and jam surreptitiously behind parlour and bedroom doors, and who always answered the call of the old-world waiter with the sound as of a well-crammed mouth. The housekeeper was a young damsel, whose face in the morning was colourless and soapy, her hair hung down to her waist, while she wore a common print dress and a very dirty apron. Later, she appeared in black, with her hair padded up and combed; in the afternoon a ribbon would creep round the chignon, and colour settle on the cheeks; while at night, aha! she came forth in blue silk dress and dark velvet jacket, with lace collar, lace cuffs, a high convolution on the top of her head, and an immense pink bow over her ear. By gradual transformations she thus reached the butterfly climax, but each morning at breakfast she would sink once more into the grub state. We dined in a room where there was a kind of lift, made out of an old flue. The fireplace had folding doors, like a cupboard, and, when these were opened, you would behold your roast coming up on a tray, which was no sooner removed than, perhaps, a dish of vegetables would fly up the chimney to a

corresponding fireplace on the floor above. On Sunday a gale blew from morning till night. During the night I awoke and found that through leakage of rain and strength of wind, the paper on the ceiling and walls had come down and reduced the size of my bedroom to one-half. I was like the man tortured by the Inquisition in a gradually-narrowing cell, and felt as if doomed to be smothered in my sleep.

One night an open-air mass meeting was held to protest against an impending education-tax—the gathering being called together at the instigation of persons destitute of olive-branches, and unfavourable, as they said, to paying for the schooling of their neighbours' children. To support this trenchant argument, a noisy mob of two hundred men and boys clustered round the wooden framework of the fire-bell tower in Queen Street. Each speaker in turn stood on a crossbeam of the structure, and with one arm round a post, hung out over the rabble and poured forth his eloquence. The orators were pure Cockneys, and the first we heard on our arrival was dropping his H's like rain "upon the place beneath," exclaiming: "Look 'ere, now, if you submit to this poll-tax you'll submit to anythink! Is the rose, thistle, and shamrock to be trailed in the gutter? No, no, it ain't—and I ain't agoing to pay no tax. They'll take the limbs from my body fust! What have we come to this country for, eh? To make a livin'—and they won't let us—they want to keep us down. What did we leave Hingland for, eh?" "Sit down—get out of it!" shrieked the crowd, and the speaker drew in his head to make way for his successor. He did not appear for some time, at which the crowd grew so impatient that a boy, stationed on a high vantage-post, had to call out, by way of explanation—"Don't be in a hurry; he's a short man, and they're hysting him up!" The orator, a man of small stature, aided from below by friendly shoulders, scrambled up the trellis-work of the pillar, and breathlessly began his address—"Gentlemen, you're not intending to pay this, are you? I'll also, with my friend here, be torn limb from limb before I pay it. Britons, Britons—

I say Britons—never shall be slaves. No, the flag won't be pulled in the dust; I'll die fust! No, we ain't agoing to stand it. I don't go in for feez-*eekal* force, but in this case I—I'd—I'd resist this poll-tax. If you pay this you'll pay hanythink!" After the brilliant peroration the crowd howled in fearful chorus, one youth in particular making night hideous with his yells—hearing which, some one darted from behind, and, pointing with his finger, eagerly ejaculated, "Never mind that there boy—he ain't been heddicated!" This was the acknowledged hit of the evening, and was received with cheers and laughter—the chairman, in an ecstasy of anxiety to do something, rapping with his cane and shrilly crying out, "Order, gintlemin, order!" Other persons spoke amidst the tumult, a certain man urging loudly "a canvas from 'ouse to 'ouse," but after the great joke of the evening no one was heard with patience. The crowd soon after formed into procession, and advanced towards the Provincial Government Buildings, intending to awe the members. But when they arrived, lo! all was dark, and no one visible, to the intense disgust of the mob, who, after giving their opinion that the people's representatives had hidden themselves under the seats or gone frightened behind the doors, dispersed to their several homes.

CHAPTER X.

En route for the Hot Lakes—Waikato Valley—Rangariri Battlefield—A Military Outpost—A Weary Horse-Ride—A Night in a Maori House.

At Auckland there took place a temporary disintegration of our forces. In the first place my mother sailed for the old country, to pay a visit to the younger members of the family, who had been left at home, and from whom we had now been absent some three years. My mother here drops out of the New Zealand narrative, but she rejoined us on our return to Melbourne. From Auckland my father and sisters went by sea to Napier, a sail of over 500 miles round the east coast in a little steamer. My cousin, my two brothers, and I travelled overland to the same place, passing through the volcanic country of the North Island, with its wonderful hot lakes, geysers, and terraces.

The first section of our trip lay through the Waikato district. I know of nothing so uncomfortable as rising in the early morning to go upon a coach-ride—to leave a snug, warm bed, to see the gas-lamps shining dimly into your room, to hear the far-off crowing of a cock, and to creep into the gloomy, cold, echoing streets. The four-horse coach toiled up Queen Street, and reaching the outskirts of the city sped along a level road. Daylight soon began to appear; the hills were suffused with red; while the sky was covered with graduated colours, blocks of white-peaked clouds standing on the glowing horizon like icebergs on a pink sea. The ground was littered with lava stones like petrified sponges. There was no grass to be seen; nothing but brown and dirty-green fern-covered country. In this part of New Zealand there is no grass; bushes and ferns have full occupation of the soil. The landscape would be common in the extreme, when a lofty grass-tree would step in with its graceful outline against the sky, as if saying, "There!" and the whole country would be transformed at once into a foreign-looking scene.

At Drury we had breakfast and a change of driver, the reins being now handled by a jolly, red-faced Nova Scotian. At Point Russel, or Mercer, we first beheld the Waikato, a noble-looking river, familiar as a household word by its association with the Maori wars. Shortly afterwards, while going up a steep muddy hill, there was a sudden stoppage, a hard kick, a loud crack, and away went the three leaders, dragging the reins out of the driver's hands. "After them, head them!" cried he to the passengers, who had all scrambled out at the first sound of danger, and off we plunged along the hill-side, up to the shoulders in damp, tangled fern—every now and then one of us tripping up and melting out of sight, like a snowflake amongst the billowy expanse of bracken. Latterly the horses were caught in a gully. The harness was repaired after considerable delay, and about an hour afterwards we approached Rangariri, the scene of one of the fiercest conflicts in the New Zealand war. We passed the rifle-pits and trenches of the Maories, but one is not impressed with the idea of a battle-field. On seeing the small earthen grass-grown fortifications, we thought the fight must have been utterly child's-play. But now there is a road where there was then no road, no bush where there was bush, so that it is difficult to realise the full details. The Maories had possession of two pahs, from which they were not dislodged till two hundred men fell, both sides inclusive. The natives were shelled and fired at from the gunboats on the river, and were assailed also from a strong redoubt, into the remains of which earthwork we climbed to eat our lunch.

During the afternoon we passed a group of armed navvies—men who are supposed to join themselves to the constabulary in case of an outbreak, and who were engaged making the Waikato railway, which will do as much to settle the native difficulties as troops of soldiers. There was also to be seen an encampment of the native contingent—Maories who are enrolled as militia at six shillings a day, and who look smart in their foraging caps and steel-buttoned jackets. This employment of the natives is a sop to the great Maori Cerberus.

Flour and blankets are also liberally distributed. The Government, as the saying is, "would rather feed the Maories than fight them." Night set in, and we rumbled alongside the Waikato. In front, the manuka bushes, like grey wraiths lit up by the strong lamps of the coach, glided past into the gloom. With a terrible amount of jolting and splashing we reached Ngaruawahia, which word is the shibboleth of all who aspire to be Maori scholars.

Next morning, after the usual bush-breakfast of sharp-edged coffee, mealy bread, and thick steak underlying a deposit of onions, we drove to Cambridge, 100 miles south-east of Auckland, and the furthest outpost of civilisation in the Waikato Valley. Two hotels, several new stores, and a few houses compose the township. A body of constabulary, a semi-military force, is here. Their redoubt, visible on the top of a hill ten miles distant, possessed a good deal of interest, standing as it does on the confines of the King country, the region of the disaffected Maories. The little village was lively with troopers, constabulary, settlers, and tattooed Maories. At dinner I sat opposite an old grisly native, who had weighty greenstone pendants dragging down the lobes of his ears, while a drunken fellow, feebly dropping his hands each side his chair, leaned his head on my left shoulder. On the other side of the table were two surveyors, the local doctor, and an Irish guide to the Hot Lakes, who spoke the Maori tongue with a rich brogue. We told him our route, and asked if he knew our first stage, Te Whetu. "Tay Fettoo!" he exclaimed—"troth an' I do know that place, for during the war I was captured there as a spy by the Moreys, and the brown daymons tied me to a tree to burn me; but the flax broke that they fastened me with, so I got away, gintlemin, an' that's how I rimimber Tay Fettoo!" We thought this an excellent item for Mayne Reid, and quite equal to Letts's Diary as a means of recollection!

At night, in the hotel parlour, cards were played under the supervision of an inebriated old Maori, who seemed expert at euchre. At the other end of the room a young gentleman played on the piano the "Shadow Dance" from *Dinorah*.

Then a major, with a deep bass voice, sang "I'll always think of thee!" at which the Maories cried "Kapai" (good), additional applause being kept up by a lot of fellows over tumblers of punch. They were all making merry when a "swell" with a comically paralytic eye-glass twitch in his left cheek, ejaculated: "Doocit you know, give us, you at the piano—ah—a song with chorus, perhaps—say the Miserere from Trovatore, and I'll join in!" "Yes!" remarked a toper, raising his head sleepily off the table, "give us the Miseries! darn it, but I like a chorus! give us something with a chorus!" The pianist immediately broke forth into a comic song, which was refrained loudly by everybody, the Maories swinging their arms quite enthusiastically over it. During the height of this, the cook, a red-whiskered Highlander, put his head into the room and beckoned us out to a large armful of sandwiches, to see if these would be sufficient for our journey on the morrow. We had previously made arrangements with a Captain Owen to guide us to the Hot Lakes, and have the horses ready to start early in the morning.

Behold us, at nine o'clock in the morning, leaving Cambridge, in the most laughable of processions. First, the guide, Captain Owen, cantering ahead and dragging after him the grey pack-horse, which wobbled along under its load of tent-canvas, rugs, provisions, bags of oats, and tin-cans, with all the gait and appearance of a dromedary. Then we four adventurers in Indian file, each in his roughest clothes, mounted on the shaggiest of small "scrubbers," with a pannikin and a coil of rope dangling at his saddle-bow. Away we went into the wildness of the unsettled country. No vehicle of any kind had ever disturbed the primitiveness of nature with a wheel-mark. What cared we that the scenery was a dull extent of grassy undulations! The glassy blue sky shone overhead, and our hearts were elated with the excitement and novelty of the situation. On we went, now startling occasional pheasants, now breaking the silence with a song, to the accompaniment of rattling cans and pannikins. Presently we were accosted by a hospitable Maori, who urgently invited us

to rest at his hut, and who seemed disappointed when we had to refuse, owing to the length of our journey. Shortly after there overtook us two other Maories on horseback—one of them crouching in the saddle, with hollow eyes and hectic flush—very ill, as he told our guide, and on the way to his native village to die. The captain said that Maories have not much pluck when in bad health, and soon surrender themselves to an ailment.

There was now a change to wild, broken country. A grand limestone gorge lay beneath us, the precipitous side of which had to be descended by dragging our horses after us. We scrambled down, each followed by rattling stones dislodged by his horse's hoofs, and every now and then literally embraced from behind by the struggling animal's fore-legs. To see the pack-horse sliding down alone, sitting on its hunkers, with its front hoofs planted between its outspread hind-legs, its neck stretching out, the load of bundles swaying and jerking the poor animal from side to side of the descent, might have drawn laughter from a stone. We reached the bottom of an immense cleft, an amphitheatre of white cliffs circling round us, and our eyes overpowered by the glare of the reflected sunlight on the heights above. Winding for some distance along this wall-enclosed, high-ridged basin, we climbed out of it by another abrupt path. The country had at one time been a clear plateau, but by some convulsion of nature had been rent into long fissures.

About half-past one, after thirty miles, we heard the pleasant music of a creek, and it was unanimously agreed to camp. We poured out the oats into our greatcoats, which we had spread as a table-cloth for our hungry chargers. Captain Owen tore up a few handfuls of dry fern, and soon had a good fire burning. Unloading the pack-horse we found that the sugar had mixed itself with the tea, and this put us in a great quandary till we solved the difficulty, or rather dissolved it, by putting the unlucky mixture in one mass into the can! Betimes we reluctantly resumed the journey. Every muscle in our bodies was stiff, and the hard jog-trot of our jaded horses was far from a

joke. But twenty miles more had to be overcome. The Waikato, now a small stream, flowed on our right, every mile or so a little foaming fall. The landscape had quite a military look, what with the broken embattled heights of the table-land, with lower down a mound here, a parapet there, and the river running like a moat at the base of the high natural ramparts. No sign of man or beast, not even the flight of a bird across the blue sky, broke the weary solitudes. As the sun set, lengthening out our shadows up the rising hill-slopes before us, and casting the quaint shadows of peaks, crags, and fragments of rock, we thought ourselves on as lonely a part of the earth's surface as could well be conceived.

Fields of dirty grey manuka scrub, averaging five feet in height, stretched before us. As the horses rushed through this, our feet caught in the tough branches of the manuka, and our knees were violently wrenched. When night set in we laid the bridle on the horses' necks, letting the animals scent out the track as best they could. The darkness was so intense that on the lower ground you could not see the hand before your face. We began to despair of getting shelter that night. The poor horses tore along now without flogging, but their very liveliness seemed to have a touch of desperation about it. At times the party straggled out into a long line, so at intervals a halt was made till the whole of us had closed up. The misty outlines of our guide's white mackintosh would swell up before us like the figure of a magic-lantern, and we would know the captain had luckily paused on the edge of some dangerous declivity. Suddenly, as if to signalise our arrival at Maori-Land, there shot across the sky a brilliant meteor—a dullish red streak, that budded out into a clear blue flame. Weary and worn we arrived at the little hamlet of "Te Whetu," which name in English means "A Star."

Before us was a large wooden building with an immense expanse of roof, and a fenced-in porch. We saw afterwards that it had a very picturesque exterior—a broad front, with a verandah overhung with heavy eaves, which latter sloped down to within three feet of the ground, and were elaborately carved

with all manner of ornament—while, before the door, at a short distance, rose a long slanting pole surmounted by a nob like a flag-staff. The building was formerly a runanga, or meeting-house of the Hau-Hau rebels, but since the war it had been occupied by chance parties of Maories. A gleam of firelight came through the chinks of the door. Captain Owen, dismounting, commenced to parley with those inside, shouting "Pakeha!" (white man or stranger), and a harsh female voice replied, "Tena koe!" or "Salutations to you." Then after long silence, undisturbed save by the moaning of the wind amongst the trees, the door, a heavy sliding panel of wood, was pushed to one side, and an interior disclosed, no whit less striking than that which greeted the eyes of Nicol Jarvie at the Clachan of Aberfoyle.

We stepped over the low fence. A fire was burning on the earthen floor, and dimly lighting the farther recesses of the spacious building, the roof of which was supported by a stout centre-pole. A middle-aged Maori woman was renewing the fire. In a far corner, amid a smoky twilight, crouched a tattered, wrinkled old woman, over one hundred years of age, as we were ungallantly told. She was huddled up like a bundle of rags, and muttered incoherently to herself. Two little boys, each clad in a blanket, went out and saw to the horses. They came back with chattering teeth, and were highly delighted with the present of some peppermint lozenges. A visitor now looked in to see us—a cheery-faced Maori woman, the mother of the two boys. These three were the only residents of the adjoining hamlet, which consisted of half-a-dozen rickety huts. The woman came in with a large tin dish of swimming potatoes, and after the manner of neighbour women, proceeded to help her friend in her stress of household work—a "touch of nature" that was very refreshing, and made us almost forget we were in presence of two uncivilised matrons of New Zealand. We had the potatoes to our tea. During our rough-and-ready meal the two women sat tittering, nudging, and comparing notes on the pakehas, to the great amusement of our guide, who burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was

soon joined by the two women and the boys. It was a strange spectacle, that of four sober-faced young men calmly sipping tea amid this loud merriment and mysteriously jocular remarks. The fun roused the old beldame in the corner, who broke out into a rambling speech, principally, as the captain informed us, of events that happened long ago.

Presently the visitor, along with her two boys, said good-night, and our hostess stretched herself out on one side of the fire. We took up quarters on the other side, lying on the thin flax matting, and resting our heads between the flaps of our saddles. Though the hovel was filled with pungent smoke, and the old wife talked incessantly, we soon fell asleep. We awoke several times during the night, at one time finding the fire almost out, and the woman leaning upon her elbow, with her face down amongst the ashes, blowing on the feeble embers—the intermittent glow lighting up her harsh features like a red mask against the darkness, and casting her shadow over the dim high roof.

About four in the morning we awoke, partially refreshed, our heads aching from our hard pillows. The aged woman was still in the corner, raking up long-buried associations, while our hostess was busy preparing another meal of potatoes, assisted by the other woman and the boys, who had again paid us a visit. While we were at breakfast, one of the women engaged herself in making a flax-mat, as civilised ladies spend the passing hour in embroidery—the green flax being cut and its fibre scraped with a half-shell, and the strips dexterously plaited. Then we saddled up for our next stage of thirty-five miles. We took farewell of the two women who had been so kind to us—also of the grim old woman in the corner, who took no notice of us whatever, but mumbled more historical remarks—also of the two boys, who smiled and waved their hands as we rode off.

The morning was fresh, the sky still an unflecked blue. After leaving the big picturesque rununga, round which a dozen or so of black hogs were feeding, there was very little life to be seen—nothing but nature in the raw. One could imagine himself in some other planet, so strange was the landscape. For

instance, after descending a long rocky staircase, so narrow that each had to dismount to allow his horse room, the rider's legs being just that too much for the width of the passage, we landed in a plain encompassed by eccentric-looking hills——some square-topped, some with two or three peaks, some cone-shaped—while from the centre of the level rose, without any gradual slope, a perfect pyramid of a hill, its sides as regular as if they had been built of masonry and then turfed over. The contrast between this triangular hill and the mathematically-exact square ridges was very queer. We called the place "Euclid Valley." As usual, one had to get back to the table-land by a very steep climb. An hour later we descended into the Horo Horo Gorge—a wild valley, mounted by reddish walls or battlements; and in the back-ground the wonderful Horo Horo, a shaggy, hirsute table-mountain clothed with timber. We camped under the shadow of its wooded heights, and were presently joined by a Maori, who took lunch with us at the side of the creek. Resuming our journey, the Maori showed his horsemanship by galloping, and at the same time skilfully plaiting a flax thong for his whip—the feat being all the more wonderful as his horse was bare-backed. Our pack horse anon broke loose and made a bolt over the country, pursued by the guide, who had a steeple-chase of some miles before he brought the beast back. In the dusk of evening we neared Ohinemutu—saw Lake Rotorua, on which the village is situated, reflecting the last rays of daylight, and the country round dotted with little balloons of steam. Then, after a ride in the darkness through dense manuka scrub, with sulphurous smells and bubbling sounds of boiling mud-holes that lurked on either hand, we came to a slight rise, and saw dimly beneath us the huts of Ohinemutu.

CHAPTER XI.

The Volcanic Country—Bathing in a Hot Lake—A Maori Pah—The Great Geyser of Whaka-rewa-rewa.

OHINEMUTA stands on the line of the volcanic action which extends 150 miles in a north-easterly direction from Tongariro, the burning mountain in the centre of the island, to the White Island, a restless crater of pure sulphur, lying a few miles off the sea-coast. The country in and about the village is broken up by steaming holes, hot springs, and geysers, and the frail ground imperfectly covers up a seething volcanic tumult, which stretches far under Lake Rotorua, and raises the temperature of the water at many places to boiling-point. Ohinemutu is situated on the south-western shore of this lake, which is a circular sheet of water, with an island rising 400 feet in the centre of it. The island of Mokoia is the scene of a charming Maori legend, a variation on "the old, old story" of Hero and Leander. The heroine Hinemoa was of great beauty, and the ancestress of the present inhabitants of the island and mainland. As her name signifies, she was "a girl like the Moa," so the great bird must have been considered graceful in its day. Though a chief's daughter residing on the mainland, she fell in love with Tutanekai, an obscure individual living on the island. The noble family, whose blue blood boiled with indignation, opposed her marriage with the common person residing on the island. So Hinemoa, under shelter of darkness, in answer to the midnight solo of her lover on a flute made out of a human leg-bone, strung gourds round her waist and swam across to the little isle. Here the "lady of the lake" was received with open arms, and with her plebeian husband lived happily ever afterwards.

Hence this village has been called Ohinemutu, or "the girl that went over." It is at present the chief native settlement

accessible to the traveller, and here may be seen the Maori in as near as possible an approach to his native state, which in an age when the tendency of everything savage and romantic is to become rapidly civilized and commonplace, is no small matter of interest. The white man has only put his face in as yet to the extent of a store and two small wooden hotels ; and it was in front of one of these latter that we drew up on the night we arrived at the settlement.

Close by, we could see the dark line of the village huts, and a little farther off, the surface of Rotorua reflecting the brilliant heavens. Distant laughter, Maori talk, and far-off sounds of splashing came from the lake, where the natives were revelling in a warm bath. On dismounting, Captain Owen inquired for a young native to take charge of the horses—one, he said, with some influence amongst the tribe, as there was a chestnut horse which he feared might be stolen. Then the hotel-man carefully weighed out a bag of oats, charging us sixteen shillings a bushel, or about ten shillings more than we paid anywhere else. This, as much as the strange surroundings, impressed us with the fact that we were far from civilization. The hotel was small and homely, and the parlour had a rough table laid out for tea, and round it was gathered a goodly company of surveyors and men working upon the roads. After partaking of tea and spiced beef, we felt our hunger appeased. But our two days' horse-riding had left us very fatigued ; so we determined to have a warm bath that very night. We undressed, arrayed ourselves with blankets round our waists after the manner of kilts, and were ready for a plunge at any moment.

The hotel-man lit a lantern and went carefully in front of us towards the village, a few yards distant. We walked with wary steps on the narrow path, past boiling springs and active mudholes, holding our noses to exclude the sulphur fumes, till we reached a square bath dug out of the ground, and fed by a small gutter communicating with a hot spring. We jumped simultaneously into this open-air bath—the pool, with its laughing and splashing occupants, being illuminated by the

lantern, to the great delight of the onlooking Maories, who were fast becoming numerous. We came out new men, with none of the chill experienced after an ordinary hot bath.

Next morning was clear and frosty. The lake glittered in the sun, while in the foreground stood the settlement, almost shrouded in immense clouds of steam, and the prosaic thatched roofs of its dingy brown huts unfolding poetically through the wreathing vapour. The coldness of the morning inviting us to a second bath, we dressed ourselves in the approved costume, though thinking we would be the laughed-at of all observers, robed as we were in striped bed-blankets. But we excited no mirth, save when one of our number, who had nervously adjusted his blanket in a loose fashion, cut an absurd figure by the garment at odd moments suddenly drooping at one side, after the manner of classic sculpture. We necessarily went down to the lake at a slow pace. Here a mud-hole was guttering close to our feet; there a hot stream overflowing the path; here, again, mud painfully heaving, and with difficulty bursting into a bubble; here a group of small craters were snoring away, like custards bubbling hot from the oven, with dry mud like pie-crust encircling them. Continual sullen mutterings met our ears, with frequent harsh outburts that, combined with the odour of sulphur, gave one the idea of subterranean oaths, as compared with the purer utterances of sylvan streams. Now and then, as we paused, the heat penetrated our boots, and we had to shift our position, so thin was the pathway. At some places, if you simply poke with a stick into the ground, steam will come out of the hole. For example, the piles for an addition to the hotel we stayed at were driven into the earth until they went through! To imagine or describe boiling mud is about as difficult as to detail an emotion; to see it is to see something that will assuredly be remembered.

When we got down to the lake its banks were steaming with hot springs, which were sparkling and bursting out, and pouring their scalding rills into the greater body of water. Bathing was only possible at certain parts, and a favourite resort seemed to

be a little inlet where the temperature was somewhat bearable. One or two Maories were plunging about when we arrived, while on the sloping bank sat a long semi-circle of natives, male and female—an interesting crowd, which increased every moment, greatly to our dismay. We were for relinquishing the bath altogether, but the guide laughed at our scruples, and it was only with great ingenuity and with most inelegant attitudes that we glided out of our blankets into the lake. The water was enjoyably warm, save when our toes got embedded in the hot ooze at the bottom, or when hot currents would glide out from the shore. The lake had an irregular bottom, with submerged rocks here and there, on which you could stand when tired of swimming.

The news soon spread that a party of pakehas were bathing, and the youth of the village swelled the already considerable assembly. A long string of Maori boys, running over a raised point of land above our heads, plunged one after the other, with shout and shriek, into the lake—some flying head foremost, some shooting feet first into mid-air, some springing off with a high somersault—all flinging themselves into the steaming lake with jollity, dash, and precision ; and one squat little four-year-old amusing us greatly by the comically manly way in which he bundled himself into the water. For variety, they played at hide-and-seek, the pursued reappearing in unexpected places, the disappointment of the pursuer being hailed with loud laughter from the shore. In one corner of the inlet a young Maori girl, who had been sent out to "mind the baby," sat in the water with only her head and shoulders visible, and the face of her little charge ; and, if I am not mistaken, any display of noisy temper on the part of the infant was quelled by a sudden immersion of its head! All this time a heavy curtain of steam moved over the water, and we saw only a very few yards out from the shore, though occasionally the wind would stir the vapour, and through a rapidly shifting vista we would behold further parties of Maories disporting in the lake. The full enjoyment of this open-air bath, in such an expanse of warm water, with its strange surroundings of picturesquely-

clad Maories, quaint huts, and steam-dotted scenery, is almost indescribable. To have the opportunity of being so utterly removed from the world, to have an entire freshness of experience, was worth all the toilsome journey.

The table at the hotel, though it could not be expected to be first-class, was very liberally supplied—steak, chops, and preserved meat in lumps figuring at every meal. There was never any milk or eggs; but then we had failed to get these in some of the most rural parts of the colonies. The only white woman in Ohinemutu was the wife of the hotel cook, and no doubt her presence partially toned down the rudeness inseparable from domestic matters performed by men. Though the weather was cold, yet the only fire was in the kitchen, for culinary purposes. The habit of the folks on feeling chilly was to bathe! During the forenoon several invalids came over by canoe from a place on the other side of the lake, where they usually sit for hours under a hot waterfall, freeing themselves from rheumatism and other ailments. The hotel people grew eloquent over the marvellous cures effected. "This man here was reg'lar tied in a knot with rheumatics, and now, in a few weeks, he's bathed them all out of him. And look at Thomson!—that feller was awfully down with nervous fever and no appetite, and now he's like to swallow up the 'ole 'otel! And that man over there, that couldn't move with pains in his right leg when he came first, is hard at work getting up a football club. Old Parr is nothing to the bilin' waterfall!"

After breakfast we went through the pah, or enclosed section of the settlement. The palisade is constructed of wooden rods, now falling into decay; the corner-poles, with their hideous carved heads, toppling over, and the whole fence looking as if blown down by a strong wind. No care seems to be expended on it. The rising generation of Maories are lazy, and have lost to a great extent the traditions of their forefathers. They do not build fine runangas now, and the young girls have no deftness in mat-weaving. We saw the runanga here—a fine building, with a most elaborately-carved front and the usual large porch, in which sat a group of the grey-

bearded elders of the tribe, dressed in those flaring and striped shawls and blankets which make any gathering of Maories look gay. Under the eyes of this august assembly, just four or five feet from the porch, was an artificial bath, and in it reclined a white man, nothing of whom was seen but his head resting on the edge, and his hand upholding a yellow-covered novel—certainly the height of luxury. These tanks, dug in the earth, are common throughout the settlement, and are much used by the natives. Then, again, over the hot springs the Maories place large stone slabs, on which they squat in the shades of evening, with their blankets wrapped round them, enjoying the warmth. Women were sunning themselves at the doors of their huts, while some were rolling pumpkins to the bottom of a boiling pool, and some were cooking fish and potatoes in flax "kits" or bags, which they let down by a string into the water. I do not recollect seeing a fire the whole time we were in the native quarter. The boiling springs warm the Maories and cook their food. It is said, however, that the sulphur fumes cause their teeth to decay. At one part of the pah was a large heap of pipi shells, the accumulation of long-continued feasting. Another mound of shells showed the resting-place of the hotel groom, who had fallen into scalding-hot mud just a day or two before, and had perished in great agony. The grave of the wretched man was dug in the centre of the pah, and during the last ceremony the boiling water burst in and gushed over his coffin. Maori graves were also to be seen, all marked with carved posts and flat boards, with ornamental designs, some of which the European mind might regard as indecent.

Threading the mud-holes, and wondering how so many children could romp unscathed on such a perilous playground, we met several little Maori boys with school-books in their hands. The school was a rude shed, and presided over by a Maori with some knowledge of English, who was imparting instruction in arithmetic, the children swaying their bodies and gabbling over the multiplication-table. In front of a wharè an old man sat cross-legged, a gun in his lap, a file in one hand,

and in the other a nipple several times too large for the piece, which he held up for our inspection. The guide, in his usual quiet way, informed the veteran sportsman that a shot from the gun with that nipple would be more fatal at the butt-end that at the muzzle, hearing which the old man's jaw fell, and we left him quite crestfallen.

Our stroll ended at the general store, kept by an Edinburgh man, whom we saw soaping the leg of a horse which had stumbled into a mud-hole. The limb, which was fearfully swollen and raw, was a most unpleasant reminder of one's own danger. This store was an old Maori house, and the shop-sign appeared out of keeping with the overhanging thatched eaves. On one side of the premises were woollen goods and drapery, and on the other shelves of books. The shop was divided into front and back by a huge wooden figure, erected by the former Maori tenants, its outstretched legs forming a doorway. A clock had lately been let into the paunch of this Colossus, giving it a ludicrous appearance. The storekeeper was in fear that this would be resented by the Maories, who hold the stomach to be a sacred part, and very sensibly regard it as the seat of joy and anger. A week previously there had been severe shocks of earthquake, and several new hot springs had made their appearance, one stream rushing up alongside his store, to the astonishment of the proprietor. By careful calculation he finds that the next hot spring will break out in his bedroom, which he thinks will be a great comfort in the winter evenings! Our friend showed us a deep basin fed by a noisy spring, that burst fiercely from under a weighty stone slab. We had hardly left all this commotion when we came to another scene of disturbance—an open space of ground, where stood a Maori, his face convulsed with rage, tearing down a palisade which divided some disputed property—the man passionately plucking up rod after rod and flinging them into a large fire which blazed behind him. It was certainly a most summary case of litigation.

Next day we visited the hot springs of Whaka-rewa-rewa, three miles from the village. They take their rise in the midst

of a most unholy, unhealthy-looking spot. The ground for several acres seemed to have been violently flayed, and scorched by fierce fire of all vegetable life. Not a green leaf showed amongst the steaming earth and hot rocks. It seemed a weird, enchanted ground, the scene of wild revel and *diablerie*. In the centre, like a witch's cauldron, and reached by rough, natural steps, stood the elevated basin of a spring brimful of hot water, the surface tremulous from latent heat. There were also deep holes, where you could hear far down a tumult of boiling mud. The ground was cracking with subterranean heat, and sounded portentously hollow, as if one were treading over vaults. A strong smell of sulphur and of mineral decomposition pervaded the spot. Immense boulders lay crusted with white scaly growth, some hardly bearable to the touch. In these huge blocks were small bore-holes, their mouths flecked yellow by the sulphur fumes that blew out in frequent puffs of steam. Such a display of cooked chemicals! Great lumps of sulphur strewed the ground, and gave the queerest possible look to the scene. I picked up a large piece, so temptingly bright, yellow, and floury, but instantly discovered it was red-hot! We chipped the sulphur blocks with the butt-ends of our whips, during which one with a silver head rapidly changed to the hue of brass.

The chief object of wonder, however, was the great geyser. This splendid natural fountain was rising to its full height, swathed in a shroud of steam, pumping its poplar-shaped columns sixty feet into the air. It shot them up irregularly, something like thirty, forty, ten, fifty, and twenty feet; and sixty feet flying up every now and then as a bold, unmistakable climax—the hot spray glittering in the sun amidst the enwreathing clouds of steam, which the wind blew off in time to show the next high jet burst violently out of the earth. Frequently tourists fail to see this geyser in action, as they come at the wrong season, or when the fountain is indulging in well-earned repose. Here, on a hap-hazard visit, were we favoured with this grand exhibition of volcanic force. We stood for a long time enchained to the spot, a few yards from the fountain,

on its windward side, to avoid the showers of hot spray, listening to the plashing of the water and the heavy, impelling thuds of the geyser, and watching its varying heights with the greatest interest. This irregularity was one of its chief charms. The play of an artificial fountain is regular, beautiful, and tame, while this was uncertain, wild, and wonderful.

With the vandalism which is more or less inherent in human nature, we amused ourselves by throwing large stones into the geyser, a practice indulged in by travellers in Iceland, the geysers of which are said to be inferior to those of New Zealand. After twenty or thirty seconds, during which one could imagine the stone dashing and swirling in the cauldron, the geyser, with a loud, spluttering snort, hurled the fragment of rock high into the air, amid the agitated circlings of the steam. This was exciting sport, and repeated several times. But lo! a startling interruption. A loud bass solo came rumbling out of a yawning cavity, which had been quite dry and inactive when we took up position in front of it. Steam began to curl about us, and, with exclamations of alarm, we rushed off, preceded by our guide, and never stopped till we were some distance from the newly-awakened spring. We had been standing with our heels almost into the mouth of an intermittent geyser! Meanwhile the boiling liquid was violently deluging the place where we had been standing. It was a thrilling conclusion to our experiences at Whaka-rewa-rewa; and after a last look at this unearthly, sulphur-strewn locality, and a lingering farewell glance at the noble geyser, which would soon be playing unseen by eye of man, we retraced our steps through the scrub to Ohinemutu.

CHAPTER XII.

Pierre's "Maison de Repos"—Rotomahana—The White Terrace—The Hot Springs—The Pink Terrace—A Dangerous Horse Ride.

In the afternoon we left for Wairoa, whence canoes were to take us to Rotomahana. At first the road lay alongside Rotorua, its shores strewn with yellow blocks of sulphur, that loaded the air with heavy fumes, while the water was lukewarm and unpalatable, as shown by the unsuccessful attempts of our hacks to get a drink. A ride through luxuriant bush brought us to Tiki Tapu, the sacred lake, out of which the natives will neither fish nor drink—a glassy expanse of water. Here were one or two Maori huts, out of which a white man came to greet us. "Ah! Pierre," cried our captain, "we live to-night at your *Maison de Repos*, so hurry up and lead the way!" Could this possibly be our ideal Pierre, the urbane Frenchman whose advertisement of accommodation and comfort at "*Une Maison de Repos*" had appeared in the Auckland papers? He would have made the soberest person laugh. Trudging before us, Pierre looked every inch a Communist, in his short old coat, battered slouched hat, and baggy blue trousers which netherward revealed secret raiment. He walked barefooted, had a canvas bag slung over his back, and carried a double barrelled gun over his shoulder. Talking with a slight French accent, Pierre told us he had been out unsuccessfully "trying to get some peegeon."

How astonished, we were, too, at seeing his "*Maison*" a hut made of raupo reed. The Frenchman lit a fire in the centre of its earthen floor, and filled the room with smoke. A couple of doors gave ingress to two miniature bedrooms, each occupied by a hard pallet. In a back place, Pierre cooked our tea, surrounded by numbers of cats and dogs. After long frying, several dishes were brought in, but they were all "peeg," as

Peter said. Seasoning was an essential part of all the viands. We had pork and mint, ham and celery, bacon and balm, or something to that effect. There was soup, too, with a flavour of "peeg" about it, and one of us pulled out of his plate what looked like a boiled locust, upon which our host exclaimed:—"Hah! leaf it there; dat is de bouquet, de flaivaire, a leetle packet of mint!" We enjoyed our tea very much, the Frenchman all the time cutting bread for us with a sharp bowie knife, a long blade with a richly jewelled handle, which he had got in a present at Brazil.

Inquiring as to our canoe-trip, it was found that there were two Maories to every European in the boat, and that each native had to be paid five shillings. As there were five of us, and five shillings to add for the canoe, the fare would amount to £2. 15s., rather a large sum for two or three miles of water-journey. We expressed ourselves as not being very well pleased with the Maories. "Oh, I hate them!" roared Peter—"I belief that Rotomahana is de infernal regions, and these felloss are de imps. I could kill them, and cook them too!" Our Frenchman was Soyer and Robespierre in one. "They are the plake of my life," continued he; "only shoos the other day I horsevipped a Maori woman that I caught setting fire to my house. Dey are demons, every one of them. Once, during de war, a rascal Maori he come and he look in through the hinge of my door—so I steal up quiet, put dis here gun to his noss, and (drawing his hand rapidly across his face) I blowed him all dat! Oh! it woss rare times; I did like to see dem battlefields—all de black fellos lying! Oh! de hacked faces, de cracked skulls, de red faces, de slashed boties! Oh! I could haf danced with delight." "Surely," I said, "your Maori friends here cannot be bad neighbours?" "I tell you wot it eez, now," said Pierre—"dey are the biggest rokes in de country—dey want all the trade of this place, so they are going to turn me aowt, de yellow Indians! Dey shall lose a peeg presently. Oh, de fowls I haf stole from de blackguards! I put down oats on my floor—one hen come in, I wreeng his neck—another come, I

do de same—another, shoost de same—another and another and another, till I had two dossen of dem under de floor of my hut—and I liffed on dem for days—de blackguards, de pagans, de cut-throats!—what, is dat you again?" and away he rushed with a broom after a dog that was licking a leg of pork in his back room; "one would think he was starfed—I gave him a ham-bone this morning first thing!"

Then we asked about the Wairoa Maories, and he told us they were paupers born and bred, would not work, and preferred to live on the Government allowance of flour and sugar. There was a flour-mill here belonging to the natives, but it is now broken and decayed; also a church and school, both deserted. Laziness and ingratitude were loudly charged against the Maories by the Frenchman, who finished by saying —"Dey never think of all that I'fe done for them, bringing visitors to this place, this good-for-nothing hole, which I belief woss the last place created on de face of de earth!"

At length our suggestion as to repose temporarily cut short Pierre's narratives. "Well, one he can sleep here on this sofa by de fire, another one he can lie on this side, and one on de floor—that makes three; and two can sleep in de rooms—that makes de five of you." Without taking off our clothes, and with rugs over us, we lay down in our appointed places. Sleep, however, was difficult to obtain, owing to Peter walking out and in, telling us a tremendous story of how he single-handed met a crowd of Maories, gave them no quarter, but slew them all, and grafted the butt-end of his gun into the skull of an old chief.

In the morning we arose, stiff and cold, to find the wind howling, the rain falling in torrents, and Pierre chasing stray hens in the middle of a sanguinary tale of war, half heard amidst the hissing of bacon. By-and-by a Maori slid quietly in at the door of the hut, and told Captain Owen that the canoe could not face the gale, and that we would have to wait till the weather cleared up. As that seemed a question of weeks, we said we would go by land with this Maori as an additional guide—the rules being that a native must accompany

you. In a short time six Maories came sidling up towards the huts like cats. One by one they sneaked past the front door, round the gable and into the back kitchen—one by one they silently stood before us to the great disgust of poor Peter. After a long pause, the spokesman of the party commenced a running fire of words, his eyes flashing, his arms gesticulating, and his voice becoming husky through vehemence. The captain listened with his head to one side and with a meek condescending smile, and after the Maori had finished said to us: "This excited individual declares that you musn't go by horse; or if you do, you must pay for the canoe, whether you use it or not!" The Maories looked at us to see the effect of their speech, but we laughed as if at a good joke; while the captain in his placid manner, told them our determination to pay only one guide. The spokesman said it was against their "turè," or laws, to allow such a thing, but he was immediately extinguished by a gush of eloquence from a storekeeper who had looked in from next door. This new ally was getting out of breath, when Pierre broke in with great impetuosity, uttering Maori with a strong French accent, hurling phrases about him like firebrands, awaking the resentment of every member of the deputation, and raising a perfect Babel of harsh clamour—our excited host, in the course of time, becoming galled by the restraint of a foreign tongue, and giving vent to long strings of expletives in broken English—finally driving the whole party out of the front door, with the flourish of a saucepan still dripping with ham-fat. We left without opposition from the natives.

For nine miles the track lay through damp scrub, with blinding showers that the wretched horses could scarcely face. At length a high ridge was reached, from whence we saw beneath us the famous Rotomahana ("Roto," lake, "mahana," warm). It was about a mile in length, and girdled by green hills, swept by driving mists. The Maories have a saying in reference to rain, that when strangers come the mountains weep; and certainly on this occasion the little hills around had burst into uncontrollable grief. On this lake are situated the two "Ter-

races"—unparalleled volcanic phenomena—each a long descent of wondrous basins formed by the silicious deposits of an overflowing boiling spring, which takes its rise high up on the hill-side. One terrace is white, the other pink—one on each side of the lake. From our high point of vantage we saw only the first of these, "Te Tarata," in full view, like an immense white altar sunk into the hills that encompass the lake—the succession of basins a broad flight of steps, and the cloud of steam at the summit the rising sacrificial incense. We crossed a warm-flowing creek in a rickety canoe, and came upon a large white flooring of silicate leading to the lower steps of Te Tarata. The terrace rose before us in all its strange beauty. We had to walk for thirty or forty yards along the peculiar flooring, finding it crisp, hollow to the tread, and covered with a thin film of water, like ice in the first stage of a thaw—the surface veined with countless arteries or skeleton twigs interlacing with each other, and half washed over with deposit, like twigs that had been frosted into the ground. These petrified twigs, and the wings and bodies of birds, together with a large variety of other articles hardened by the white deposit, can be purchased as mementoes from the Maories, who, to keep up the trade, place a constant supply of fresh specimens in the magic waters of the spring.

The basins that compose the Terrace have been formed by accretion, though one would have fancied they had been hollowed out by the water. As the hot spring poured down year by year over the hill-side, it slowly built up these basins. These are of an exquisite shell-shape, with smooth rounded lips, and fringed with delicate stalactites, that droop thickly over the rim of each basin, in some places like a thick fleece, in others like hanging moss transformed into marble. The basins are of varying sizes, capable of accommodating four, six, or eight bathers, and gradually dwindling off at the base of the terrace to miniature pools about the size of breakfast-cups. The large basins curve outwards, and the limits of one frequently overlap or blend imperceptibly into another. The water that flows down the terrace is of a bluish tinge, coloured

by some mineral pigment; the brimming pools in the basins are of a deep, opaque blue—a blue never seen in sky or sea, save in a boy's first water-colour painting. The colour, though affording a startling contrast, yet harmonises in hue with the general appearance of the terrace, which is said to be of dazzling whiteness in the sun. The brilliant blue water looked very queer to us under a dark rainy sky.

Led by white guide and brown Maori, we commenced to ascend the Terrace. Crisp, crisp, crisp!—we went crunching along the rims of the basins, from one to another, zig-zagging thus up the front of the Terrace. Crisp, crisp, splash!—our feet frequently slipped down the smooth, shelving interior of the basins, and we felt the warm water unpleasantly in our boots. As we went up, the pools became of course hotter, till at the top we beheld the cause of the phenomenon—the boiling cauldron, one hundred feet above the level of the lake. It was a semi-circular crater, composed of walls of red earth, which had been gutted out of the hill—according to scientific authority, a crater of felspathic tufa, decomposed into yellow and red clays by the steam and gases of the spring. The cauldron was still, but small bells like diamonds were rising through the indigo depths to the surface. Strange to say, this cauldron ebbs or flows according to the direction of the wind, the spring at times boiling over, and at others becoming a yawning void.

Looking down upon the terrace, the whole of the basins were seen at once—the blue pools set in a long descent of alabaster steps—a fairy scene, viewed under the discomfort of a gale and driving rain, which however had no power to break the spell. The whole scene was so amazingly unreal—the shape of the basins and the vivid colours so unnatural. Nature seemed for once to have had recourse to art, and eclipsed man in his own principles of design and effect.

From the White Terrace we walked along a succession of paths of yellow, pink, red, and brown clay, and one that had the appearance of mottled soap. A deep crater now appeared with high steep sides, within which water was roaring and

steaming so wrathfully that when the guide proposed a closer inspection, one felt as if nearing the fragile cage of some infuriated wild beast. A large cone of water, rising four feet amongst a host of smaller dome-shaped bubbles, travelled round the crater in all the agony of boiling point, flinging itself in wild concussions against the walls that mercifully imprisoned it, as if trying to break out and away from the scene of confusion. Skirting the raging spring, we came upon a thin wall of earth, separating this crater from another of equal size and impetuosity. The narrow ledge shook between the conflicting forces, and we had to cower down and hold on by any small shrub we could get within reach. Imagine us, enveloped in clouds of steam at times, hidden from each other, with a great commotion of tossing waters all around us. It was an awe-inspiring scene—or rather experience, for we saw but little—and we were glad to crawl along the thin high wall to a place of comparative security.

This was afforded us in an open space of flat stony ground, seamed by rivulets of hot water, which took their rise in what looked like a moderate-sized fish-pond, a circular pool rippling with heat. A native woman, with her child slung behind her, was one day stooping over this pond, putting in some potatoes to boil, when the infant, rolling out of the shawl, fell over into the fatal pool, and in an instant the mother had sprung after it to certain death. Our guides here went slowly in front of us, Captain Owen now and then, with outstretched foot, tapping the ground in advance, and a hollow sound sometimes showing how needful was the precaution. At one place a hot spring puffed away with the steady rythmical sound of a stationary engine ; at another, a jet was roaring like a steamship blowing off steam ; an intermittent fountain ebbing and flowing. This spring was in connection with another some distance off, to which we next directed our step. It was a large, rough basin, with an escape-hole at one extremity. This hole was about four feet wide at the mouth, funnel-shaped, narrowing as it went down, and the strata of the rock could be seen descending spirally. We stood waiting for the water to rise, which it was

said to do every two or three minutes, and had not remained long when we heard a deep-down gurgling in the funnel. Nearer it came, and louder, with steam at last and a heavy rumbling noise. Then the water appeared, rising slowly but tossing actively—a wave swinging from side to side and flipping up in the air—splashing, foaming, and rearing, falling back exhausted, and heaving up again, till the water was flush with the mouth of the hole, and the wave swung surging round the basin, shooting out columns of steam. We shrank away at times as it came near. Then the bursts languished, and the water abruptly gurgled away like the last dregs in the neck of an upturned bottle. The Maori scrambled across the warm basin to the edge of the funnel, and gazed down. But soon he sprang back. The underground hot wave had set in again. The water rose in wrath and broke on the sides of the hole amid explosions as of miniature torpedoes, and sank as before. There was next the "Green Lake" to be seen—a small body of cold water, unruffled—its green not the scum of vegetable matter, but a pigment, like the blue of Te Tarata. Its coldness and placidity were very grateful amid the surrounding heat and turmoil.

A canoe was to take us across to the Pink Terrace. The boatmen proved to be two aged Maories, who were sitting up to their necks in a warm bath, which was fed by a small gutter running across the road from a hot spring. They were partaking very heartily of potatoes and an enormous mess of whitebait. They very cordially invited us to share their meal, which, to tell the truth, we were not sorry to do—eating of course with our fingers, for when you go to Rotomahana you have to do as Rotomahana does. With the unceremoniousness characteristic of this region, the spring gave three alarming snorts, and a volume of boiling water poured across the road, making our two old friends roll out of their bath in double-quick time. Simply clapping on a hat, the elder of the two conducted us to the canoe. This proved to be half of the trunk of a tree scooped out, which when new, say some thirty years ago, may have been a safe craft. It could only

accommodate three at a time. The canoe wobbled violently, and as we clutched to steady ourselves, our fingers got into ripples of hot water. The Maori pushed off, and sprang into the frail log without making it tilt, which seemed no small feat. It was an absurd sight to see the gaunt old fellow sitting up on the stern, stark naked, and dripping with bead-drops of rain, looking like a carved image, and gravely propelling the canoe, which he did, by the way, with a single paddle.

On coming near the Pink Terrace, the canoe crossed a veritable white river flowing out from the shore—a river of hot milk gushing out of a crater of white cheese—a sulphur-stream, in fact, taking its rise in a boiling spring. Then the Pink Terrace came in view. Now, this is what may be regarded as the greatest wonder of all—that there should be two terraces. You could believe in one, as a "fluke" of nature, but you are startled to find a duplicate marvel. The Pink Terrace is neither so large nor so beautiful as the White Terrace, though it has a charm all its own in coming down close to the edge of the lake, like the flight of river-steps leading to an Indian temple. The "pink" of this terrace is a delicate salmon-colour, and though

it has not so bold an effect as the white of Te Tarata, when seen at a distance, yet the tint is very beautiful on a close inspection. Tourists have written their names with pencil on the silicate, thereby ensuring immortality, for the deposit carefully prevents any erasure. We stayed our denunciation on seeing that an indignant gentleman had already written :— "Here, where the feet of angels might tread, are inscribed the ubiquitous names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson!"

We had a bath of baths here! The Maori conducted us to the best basin, and then rolled into it himself without taking his clothes off—that is to say, he kept his hat on. He shrugged himself with ecstasy, and unctuously exclaimed, "Kapai! kapai! kapai!" (good). The wind had increased to a gale, and we could scarcely undress on the edge of the basin for fear of being blown down into the one below. The sides of the bath were smooth and velvety, covered with a thin coating of ooze, very pleasant to the touch. The basin had a sloping side. You could take any depth you pleased, and at the bottom, a trifle warmer than the water, was a thick deposit of white mud. Soon the others came toiling up the terrace from the lake, and there the six of us swam, dived, and floated, in speechless pleasure. Rain might strike cold upon our faces, wind might blow, clouds might frown, but we were in a state of ecstasy which even the thought of presently putting on our cold damp clothes could not allay. It was a bath which European or Oriental luxury has never yet equalled! We bathed an hour, and came out rather light-headed and giddy. We got into the canoe again, went round the curving base of the noble White Terrace, and reaching the spot where we had tethered our horses, were in a few moments in painfully damp trot to Wairoa.

Our ride back in the darkness to Wairoa was not without adventure. The darkness was an utter darkness, intensified by deep gorges and heavy clouds. The Maori chanted one of his "make-sings" or songs, and his voice, away in the van of our Indian file, sounded wild and romantic. By degrees it struck my cousin and myself, the last two of the

straggling caravan, that those in front seemed to be getting farther and farther away. Then it flashed upon us we were lost! After a time the Maori came tearing back at a fearful speed. We could hear his horse rushing through the ferns, with the sound as of rending calico; and he kept on shouting till he was close at our ears. Then, riding off apparently at right angles to the way we had come, he led us back to the right road.

When within half-a-mile of Wairoa, we saw lights twinkling far beneath us, and recollected a precipitous descent which still lay between us and the settlement. We had crawled up this on our hands and knees, dragging the horses after us, and how we were to reverse the process now became a profound mystery. The road was simply a narrow trench of alarming gradient, and as greasy with mud as if soaped for our special destruction. The captain went off first, amidst confused foot-slipping, hoof-sliding, invectives, and a sound as of man and horse alternately taking the lead down-hill, and rolling over and over each other. Then the Maori, followed by his horse, with one long rush went swiftly to the bottom. The Maori now proceeded to strike matches to show us the way down. "Tie up the bridles!—let the horses slide!" cried the captain. We turned the first horse's unwilling head to the opening of the trench, and, with a good push on its hind-quarters, launched it like a ship, the animal not being able to stop itself. Then away went the second horse like an avalanche. Number three swerved at starting, and escaped from us, but he arrived safely by another route. "Number four now!" shouted the captain, while the Maori struck his final match; and whiz went the last of the horses. One by one we slipped and rolled down the muddy trench, getting somewhat bruised and bespattered.

The lights of Wairoa were all this time moving about as if distracted, for the Maories heard our shouting. We made good haste, and soon alighted at the "*Maison*," the owner of which bustled out to greet us. "Ha!" said he, "I woss shoost coming with my lantairn to show you down, but I thought I could do more good making your suppaire." "Quite right, my

worthy Pierre," replied Captain Owen, and, following the example of the latter, we stripped ourselves to the skin, and hung up our wet clothes to dry. Then each robed himself simply in a blanket, and gathered round the big fire that crackled on the floor. Then, after a ham supper, we sat warming ourselves till a late hour, listening to Peter's wild stories of adventure. What charm lay in those memorable days of unfettered life—those days of pleasure, hardship, and hard fare! I believe another month would have made us savages!

CHAPTER XIII.

Mount Tongariro—Napier—Crossing the Manawatu Gorge—Wanganui—
—Leaving New Zealand.

VERY early, in cold and darkness, we left Ohinemutu for Napier, a coach-ride of 150 miles. We were the only passengers, the season of the year not being favourable to tourist traffic. The first stage of fifty miles was unusually rough, and literally made our heads sore with continued bumping on the roof. Lake Taupo was reached that evening, the coach drawing up at Tapuaeharuru, a large name for so small a place. It consisted of a stockade enclosing the post-office, telegraph-office, store, and barracks, and surrounded by a ditch with plank-bridges thrown over it at places. The hotel was not within the palisade, and there we met "Jack," the famous guide to the Hot Lakes, a big stalwart man, with a heavy cloak, broad belt, high boots, a hat with a long pheasant's feather, and the appearance of a Swiss brigand. Lake Taupo is thirty miles long, and 1200 feet above the sea. The country for many miles round is covered with a stratum of pumice, several hundred feet thick, burying up acres of splendid soil—all this being the matter ejected in former years from the neighbouring volcanoes of Ruapehu and Tongariro. Ruapehu is over 9000 feet high, and is not active now, but Tongariro, 7000 feet high, occasionally breaks out into grand eruptions. Three years ago there was a magnificent display, the whole country being illuminated, and the loud booming of Tongariro being heard as far as Napier, sixty miles distant. This evening we had a magnificent view of these two mountains, together with the other peaks, ranging from 3000 to 5000 feet, that surround Lake Taupo. The scene was lit up by a gorgeous sunset. A bright crimson hue overspread the sky, and the mighty forms of the mountain-masses, almost

entirely snow-clad, stood out white, with bold sharp cut outlines against the glowing red horizon. We left Taupo next day amid doleful rain, that boded ill for our crossing the rivers. Several miles on, we reached Opepe, a small constabulary station, where there was a large gathering of mounted constabulary, talking over a "play" acted by the Military Dramatic Amateurs on the previous evening :—"Oh! Henry, how capitally you did the Count! You're really a born aristocrat, ha, ha!" "I don't know now; I think you as the Marchioness was splendid! 'pon my word, you're a tip-topper in the acting line." "You're both on you good—I liked you both," said a man, evidently a carrier, staggering in with his long whip; "I bet on both of you—giss a drink, lallord—and Jobson there, he comes the Marquis, the long-lost-heir, in nobby style, I tell you—he's all there an' no mistake!" By nightfall we arrived at a comfortable inn, and by daylight next morning started upon grand range-scenery. Hundreds of feet below us rushed a foaming river, while roaring torrents, leaping out from the towering mountain-sides, shone white through the grey mists of early morning. Snow-sprinkled heights glittered here and there. The ravines smoked with vapour like cauldrons, and the gullies were packed with solid mist like drifted snow. Lofty steep slopes, mantled with rich green forests to their very summits, swept majestically before our gaze, and extended far below, till lost to sight by the projecting edge of the giddy road upon which our coach was circling. Every turn revealed new beauty and intensified the grandeur of the landscape; while our eyes seemed to widen, and our whole frame to expand, in sympathy with the amplitude of the view. By-and-by from the top of a high hill, a strange sight could be seen. About thirty feet down the slope, there commenced a level white expanse of mist that completely concealed the country beneath on every side, isolating us as it were above the clouds, on an island high in mid-air, and extending away out till it reached another range, the peaks of which, protruding through the mist, seemed little islets in the great sea of vapour.

"Get out!" cried the driver—"there's a tree in the road," and he plunged into the bush in search of a wood-cutter. The tree, with its two thick limbs, had fallen out of the cutting and was lying across the road. But the driver returned with his man, and the two soon chopped away the under limb, while the coach drove under the natural archway with barely an inch to spare. A little farther on another tree lay across the road, with a prodigious root which could neither be lopped nor lifted. We unharnessed the horses and led them over the thick trunk; then, after arranging gradients of logs, half shoved half lifted the coach over, the vehicle descending with a crash on the farther side of the obstruction.

It was quite dark when we got to Pohui, a roadside inn, where we learned that the rivers were unfordable. A fashionably late dinner was furnished in a woe-begone outhouse in the rear of the inn, the waiter being an eccentric Irishman, who also officiated as cook. He had a very high-flown manner of speech. "Gentlemin, little did I think of seeing such as you in this lone bush, here in this wild; and though it may cost me my place, surs; though I may be acting in direct opposition to my masthur, yet I'll rishk it, I'll rishk it! yes, come what will, I will make you a cup of tea!" The dinner was one long joke. "Did time permit, surs; did the heat of the rapidly-lighting fire allow, gentlemin, I'd prepare you a plate of buttered toast." "By removing this obstructing plate, I may be able to deposit the potatoes." "In the cruet-stand you will find, in its apportioned place, the newly-mixed mustard." We felt highly flattered, too, when the Irishman stepped up and said in a stage-whisper—"I was once a gentlemin like any of you, surs."

We were up betimes in the morning, finding the rain had abated, and left with a wish from the waiter that we might "reach our destined place of arrival in good safety." This day consisted principally in fording, though it was always the same river we came to—the Esk, "where ford there was (next to) none." We crossed it no less than forty-two times in ten miles, and as it was a turbulent river, one had a very interesting time

of it. The flooded state of the rivers had washed away all the fords, and numbers of workmen, with spade and pickaxe, were to be seen starting off to make graded approaches on the different river-banks. At one place it was impossible to ford, the current having broken down the approaches. So, with stones and logs, and after long exertion a gradual slope was made into the river. But the poor horses sniffed and shied, and kicked all our wonderful engineering away, to our horror as we sat on the box, and the coach went with direful crash and splash into the river, almost on top of the horses, and half turning over with the violence of the shock. Resuming our journey, there was more rough bumping, one jolt being so severe that it threw my brother James off the box-seat upon the sloping bank on the roadside, whence he rolled upon the wheels, grazing and contusing his arm.

Our eventful ride ended on a long shingle spit running into the harbour of Ahuriri, the port of Napier. We were rowed across in a small boat upon a lumpy sea, two or three waves coming on board and soaking us to the skin. The river Ahuriri, in high flood, was running with terrible current and dyeing the harbour a reddish hue. It caught our boat and carried us with great force, despite all efforts, in the direction of a large moored vessel. The boatman unable to make headway, dropped the oars, and yelled for a rope from those on board, who were anxiously watching our progress. Before we could catch a line, the boat was swept at great speed upon the rocks. Quick as thought we jumped out and scrambled to our feet. We had a narrow escape from being carried out to sea. In consideration of the hard work on the road, and the assistance we had given to the driver, the coach-agent actually offered us a considerable reduction in the fare. Two days afterwards, we were joined by my father and sisters, who, it will be remembered, had sailed from Auckland to Napier by sea. They were five days in a small steamboat, which at every unfavouring breeze had to run round some headland for shelter. The coast was thoroughly explored, though it is not known that much has been added to the discoveries of Captain Cook and others.

At Napier, as in other towns, there was a considerable Maori element in our audiences. As a rule the natives were very well-dressed after their fashion, and in most cases occupied front seats, while they all religiously purchased the book of words. The manager had engaged a Maori boy to sell the song-books, but at the close of the entertainment the urchin had vanished. Next morning, however, he was to be seen unabashed and guileless, being greatly disappointed at finding he was not to retain the entire proceeds of the night's sales.

Our route now lay across the North Island from Napier to Wanganui by coach, a trip that occupied five days. The road had only been opened a few months, and at several places had been blocked up by the Maories, because of some grievances. Word came, too, that the rivers were up, and altogether the look of affairs was far from encouraging. The first stage was one of forty miles to Waipawa, an embryo country town, with stores and a hotel. Two new banks had just been "established"—that is, two rival banks had, in expectation of this place becoming lively, sent two managers here. They lived at this same hotel, helped each other peaceably to beef and mutton at dinner, and smoked together in the verandah. One held his bank in the hotel-parlour, the other in the bar. The hotel was full of strangers, whose journeys had been delayed by floods. Walking in the bush, we met an elderly bushman, followed by his wife, who looked far older than he. "I come from Maidstone, in Kent," said he, with a strong provincial accent—"I've had eighteen children, and I reared ten of 'em under Squire Plummer at home. I came out here with young Squire Plummer; but before that I drove Wombwell's Menagerie, and I'm not ashamed to own it." He led us to a clearing in a green wild of matai timber, where stood his wooden home, which he had just completed in the space of one week. "I was flooded out of my last place six years ago," said this energetic veteran—"I've been flooded out two or three times, and my house went to wreck and ruin, so I've come here to make myself a new home." He was seventy-three years of age, and yet the old

fellow talked of beginning life, as it were. "You've come here," I remarked, "to spend in comfort the long future that lies before you?" "I reckon so," said he, "for my father died at 105, and my mother at 115!"

Next afternoon we rejoined the public coach, and safely crossed the Waipawa river. A Maori rode alongside to show a safe ford on the river Waipukurau; but he brought us into deep water, against a submerged terrace of shingle over which the team could not pull the coach. So the Maori jumped off his horse and carried the passengers one by one to dry land—no easy task, as some of us were not by any means light-weights. There were now some miles of a bad road, along the beds of rivers, and over sloughs of mud, mostly travelled in the darkness. At last one or two lights came in sight, and we drove up to a wayside inn, an excellent specimen of the genus. It was kept by a Scotchman named Fergusson, who lived at "Fergusson's." In the old country, Lords get their titles from their estates; in New Zealand a man's property is named after himself; so the hotel and half-dozen houses in this neighbourhood are called "Fergusson's." Next section of the journey was commenced just before daybreak, and lay through miles of mire. Amidst the partial gloom of early dawn we stopped now and then at some Scandinavian cottage, where letters were handed to ghost-like forms, and messages returned in outlandish tongues. There are many of these rough northern people about this district, engaged in clearing themselves homes in the bush. These men are the advance-guard of settlement—bush skirmishers in the van of the army that is advancing to civilise the forest.

After breakfast at another comfortable roadside hotel, our journey was through some superb New Zealand bush. The Australian bush is a park—the New Zealand forest is a jungle. You can drive round about the trees in Australia, but you cannot make your way through the dense undergrowth and close-standing timber of New Zealand. Coach-roads have to be made at the point of the axe. We were now travelling a lane cut sharply through these wilds, with straight walls of

vegetation on either side. We entered upon the bush from plain, untimbered country. As a prelude came one or two bare, tall trunks—ragged and leafless sentinels to the gateway of the woods. Then we were whirled into a bewildering fantasia of vegetation—roulades and cadenzas of foliage—playing round the steady, rythmical, stately march of the trees, with lovely fern-trees appearing like grace-notes in the melodic progress of the grand lofty timber. Everything seemed to be growing on everything else. Green parasites wound up and around the trees, vines and creepers hung themselves like ropes from bough to bough, drooping in festoons or hanging like long halters, while the "supple-jacks," coiling around the humid, cylindrical trunks, buried their heads like snakes in the foliage at the top. Absolute stillness prevailed ; for, except the dull rumble of the wheels, the infrequent harsh cry of a kaka parrot, or the cooing of a fantail pigeon as it flew down the sunny avenue of bush, there was nothing to break the silence. At intervals one noticed "pukekos," or Maori swamp-hens, with red heads, purple bodies, white-spreading tails, and long red legs. Through the manuka scrub and spiked toi-toi grass there trotted, with wagging ears, stray wild pigs, descendants of those left by Captain Cook, and now regarded as capital game by the hunter. Logs lay on the ground blood-stained with bright red splatches of fungus. The karaka tree spread its glossy ivy leaves, and the rimu hung its graceful, willow-like foliage. The beautiful wekeponga, or tree-fern, reared its exquisite form some twenty to thirty feet high—a long black stem suddenly expanding into an umbrella of spreading fronds, which sheltered its elegant tracery in the most retired nooks. The colours in the bush did not call for much remark, the prevailing tint being a bright, humid greenness ; but the attractiveness of New Zealand forests lies more in the beauty of form than the charm of colour.

The Manawatu Gorge is the boundary between the provinces of Hawke's Bay and Wellington. Here the coach went no farther, and each passenger was slung across the chasm, which is 750 feet wide, sitting on a couple of planks suspended

from a wire rope 200 feet above the level of the river. Whether of the sterner or the gentler sex, you had to get astride this frail support and hold on by both hands to a small line overhead. It was a perilous aerial flight. Sometimes a timid fair one would refuse to venture it, and occasionally men were not free from pardonable distrust. We met one fellow a short way back, travelling towards Wellington *via* Napier—a wonderfully roundabout journey—for the express purpose of avoiding this gorge. My sister Helen and I took position on the planks, and the two men at the windlass launched us into space. We whirred down the rope, which sagged owing to its weight, and then were slowly drawn up the other side. Now and again the working-gear gives way, and the unfortunate traveller is left suspended high over the raging torrent ; but on this occasion everything went smoothly. Robert came over astride between our luggage, a box in front of him and a large trunk behind him. To us who had crossed, he appeared a human spider slowly crawling along a gossamer line. The plank came violently against the bank, the concussion of the luggage almost knocking the breath out of my brother's body. The signal was given, and the apparatus went back to fetch my father, who had the honour of being drawn across *solus*. Then Marjory and James started, and had advanced successfully half-way, when a jerk of the hauling rope whipped off my sister's hat, which soon floated a black speck far beneath on the foam. The primitive board and pulley have now given place to an iron cage, a bridge, also, is being built across the river, with massive piers, which are not by any means unnecessary, for the Manawatu, running in this compressed channel, very often rises forty feet in a single night.

The gorge was peculiar in its grandeur. The heights, rearing themselves giddy on either hand, were concealed by thickest vegetation—the immense forests, diminished to shrubbery by distance, and starred by peeping fern-trees, sweeping down like a richly-patterned green carpet upon the face of the precipices. Heavy rain-clouds, brooding over the gorge, trailed deeply into the tree-tops, and through these smote piercing

gleams of sunshine, that, striking the opposite heights, lit up the bright verdure with flakes of still more vivid green. The gorge shot out headlands and bluffs—the splendid vista stretching along till it ended in abrupt high portals, through which we saw an open window of white sky, and the distant low-lying country framed in like a picture by the natural gateway.

The road now skirted one side of this gorge at an elevation of 300 feet—a mere shelf of a road cut out of the solid rock. He told us the road was so dangerous that the proprietors, from motives of economy, had put on an old coach; but we are inclined to regard this as a fabrication. When we came to a corner, he drove the horses out as if going into space, and just when their front hoofs seemed slipping into the abyss, he dexterously wheeled the coach round. We never felt so strongly that it was one's duty to ease the brute creation by getting out and walking; but the eye of the driver was upon us, and our honour at stake. A horseman met us, and he had to stand quietly at a somewhat wider portion of the road, till we had driven cautiously past him. At the softer cuttings the earth crumbled down by the vibration of the coach, and at one spot lay a heap of stones that had fallen out on the driver's last trip, and almost finished his career. The most dangerous thing, however, seemed to be the waterfalls that poured over the road, interrupted in their headlong rush to the river. The larger cascades, that would have worn down the road, were boarded up by wooden shutters that flung back the stream upon the rocks and sent it rushing through a culvert. This hazardous road is only four and a half miles long, but nine men are employed all the year round clearing and repairing it.

At the township of Palmerston we heard definitely that the Oroua bridge had been blocked by the Nga-tika-whate tribe, and that the short cut to Wanganui was impossible. The Maori grievances centred in one of a number of reserves. The natives wished for power to lease and sell land, like the white man, an old Act of Parliament forbidding their doing so save through Government. The whole affair seemed to have been instigated by storekeepers who had advanced money and

provisions to the native land-owners on the security of this land, and in the hope of being ultimately able to purchase it. A short time previously, a Scotsman named Macdonald, who had worked himself into the good graces of the natives and been elected a chief, shot one of the horses of a mail-coach that attempted to cross the boundary, and this Scotch Maori now lay in Wellington awaiting trial. A strong four-railed fence had been erected across the bend of the river, and trees felled across all the tracks through the bush, while a large company of old women and children had been stationed to watch the bridge. This necessitated our travelling forty miles out of our way. I may state that the road was latterly forced open by the armed constabulary, and Macdonald received three years' imprisonment. Twenty-four miles of a horse-tramway brought us to Foxton; we had now reached the other side of the island.

Next morning we left for Wanganui. On harnessing up, one of the horses butted and knocked our driver violently upon the ground, and he scarcely recovered from the shock all day. One of the coach-passengers was a boy who had run away from a ship in which he had been a midshipman. He appeared about fourteen years of age, and was reading a novel. The young scamp had left Leith but a year ago, and told us, in a cool, careless manner, that he intended making his own fortune in the world, and was now on the way to a sheep-station.

The coach traversed lonely plains, sprinkled with homesteads and Maori pahs, fields and native settlements, wharès and villas, white man and brown mixing peaceably in their avocations. We sighted the river Wanganui, and drove along one bank of it, while on the opposite side stretched the town that bears its name. Houses and shops with big signs lined the shore—in front of them, Maori tents, canoes, produce, small wharves, and the bright shining river; while behind lay the body of the town, backed by clumps of green hills, on one of which stood the fortified "Block House." We crossed into the middle of the town by a magnificent iron bridge, and put up at a hotel overlooking the Market Square. In the centre

of this square stands a monument erected to the Maories who fell fighting against the Hau-Hau rebels in a battle not far from Wanganui. The inscription runs:—"In memory of the brave men who fell at Motua in defence of Law and Order against Fanaticism and Barbarism." There is much here to remind a person of the Maori war. Besides the "Block House," with its loop-holes and musket-holes, there are the many monuments one sees in the churchyards, reared to those slain during that deplorable struggle.

There is here an extraordinary nest of North Britons. The Scottish element even penetrates into the bill-of-fare of the hotel, and you are supplied with porridge, despite the fact that the cook is a Chinaman. Imagine "parritch" made by an Asiatic! The Scotch people were most of them characters in their way. At home, men are generally stereotyped, seem made in one common mould, with not much opportunity to develop peculiarities, but here, as in all new countries, there is independence of thought and action. Some of the Scotsmen even prided themselves on the way they had kept their dialect intact for many years—displayed their accent as they might have done some fine old wine! One Wanganui man had gone home to Scotland, but he came back again gladly to New Zealand. People in the old country were too formal and stuck-up for him, and he returned joyfully to the freedom of this part of the world, where "everyone can do what he likes and how he pleases, without consulting anybody!" Many people we met were farmers, all prosperous, with everything good to say about the land, but grumbling sorely at what they called the "pest of pheasants." These birds have become as great a plague as the rabbits in Western Otago.

Among our fellow passengers to Wellington in the small steamer "Manawatu," chanced to be two noted Maori chiefs, who were going down to the capital to inquire into some native grievances. Scores of Maories came to hold a "Tangi," or "Farewell Sing," in their honour. The two chiefs, dressed in tweed, waved their white hats. "Goo-bye, goo-bye!" they cried. "Goo-bye, goo-bye!" was echoed from the wharf. Then

the eldest chief mounted to the bridge of the steamer, and while he stood bare-headed, sang a vigorous "Parting Song," one line by himself, and the shore bursting loudly into the refrain. One woman in a man's black frock coat leaped excitedly in immense curtsies, twirling her fingers, and screaming out farewell. The steamer gliding off, the chiefs stood up together on the paddle-box, and sang a duet, which was phonetically as follows:—

"Ah maka eeky pooaroa, ee—ah—too,
Mowy hootoo teeky ranga pah wayratoo!"

or something to that effect, replied to by something like this:—

"Oha reeky pookoo poo, hekky parawa,
Wangaroa whato te, hapoo whakawa!"

The ceremony finished in a magnificent "Hep, hep, hooray!" From different points on each side of the river rushed other Maories, who ran singing until their breath failed, the two honoured chiefs bolting first to one side of the steamer and then to the other, according to the loudness or warmth of their reception.

Having revisited Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, we turned our faces again towards Melbourne. It was with no common feelings of regret that we parted from our many kind friends in this far-off quarter of the world. When we set sail —when the south-western ranges faded in the evening mists, our verdict on New Zealand was summed up in these words, "We ne'er shall look upon its like again!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Return to Melbourne—The Ex-King of Fiji—A Terrible Storm—Voyage to Honolulu.

On the voyage from New Zealand, a gale started up and blew in our teeth for several days, culminating on the seventh in a raging tempest. The captain vowed that had his not been a mail-boat he would have "turned tail." During the night a wave smashed under the "counter" of the steamer, and all, even the mate, who was on duty at the time, thought she had struck a rock—all, save one old traveller, who turned himself over in his berth, said knowingly, "One!" and listened. "Ah," he continued, with a relieved expression, "it's all right—had there been three bumps, it would have been a rock. I'm used to shipwreck—I've been in the China Seas." The voice of this connoisseur in disaster then became lost in a howling climax of the storm. Right glad were we to arrive in Melbourne. Driving along the busy streets our waggonette was stopped every minute by welcoming friends. A series of prosperous farewell concerts were given, the final performance, in the Town Hall, being attended by over 3000 persons. Then we sailed north again to Sydney. The weather seemed almost tropical, as if on purpose to give suiting welcome to the ex-King of Fiji, whose arrival on the shores of Australia was every day expected. At last H.M.S. "Dido" hove in sight, and we went down to the jetty to assist in the reception of Cacombau. At the gate of the delightful grounds that led to the Governor's residence, stood several Fijians, with formidable war-clubs. A gentleman shook hands with each of the blacks, gravely saying, "I salute you, my fellow-countrymen!" When the boat conveying the King touched the shore, the Governor shook hands with his Fijian Highness. Cacombau was a swarthy, grey-headed man, portly in appearance with a

long white beard. He was bareheaded, barearmed, barelegged, and barefooted, had his body lightly covered with a clean white shirt, while round his waist was tied an ornamental robe. Sir Hercules Robinson took the old man's arm and led him to the vice-regal mansion. As they passed us, the Governor was saying to Cacombau, "What do you think of Sydney Harbour?" and we thought of the number of times the poor King would have to answer that question before he left these shores!

In June of 1875 we took farewell of Australia. We left Sydney on a voyage to San Francisco by way of Auckland (New Zealand) and Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands. The day was miserable, Sydney Harbour almost hidden by lashing rain, and all things looking dreary. The steamer slowly battled out of Port Jackson. The sea swept in past the precipitous headlands with seeming overwhelming rush, lifting the large vessel as if it had been a tug-boat. During the next five days it was the same dreary game of pitch and toss. The steamer was far too heavily laden. She was a vessel of 1400 tons, and carried 2100 tons of coal, enough to take her to San Francisco and back. Seas washed over the deck from morning till night, and after a while poured into the cabins below, from whence we heard the plaintive cries of a large family of children.

Every day the gale increased in violence, and the engines had to be put at quarter speed, owing to the head seas. At two o'clock on the morning of the seventh day, the wind rose to a howling tempest, accompanied by vivid lightning. A towering sea broke like thunder over the steamer and submerged it from stem to stern. I was awakened, like everybody else, by the fearful noise, and by the icy-cold water rushing through the lattice-work of the berth, and soaking me to the skin. Getting up in a great hurry, my limbs found themselves in a two-foot depth of water, with boots, socks, and bundles washing about in every direction. The sea had poured over the fore-yard, and swept the vessel fore and aft. It first carried away the butcher's shop, never more to be seen—then washed sheep and sheep-pens, pigs and pig-styes, hens and hen-coops, clean

overboard—stove in the wheel-house—washed the boats adrift—broke into the captain's cabin, and the door, torn off its hinges, gashed open the captain's eye, then rushing about the upper deck, the sea poured in one great wave into the engine-room and furnace-room, deluging the stokers and reaching to within an inch or so of the fires. Had another sea like this come over, the fires would have been extinguished, steerage-way lost, and we would assuredly have gone to the bottom. The sea in its fury swept down two canaries from their airy perch inside the skylight; but the cold, bedraggled songsters were rescued from the flood, and my mother compassionately placed them in her bosom, where, revived by the gentle warmth, they uttered feeble chirrups.

When the water had poured into the saloon, the passengers hastily appeared in all stages of undress. We jumped out, treading warily to keep our bare feet from the broken glass that washed about like shingle with every heavy roll of the steamer, while stray tin basins floated violently against our shins. The captain himself soon appeared, with bandaged, bleeding face, and gave stentorian orders. The passengers stood in long line, ladling up the water with every possible utensil—some of us handing along the full buckets, and some baling out with pots, pans, and shovels—the harsh scooping up of the water, the clatter of pails, and the chorus of voices shouting "Pass up the empties!" being almost drowned by the noise of the great volume of water as it rolled backward and forward against the sides of the saloon. By four o'clock in the morning, the work was done, after incessant hard labour. The soaking mattresses and bedclothes were heaped up on the floor of the saloon, and we lay down to sleep on rugs. Then the stewards came round and gave tea to one, brandy to another, till all forgot their troubles.

Next day the weather cleared. The steamer presented a woful spectacle. The decks were strewn with wreckage—the door of the captain's cabin, the remnants of pens and coops, and three stove-in boats. The companion-ladder was in pieces,—the sky-light of the engine-room completely smashed,

railings twisted like cork-screws—and a strong iron ventilator punched in like a cocked hat. The hardest heart, too, would have been touched by the affecting sight of a scraggy, drenched hen roosting with sad feeble eye amongst the skeleton wreck of its old coop, to which the fowl still seemed to cling with a tender feeling. Exhilarated by the weather, the young men on board, and several old one's too, formed themselves into an impromptu troupe of Christy Minstrels, sitting along the saloon skylight, and going through a long programme of songs, choruses, and jokes. On the ninth day we approached Auckland, four days overdue; and the New Zealand people were hardly expecting to see us at all. Before leaving, we took on board three carpenters, who were going with us to San Francisco and back for the sole purpose of repairing the damage.

Near the close of a summer afternoon, sixteen days after leaving Auckland, the "Macgregor" neared the Sandwich Islands. First an island with a peak 10,000 feet high; behind it a mountain 13,000 feet in height—both active craters. Before us appeared the brown velvety outlines of the island upon which Honolulu is situated. As night set in we lay off the town, which could be seen by its twinkling lights.

The steamer whistled again and again—rockets and blue lights were displayed—but no pilot came. At last our long-expected man—who, being a pilot, lived some distance inland—was seen approaching in a boat, and lighting the small beacons of the harbour. Then he waved a red lantern, and shouted, "Back, back! you're over the reef!" He clambered on board, telling the captain in Scotch accents that he, the pilot, had never been so frightened before, for in a few moments the coral would have rent a hole in the steamer. A boat shoots off from the side of the steamer. Hark! what hideous yells break forth upon the murky air! Six natives appear to be killing two others in the bows. The victims utter thrilling cries. They reach the shore. Fearful shrieks! Then fresh yells from a party of rescue, determined to conquer the bloodthirsty villains by superior lung-power. A pitched battle ensues, a flapping

of bare feet, two piercing cries, a low murmur of many voices, and the dark deed is over! "Good gracious! what has happened?" "Oh," says the quartermaster, "'specks them niggers have just taken a rope ashore!"

In the morning the little harbour, backed by the rugged volcanic mountains, was bright in the sun — its blue waters fringed with cocoa-nut groves and huts, and dotted with native canoes. The streets of Honolulu were quaint and lively. Every few steps a Kanaka could be seen toiling along between two lofty narrow bales or pillars of hay, seven or eight feet high, and sold for horse-feed. Down the narrow thoroughfares dashed native equestrians at a headlong pace—the women riding astraddle like the men, with long gay-coloured scarfs floating out behind them.

The passengers were besieged by natives with hacks for hire —miserable horses with Mexican saddles, that seemed like a house-roof of leather put upon the poor animal's back. The saddle has a large horn in front for hanging the lasso on, which pommel is always digging itself playfully into the diaphragm of the trusting stranger. Furthermore, the stirrups are leather shoes, and end at the heel in a big flap. The Mexican mustang is spirited and skittish, and the state of affairs is not improved by the double bit, which you are cautioned "not to pull on." A fellow-passenger mounted one of these scraggy backs, pulled on the rein to steady himself, and the mustang instantly threw its rider, stunning him for several minutes. The rest of our steamboat friends rode off carefully on their respective little steeds—a side-splitting exhibition, each equestrian being shaded with a straw hat of great circumference, the legs of the rider almost trailing on the ground, and the flaps of the stirrups going like fans with every jog of the animal.

Very few strangers fail to see the wonderful Pali or Pass lying at the back of Honolulu. We hired a waggonette from a Chinaman, another from a Kanaka, and were driven off by these nationalities. Reaching a slight hill at the end of the romantic Pass, we left our vehicle, turned a corner, and found

ourselves on the edge of an abyss, high above an enormous sweeping landscape. Away beneath you spreads a vast expanse of country, flooded in sunshine, broken up into heaving brown billows covered with a dark surge of vegetation, and through it all stretching a blood-red road like a long sinuous serpent. To the left, the landscape rises in a prolonged steady swell, till it laps the base of a giant precipice— a sombre, heavy mountain mass, its face lined with downward ribs of rock, like a huge cathedral-wall, and its summit concealed by heavy clouds. At the foot of this towering cliff, but invisible because of distance or concealing foliage, lie some thousands of whitened human skulls and bones, the ghastly memorial of a hideous catastrophe long lost in the mists of tradition. Closer to you stands a peak like a massive tusk or horn, while other heights circle behind you, and a long causeway, a continuation of the valley-road, winds steeply down the sides of the eminences to the low-lying country. To your right, with magical effect, appear the tranquil waters of the Pacific, glistening under the full glare of noon-day ; and round the curving rim of the shore, a belt of light green shoal water, with a fringe of foam breaking white upon the coral reef.

Human figures were not wanting to give additional interest to the scene. Up the long precipitous causeway came a Kanaka riding to town with a pack-horse, on each side of which hung a sack with a black pig's head sticking out of it ; then a party of six Spanish-looking priests, with shovel-hats and long black coats, cantering on mustangs. On the way back, a Kanaka took us through "Queen Emma's Garden," the grounds belonging to the widow of a Hawaian King. We saw nothing but weeds and rank growth, but the native put a bold face on it, and acted the cicerone in an admirable manner, pointing out the arbour usually occupied by the Queen, and the trees specially admired by her Majesty. He was really a capital guide, and even when we discovered that this was not the garden of Queen Emma after all, we could hardly feel angry with the fellow.

The Kanakas appear to be quiet, well dressed, healthy people. The women attire themselves in long flowing gowns, tied

high up about the chest, so that their waists appear to be under their armpits. The men dress in modification of European costume. Their favourite food is "poi," made of ground taro-root and water, in a state of fermentation—the Kanakas being in this respect different from their forefathers, who in the days of Captain Cook went in more for a carnivorous diet. There are different stages of "poi." We saw a native pounding dough with a pestle. This was "hard poi," and eaten with the fingers. There is, for example, "one-finger poi," which you poultice your finger with, and by adroit balancing convey to your mouth. There is also a further stage of fermentation, "two-finger poi," when it becomes so thin that two fingers are required to lift it. Then there are more stages still—"three and four finger poi,"—till you reach "hand poi," when the watery mixture has to be scooped into the mouth.

The white community of Honolulu is very quiet and homely. Any stranger arriving to take up abode here is welcomed as a novelty, and open house is kept in his or her honour. If a lady has a dress she doesn't care for, or one that is superfluous, she sells it to a friend. Old dresses are a marketable commodity. One Honolulu lady we afterwards saw in San Francisco, buying there a great amount of artificial flowers, and saying, "I've bought more than I want, of course, but then when I go back home the folks will be crowding round me to buy them!"

Here the "Macgregor" took on several passengers, including five or six officers of the American war-steamer "Pensacola," then lying in port. In the evening the brass band of the man-of-war serenaded the officers. The musicians were rowed alongside our steamer—their boat, brilliantly illuminated with lamps, shining like an enchanted barge or Venetian gondola. When the band finished a tune the passengers burst out with a stirring American song—instrumental and vocal music alternating for about an hour. Then we steamed off amid the inevitable strains of "Auld Lang Syne," played by the band and joined in by those on board. So ended our short stay of 24 hours in this Pacific Paradise. In 9 days from Honolulu, 31 days from Sydney in all, we had arrived at San Francisco.

CHAPTER XV.

San Francisco—The City and the People—The Trans-Continental Railway—Salt Lake City—A Mormon Sermon—Chicago—Hotel Life in America.

As we approached the shores of California, a white sea-fog obscured the view; but nearing the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbour of San Francisco, the sky cleared, and we beheld the high sunny slopes that converge towards the Heads. The interesting Seal Rock was passed, on which huge sea-lions were basking in the sun. Then, farther in, an old Spanish fort, suggestive of the time when San Francisco was the site of a Roman Catholic mission—a heavy, square fortress close to the water's edge, with cannon on its big flat roof, and looking as if settling into the harbour by reason of its own dead weight. A point of land drawing off, displayed an unsatisfactory back view of the arid heights of the great occidental metropolis, which might have been called *Sand* Francisco without the smallest injustice.

When moored to the wharf, the vessel was boarded by an unbroken string of hotel-runners, each shouting out the name of his hotel in strong nasal twang with a ring of the dollar about it—adding "Free Coach" as an extra inducement, and each feverishly jerking his cards into the unwilling hands of the passengers, every one of whom feels after a while that this is an interesting round game of hotels, and he holds all the trumps. Having fixed upon one fellow, who bespeaks us urgently for his "ho-tel" (not any sort of "tel," mind you, but a *ho*-tel), we are driven off in an elegant carriage and pair.

San Francisco, despite its situation amid the barren sand-dunes, has made great progress. Montgomery Street is the chief street, but it seems narrower than it really is by the lofty buildings on either hand—the view at one extremity being shut off by the colossal proportions of the new Palace Hotel.

You feel at once in an American town by the peculiar shop-signs, and the advertising banners hung across the streets. We took up our abode at the Grand Hotel, the spacious dining-room of which accommodated three hundred persons. It was a building of four stories, but dwarfed by being opposite the great new Palace Hotel. This latter has been put up in defiance of the earthquakes that occasionally "shog" the Pacific Slope. It is a big thing, "I guess"—the biggest thing of the kind in the world. Architecturally, however, it is a failure. Sober-minded people regard it as only a kind of superior barracks. Its "hugeosity" is only equalled by its "uglitude."

This is the city of extravagance, fast living, and excitement. The number of hawk-eyed men we met in the streets was remarkable, and one felt that in a short time he might become hawk-eyed too. A morbid business spirit prevails. Everything seems undertaken as if the end of the world were next week, and much had yet to be done. Men weary their brains over stocks and shares till no one wonders that the lunatic asylum of California is the largest in the United States. A marked looseness of living and dissipation of thought exists. Such-and-such a man was pointed out as being "famous" (*Anglicè*, notorious) for certain questionable transactions; and this lady here was described as being the "smartest woman in San Francisco," one who "drove the flashest team in all the city." At one of our concerts there was present a lady who had shot a man. She had been tried for murder, and sentenced to be hanged, when it was discovered she possessed forty thousand dollars. Of course, a new trial was immediately instituted—an "intelligent" jury said "Not guilty," and the woman goes free to this day. Still a strong feeling of equality obtains here. Being one forenoon in a printing-office, I saw a group of persons round the clerk's desk—the employer standing surrounded by the foreman and several others of the work-people. They were engaged anxiously looking over the prize-list of a lottery. "Oh" said the master, "tut, tut, I had the number just before the lucky one." "And I," growled a small

printer's "deil" with a smudge on his nose—"I had the one after!"

Everything is advertised to death. Political, social, and religious meetings are placarded as if money were not the slightest object. Loathsome pills and lotions glare in elephantine letters of white paint on the hoardings. Looking up the grand vista of fashionable Montgomery Street, we see "Gin Cocktails" stencilled along the curb-stones. The railways puff their lines like any tradesman. An enterprising agent, with a phenomenally strong accent, scented us out as new arrivals, button-holed us, and promulgated the great advantage of taking his special railway route—stating also that "he'd fix us up all straight," "wouldn't fight shy over heff a dollar," and "would be happy to show us any attention while in town."

A large portion of San Francisco is given over to thousands of Chinese, who inhabit what is called China Town. Hundreds of Celestials swarm along the pavements, their dark hats and dark blue blouses giving a sombre colour to the view, which is, however, enlivened by gay paper lamps and ornamental verandahs. Everywhere we saw wretched haunts, opium dens, and gambling resorts—each of them down a flight of stairs, below the level of the street, with the prostrate forms of the Chinamen seen dimly through the thickly-hanging smoke. In the opium dens the torpid Celestials are stowed away two deep on shelves—the charge being about "half a dollar a dream!" Many trades are in full swing in China Town, for John appears in one place as an industrious butcher, cutting up very scraggy meat and dispensing mysterious "interiors" to the lank-faced customers—in another, hard at work pegging shoes—in another making cigars, a business he has monopolised to the exclusion of white workmen—in another acting as laundryman, ironing shirt "bosoms," and anon, after bulging his cheeks with water, squirting the liquid in thin spray over the linen. As a Celestial never goes "on the spree," he is much appreciated by the road-contractors and farmers. But the Californians as a body are opposed to the influx of the Celestials. The great question is, how far will this Chinese flood spread? It is no joke to tap

a reservoir of three hundred million people. The great Republic is supposed to welcome every creed and colour, but shows considerable reluctance in embracing the Chinaman. In San Francisco there is but little observance of the Sunday: drinking saloons, ice-cream restaurants, druggists, clothiers, booksellers —all kinds of shops are open. The boot-black plies on the side-walk. Street cars convey their loads to "Woodward's Pleasure Gardens." The newspapers are published as usual, and are for sale in the hotels. The streets throng with idlers, while numbers are whirling off to pic-nics. At night the opera-house, theatre, and music-hall are open; while now and then a lively brass band parades the street. Yet there is no lack of churches, some of them with good congregations.

We crossed the bay to Oakland, the popular suburb of San Francisco. The town owes its name to being situated in a grove of evergreen oaks. The railway, as in most American towns, runs up the middle of the street, with occasional wooden platforms for passengers dropping off here and there through the city. Vehicles drive calmly across the track of an advancing engine, and boys skip playfully almost under the shadow of its large funnel. The locomotive is a domesticated monster; the American has metaphorically taken it to the bosom of his family. Railways are well managed in America. There is not the jamming at a small window to purchase your ticket a few minutes before the train starts. You can engage your sleeping-berths as if you were going on a sea-voyage, and buy your ticket a day or two beforehand, if you like, at one of the various agencies scattered through every large town. Neither do you have to look vigilantly after your luggage, thanks to the "checking" system. On the other hand, in no part of the world will your trunks receive worse handling than on an American railroad, for the porters pitch them about as if they were made of cast-iron. Experienced travellers carry trunks that look as if they were armour-plated. One box of ours was totally destroyed here in a single journey. The sides were "caved in," the top broken, the bottom split, the fragments only held together by a skeleton framework of roping—so

ruined, in fact, that we immediately gave it to the hotel porter for firewood.

San José, the most beautiful town in the State of California, lies in the Santa Clara valley, fifty miles south of San Francisco. As you arrive, the train for a long distance slowly "tolls" its way down a narrow, winding lane of fragrant orchards, with the fruit hanging thickly on each side of the cars, almost within reach of the hand. Truly it is the "Garden of California." The thoroughfares are roads lined with trees, which relieve the staring appearance of the streets. The Mexican element, noticeable all over California, is very strong in San José. Mexicans ride about the streets on their mustangs. At the hotel, too, there were Mexican waiters,—sallow-faced, moustached fellows, who looked far too picturesque for restaurant business, spoke in broken English, and darted about as if in prosecution of a vendetta, fiercely and fierily reciting the bill of fare :—"Beef, mutton, pork-an'-beans, 'stooed' tomatoes, veal, tongue, fried-brains-in-crumbs, corned beef, tea, coffee —which?" threatening us thus with a long list of viands. There is quite a mixture of nationalities here, as was shown once in a funny way ; for, happening to be in an ironfoundry, we heard the foreman suddenly call out, "L'eau l'eau, aqua aqua, wasser wasser—water, you beggars, hurry up!"

During our Sundays in San Francisco and San José, there were good opportunities of hearing American psalmody. One showy church left all the service of praise to the salaried vocalists, each of whom stood behind a music-stand upon an open platform. When the garish organ had concluded a showy voluntary, the choir of four stood up and rendered a florid anthem. Another church had a choir, numbering about one dozen, which sang several elaborately-set hymns and one or two anthems like those in vogue during the palmy days of R. A. Smith,—the accompaniment consisting of organ, cornet, and flute! Then the congregation, led by the choir, sang a hymn to one of the characterless melodies that are the bane of American psalmody. The amount of feeble church-music that obtains in the land, the musical "pap," the adaptations of this and

that, and the weak original anthems without end are something wonderful. Though the pride that prompts a cultivation of "home-made" music is pardonable, yet an abolition of all such inane works as "Angel Harps," "Celestial Strains," "Golden Lyres," "Heavenly Pearls," "Lutes of Zion," and an introduction of solid intelligent psalmody, substantial alike in words and music, would be a great boon to the churches of America.

The tendency of the Americans is to secularise. The Congregational Church at Sacramento is used through the week as a public hall for respectable entertainments and public meetings. The Americans have not, like us, the same hallowing respect for mere buildings. One San Francisco clergyman, whom we knew, used to promenade the principal streets during the afternoon smoking a cigar, wearing a coloured necktie, and his dress otherwise by no means proclaiming his vocation. Being remonstrated with by two of his elders (who, if Americans, must have been more than usually strict), he replied that he saw no virtue in a white neck-cloth, no harm in a cigar, and "sae the matter ended."

The Sunday-school is an excellently managed institution in America. One school we were in had a large gathering of the congregation present. The superintendent, in light trousers and vest, white coat, and blue necktie, gave out a hymn, and told the children to do their best, for "strangers from a foreign clime" (Scotland!) "were to listen to their efforts." At San José the clergyman finished his sermon thus: "Brethern, I hope you wont leave now at the end of the service, but stay and attend Sunday-school, for I can tell you there's to be a rare treat to-day. My Scotch brother, Mr. Kennedy, who is now making canvass of this country, is to sing and speak to the young folks. Our Scotch friends are to sing in this town for three nights, too, and I must say they're excellent, for I heard them myself in San Francisco, and advise you all to go." This looked so unblushing an advertisement that we were dumfoundered; but we afterwards got more into the ways of this original country! Many of the congregation remained, and we were introduced by the minister—after which my

father spoke a few words to the scholars. Previous to the singing of some sacred pieces, or what the minister called "songs"—for everything, whether it be a hymn, glee, duet, or trio, is a "song" in America—the clergyman made a little speech on the great importance of singing, both in school and church, and concluded by stating his belief that "the songs sung here below were echoed from the other side of the dark flood by those upon the golden shore." The minister, who was a big-built man with a strong flow of animal life and spirits, and all the appearance of one who lived much in the open air, conducted the singing of the children with great vigour, beating time with a wave of his book, occasionally turning his back upon the assembly, and walking off, as if abstracted in the sweet thoughts of the words. The performance of one piece did not please him at all, and the way he corrected it was very characteristic. "Now, children," he cried, stopping them, "if your uncle were to give you half a dollar, you wouldn't go to your ma and say in a mournful tone of voice, 'Ma, there's uncle been and given me fifty cents.' No, you'd rush up and exclaim, 'Ma! only fancy! dear Uncle John! you'll never guess what he's gone an' done! he's ginn me a whole half dollar all to myself!' And so you sing as if you only half believed it, in this sleepy way" (mimicking the scholars):—"'I—loave—to t-e-l-l the stoary!' when you should shout it with your heart and soul," and the minister, with a sweep of his book, again started the hymn, the children singing with certainly a great increase of enthusiasm.

Stockton was the hottest place we had visited in California, the thermometer at one time registering 100° in the shade. From hence, we went to Sacramento, an enjoyable town, and the capital of California, though the population is only a few thousands. We saw a great political meeting here. In a few weeks there was to be an important election of State officials, ranging from senator down to police-sergeant. The Democrats were vigorously canvassing their "ticket," denouncing the Republicans as having a weak "platform," while the latter was equally vehement

in return. Fire! The street is flooded with a bright glare. An immense bonfire flares in the middle of the thoroughfare, with scores of boys dancing and shouting round it. Bang, bang! a salvo of cannon is discharged; whiz, whiz, whiz! rocket after rocket tears through the air. Large election-banners are flapping high across the street—a brass band mounted at a window plays lustily. All eyes centre on a rostrum, arched over by gas-jets in front of a hotel. A tall orator commences a stirring address—the poor American eagle being dragged in every few moments in the character of a phœnix. The orator shakes his iron-grey hair, stamps, waves his arms wildly, and revels in "mud-throwing." The speaker creates no more interest amongst the people than if he had been auctioneering diamonds before a crowd of paupers; but the want of excitement is made up by artificial means. The brass band strikes up "Yankee Doodle." More wood is heaped upon the waning fires—the cannon boom again—blue rockets shoot through the sky. Judge Somebody-or-other then rises and makes a few remarks—a grey-haired gentleman who does the allegorical business, "flag trailing in the dust," "rally round the watch-fires," "the old fight," "banner that has waved on a thousand (!) battle-fields," etc. He concludes by an eloquent address to the opposite side of the street. "Mothers of America," this to three ladies on a balcony, who must have felt highly flattered)—"Mothers of America, do not, *do* not, do not on *any* account let your daughters marry Democrats!" Then the old Judge bows, a loud rocket goes off close to his ear, the bands plays "Hail, Columbia!" and the great meeting is over.

From Sacramento we started eastward on the great trans-continental journey. The majestic prospects that unfold themselves as you come near the "Summit," the great Pass of the Nevadas—when you look down at one place a depth of over 5000 feet, with the snowy mountains rising 15,000 feet above sea-level were passed through in the night. Luckily, the moon rose behind the pine-bristling ridges of the valleys, and doubtless increased the grandeur of the views—the big

head-light of the foremost of the two locomotives shining ahead into the darkness, and making the train appear a writhing glow-worm as it curved along the tortuous ridges. One wide valley was a red expanse of flame, from an extensive fire raging in the forests.

Next day we journeyed through Nevada, over the alkali desert—a dry arid waste, supporting the sage-brush, that seems powdered with saline dust—which dust, stirred up by the draught of the train, is very irritating to the throat and eyes. Stoppages for breakfast, dinner, and tea were made at three pretty considerable townships. These railway dining-room meals, for which you paid one dollar, were announced by the clanging thunder of a gong, always echoed from across the road by a feeble bell rung in front of a humble eating-house, where you were charged only a quarter of the price. Like most of those who travel in parties we had a "lunch-basket" with us, filled with good things before we started, and with the help of hot tea and coffee sold by pedlars round the train, fresh milk sold by little girls, and actually at one place ice-cream purveyed in tins on a barrow, we fared satisfactorily.

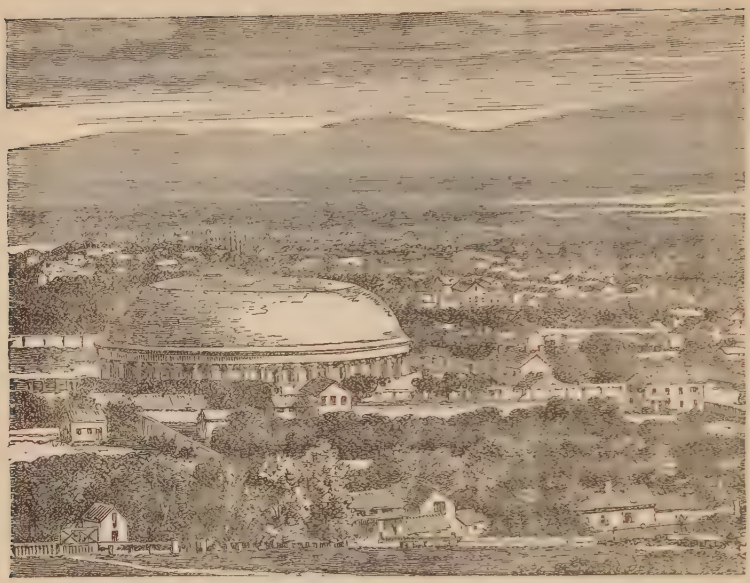
Night came again, and again we woke to the dry, impressive desert, which seemed to be the same spot that had received the rays of sunset the night before. At Brigham, named after the Mormon leader, we had our first glimpse of the great Salt Lake; and in a short time had reached Ogden, a thriving town, backed by massive mountains. A gong announcing breakfast a party of Yankees burst out of our car, shouting:—"Hulloa, boys, there's the food-signal! the grub-sounder! that blessed old hash-hammer again! let's go an' root around!" We had some refreshment here at the railway hotel; also a talk with a man who had just heard of the failure of a certain Californian bank. "Here am I," said he, "with a draught on that infernal house, far from home, without a rap in the world! it is enough to drive a man mad!"

The train for Salt Lake City runs on a single track railroad, thirty-seven miles long, made by Brigham Young a short time ago. The wily Vermonter saw that in a few years some one

would run a line to his city, so thought he might as well be that "some one," and exclude any speculating Gentile. A man with a ghastly white face and paralysed limbs is carried on a stretcher into a sleeping-car. "Mashed up by a haorse!" explains a bystanding Yankee. The train starts for the Mormon capital. Soon an expanse of houses, interwoven with shade-trees, spread before us—the large egg-roof of the Tabernacle rising out of a dense plantation in the foreground—the blue waters of the Great Salt Lake gleaming on the one hand, and on the other the glittering snowy peaks of the mighty Wasatch Mountains.

We took up quarters at a Mormon hotel, the landlord being blest, or otherwise, with four wives. Outwardly, Salt Lake City resembles other American towns. One or two shops, however, have the characteristic Mormon sign—a semi-circular line, "Holiness to the Lord"—then below it an eye painted as the symbol of Omniscience; and underneath all, these words, "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." "Buy from yourselves—do not trade with the Gentiles," was the command of Brigham Young. So these stores sprang up. The unbelievers, however, were not starved off the field, but competed successfully with the Mormons. The saints did not care to pay sixty cents to a co-believer for what the Gentile sold at fifty. The Mormon women are attired in tidy print dresses, calico aprons, and big sun bonnets. The streets are lined with shade-trees, while down each side run full clear streams of water, formed by the snow melting from the mountains.

On Sunday we heard a service in the Tabernacle, which we entered along with a crowd of Mormons, whom we could distinguish from the strangers by the plainness of their dress. One man walked demurely in front of six wives! The Tabernacle is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, and the immense curved roof supported round the sides by forty-eight stone pillars. The space between these columns had been thrown open for ventilation. The Mormon men sat on one side of the building, the women on the other. The Tabernacle still retained the floral decorations which had recently been put up in celebra-



tion of the anniversary of the Mormons arriving at Utah twenty-eight years ago. An enormous chandelier-like structure of shrubbery and flowers hung down from the centre of the roof, while from the midst of the auditorium played an elegant fountain, the spray of which cooled the atmosphere. Round the building were displayed these mottoes :—"Our own mountain home," "Heirs of the Priesthood," "Brigham, our Leader and Friend," "Utah's best crop—children!" At one end of the building stood the large organ, built by one of the saints, and close to it a choir of sixty. In front of the singers sat the grave and influential leaders among the saints, many of them grey-haired and rather unintellectual in appearance.

After a common-place hymn, a cold prayer was offered up by a man who seemed ashamed of what he was doing, and mumbled it off in a hurry, the only words we could catch being "Bless thy servant Brigham." The "Head of the Church" was not present, but a most virulent, yea, ungrammatical address was delivered by Orson Hyde, chief among the "destroying

angels." He seemed to rise, puffing, out of the platform—a middle-aged man, with big paunch, small needle-like eyes, light hair, very red face, and wearing a white linen dust-coat—a clerical Jack-in-the-Box. Rage, ignorance, artificial sanctity, and strained enthusiasm were all displayed in his sermon. After the manner of Mormon preachers, he was supposed only to speak when the spirit moved him, and took as his text: "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, and with Isaac, and with Jacob; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out." Every clause was punctuated with a hard, self-congratulatory cough, that struck one as intensely ludicrous.

"Who," he exclaimed, "have come from the east, west, north, and south? Have the Roman Catholics? No. (A-a-hem!) Have the Baptists? No. Have the Congregationalists? (A-a-hem!) No. Who then have, but the people that dwellest upon the high mountains? (A-a-hem!) And we are the people that dwellest upon the high mountains," he triumphantly cried. "The children of the kingdom are the unbelievers, and they are striving to overthrow us in these latter days (ahem!) but we have come from the east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south, and are compassed by a wall of fire, which will sweep away the enemies (ahem!) of our peace!" This with a face of concentrated malignity. "The unregenerate don't believe the end of the world is at hand," said Orson, "but did the antediluvians believe Noah? (Ahem!) No! Neither shall they believe us. But we shall come from the east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south, and dwell in the high places of the earth. What is the unbeliever without faith? He is like a loaf without leaven. When it is baked it can't be eaten. It is hard. (Ahem!) It is a brick. But when the yeast is put into it, it becomes com-for-ta-ble" (stroking his hands soothingly over his stomach). "We are the bread with the leaven in it. The Latter-Day Saints shall come from the [?y]east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south,

and the children of the kingdom shall be cast out. Ahem! [fiendish]. Amen!"

He finished with distorted features. The threads of passion seemed all to have been tied into a knot in his face. An American sitting before us leaned back and said: "If every man in the United States heard this fellow to-day, Mormonism would be swept off the face of the earth to-morrow!" In connection with the Church there is a large Sunday-school, and one can hear the children's voices joining in such lines as these:—

> "Bless Brigham Young, we children pray,
> Thy chosen Twelve in what they say."

The twelve referred to are the twelve apostles, appointed in imitation of the early Church. Again,

> "How bright have been parental hopes
> About what we shall do,
> In rolling on Jehovah's work,
> And helping put it through" (!)

The eloquence of the last line is purely American.

This Sunday we went also to a Presbyterian Church—a small, growing congregation. Six years ago there was no Scotch Church here. After the service one or two of the members, utter strangers to us, shook hands with us warmly and introduced themselves, the minister also giving us a friendly welcome. On our way home, walking slowly because of the oppressive heat, we passed occasionally a branch Mormon chapel, where, through the open door of a small hot room, we saw an elder expounding the doctrines of the Church to a crowd of proselytes. In the hotel that evening we were confronted with the apparition of a female dressed in a green tunic and equally verdant pair of "inexpressibles," with her hair thrown back in short curls—none other than Dr. Mary Walker! The following evening she gave a lecture on Dress, declaring she had worn trousers for a long time, and "would think with agony of ever resuming petticoats again."

On Sunday evening Mrs. A., a "Trance Lecturess," appeared

in the Liberal Institute. The bills stated that Mrs. A. would speak on any theme suggested by the audience; collection, ten cents, to defray expenses. The hall was filled when we arrived. The lecturess, dressed in white, with short ringlets and colourless face, was surrounded by half-a-dozen leaders of Free Thought in the city. Some subjects being handed in, Mrs. A. read them out: "Do we wear clothes in the spirit-world?" "Have you ever been in love, Mrs. A.?" "Can children enter heaven without going through the intermediate states?" "Should not the Government take charge of the railways?" The last was selected; but before commencing Mrs. A. leant on the harmonium with closed eyes, falling into a trance, as we supposed, and began to utter in a low voice a prayer to the Spirit of Light, Revealer of Mysteries, and Expounder of Truth. It was easy to see that, no matter what the subject had been, the substance of the address would have turned out just the same.

"Why don't the Government take charge of railways? Well, that's just what we *do* want to know! How can we get progress without that's done? And if we can't have progress we can't get freedom, and if we can't get freedom we can't get enlightenment, and then we'll never soar into the higher spheres of infinitude and mysterious occult power, or let our spirits in imagination pervade the realms of cerulean bliss, where all our loved departed ones dwell. There may be some of them here present in this hall, though we can't see them. I won't say they are, and I won't say they ain't. What we want is more Light. The spread of knowledge puts an end to darkness. You see when I turn these paraffin lamps down that all the black smudges on the glasses are seen, and now when I turn them up again, all the dirt disappears. Well, that's Light! that's what information does—it takes away all dirt and darkness. And what I'd like to see is railways made cheaper and better—no more monoplies—no more swindling of the public. That's what everybody's after just now—wanting to swindle. Folks in Congress, an' folks in the Church, an' folks in business, are all trying to cheat the public. An' if there was more Light, too, you wouldn't see the gals going an' tight-lacing themselves

as they do. It puts the vitals into half the room they ought to occupy, an' the gals fancy their spider waists please the young men. I don't want to see a gal cut herself in half like a wasp. Yes, an' if there was more Light there would be more belief in Spiritualism. Now, I'll tell you something about the spirits. You can all talk with them if you have sympathetic minds; but it ain't everyone that can be a good medium. *I'm* pretty good at it, and so's some other women I know. But some folks ain't born to be mediums any more than some were born to be clergymen. Now, you'll be wondering at me going about the country lecturing, an' many people say to me, 'Why don't you stop at home?' Well, I'd be there if I could. As you may remember, I got divorced from my husband a little while ago. So I've got a young family to keep, an' I am going to work for them too. Every woman should work. If you don't want to go on your knees and scrub, go and learn the telegraph. Be independent. That'll do as much for you as Woman's Rights, though that's all very well in its way. That cause an' many others is silently working on, and on, and on, spreading enlightenment abroad, till sooner or later the whole world will be filled with Light. The collection will now be taken up." When we got home what with Orson Hyde's sermon in the Tabernacle, the goblin in green breeks, and the Trance Lecture, we felt oppressed with spiritual nightmare!

In Salt Lake City there is a large theatre, which, like the Tabernacle, is under control of Brigham Young. The Church and the Drama, things sacred and things secular, are all managed by the Great Mogul of Utah. Here we saw a New York company perform the play of "Divorce," a subject that must have been very attractive to the Mormon mind. As the crowd was going in we heard the folk saluting each other with "Good evening, Brother Brown," "How are you, Sister Jenkins?" and so on. There are two morning papers in the city—one Mormon, the other Gentile, and the latter "makes things uncommonly hot" for the faithful. There are also one evening daily, two semi-weekly, three weekly, four semi-monthly

and two monthy publications. Not so bad in this remote community of 30,000 inhabitants.

On the railway platform, as we were leaving, a Scotsman said to the stout member of our party: "So ye're gaun to leave us? What way div ye no' stop an' be a Mormon? They'd be sure to mak' a deacon o' ye—ye've got sic a graund belly on ye!" Inside the car we met a decent, middle-aged Scotchwoman. She was a Mormon, spoke volubly in favour of Mormonism, but did not believe in polygamy so far as it affected herself. She was very expert in the use of Scriptural texts. Said we, "Every deacon shall be the husband of one wife." "Yes," she replied, "of one wife at least!" In San Francisco we had been favoured with a visit from Elder Stenhouse, who was, till very lately, one of the chief spirits amongst the Mormons. During his stay at Salt Lake he was, I believe, a man of sound faith and honest in his exertions in favour of polygamy; but he latterly saw and heard enough to open his eyes to the errors of the Church. So he and his good lady shook the dust of the desert from their shoes and bade adieu to Utah. At Omaha, again, we were acquainted with a Highlander who in the early days was converted to Mormonism, who left a snug situation in Dundee, came over the Atlantic, and settled amongst the Saints on the banks of the Missouri River, where Omaha stands to-day, but where there was then not the slightest indications of that now growing city. For a time things went quietly, but the scales soon fell from his eyes, and, in Highland rage, he abjured the Mormon faith. Time and again he stood on the banks of the river, at the peril of his life, and preached against Mormonism to the bands of converts as they passed over to the new settlement.

Leaving Ogden, the train came upon the wild scenery of the Rocky Mountains, travelling through cañons of startling grandeur. The Devil's Gate was a cleft in a gorge, violently broken through by a white foaming river. Farther on came the Devil's Slide, two parallel walls of rock a short distance apart, running down the whole face of the gorge. In Weber Cañon the train

was compressed within fierce rocky jaws, the narrowness of the defile such that there scarcely appeared room for both the wild torrent and the single track of rail. Here we passed the Thousand Mile Tree, which is that distance from Omaha, our far-off terminus. Then we plunged into Echo Cañon, with its fantastic isolated rocks, called Castle Rock, Tower Rock, Sentinel Rock, and Pulpit Rock, from their supposed resemblance to these objects. The Pulpit Rock, however, has some substantial claim to its title, as it is said that from here Brigham Young delivered his first sermon in the Rocky Mountains. Here, too, on the tops of the precipices, are the fortifications erected by the Mormons when once threatened by a visit from United States troops, and from whence they intended to hurl masses of rock upon the enemy. Amongst all this spirit of imposing scenery dwells the spirit of Yankee advertising. Admiring a high peak, our eyes rested on "Dyspepsia Pills"—falling into raptures over a deep ravine, we were shocked with "Vinegar Bitters"—meditating on the grand vista of precipices, we were told nothing equalled the "Patent Horse Oil"—and while noticing the beautiful effects of light and shade, we were suddenly called upon to "Try the rising Sun Stove Polish!" A stoppage! All around is the lonely prairie. The engine-driver leaps off, with a tin can in his hand, and makes a "bee-line" for some spot on the nearer rising ground. The conductor follows; then an eager crowd of passengers, with bottles, pannikins, jugs, tumblers, "pocket-pistols;" and, snatching up a cup, we join the throng that gathers round a soda spring!

Next day we travelled through Nebraska—the real boundless prairie. We heard the startling news that the train preceding ours had been robbed. The train that gave us this information had been in a terrific hailstorm a few miles west of Omaha. The hailstones were three or four inches thick, and wrecked the train, the "cars" having to be brought to a dead stop. On the third day from Ogden we arrived in Omaha. The distance from San Francisco is 1,914 miles, accomplished in four days and six hours. There still lay 1,454 miles between us and the Atlantic, New York being an eight days' journey of 3,368 miles from San

Francisco. The mind almost fails to grasp the expanse of country traversed by the locomotive, that great railway shuttle, now weaving civilisation across the desert.

Omaha is prettily situated on hilly ground, and past it roll the sullen, (*i.e.*, muddy) waters of the Missouri River. We went east by the Chicago and North-Western Railway. The speed of the train, an "express," was greater than that on the long Pacific line and reached perhaps thirty miles an hour, the 492 miles to Chicago being run in twenty-two hours. The journey was rough, the road-bed being very much impaired by recent destructive storms. The bridges were crossed at quarter speed—a precaution by no means unnecessary, as the train that followed us fell through one of these bridges into a river. At Clinton, a large flourishing town, we crossed the equally muddy Mississippi. As the saying is, "I guess when you swaller this water you've got to shet yer eyes!"

Chimney-stalks appearing through lake-mists and smoke—high gables of warehouses, frequent bridges across the line, and noisy traffic of vehicles that ran close alongside the train—impressed us with the fact that Chicago was at hand. The depôt was reached, and like most stations in Western America was an uncomfortable, plain wooden structure. We are conveyed in an omnibus to the hotel, where one of us "registers" the names in the office-book, under the eye of the clerk, who has a self-complacent look and the air of only temporarily filling the position till the *real* clerk arrives.

Rumble, rumble, bing, bang, bong, bizzera, bizzera, cr-r-rash! whizzera, whizzera, boo-oo-oom! The dinner gong! So we naturally gravitate towards the dining-room. The head waiter ushers us into a large banqueting-hall, where two or three hundred persons are assembled. The floor is occupied by numbers of detached tables, and the waiters are "darkies." At a table adjoining ours sit a husband and wife, accompanied by an infant scion of their house mounted on a high chair. The child yearns for this and that with a tone which is a compound of a whine and a command:—"Ma, ma, say ma, ma, say ma;" and the father remarks, "Well, bub, and what's

the matter, eh?" Then the youthful gormandiser continues, "Say, ma, pess me the vinegar for my fish, will you—an' where's the waiter? I want to order some corned pork—an' will the apple dumpling be good, do you think, ma?" Involuntarily we hear the order given by a gentleman sitting near us:—"Bring me fried smelt, roast mutton an' jelly, keff head, pork an' beans, squash, mashed turnips, boiled rice, tomatoes, potatoes, an' a cup o' coffee!"—the lady beside him adding:—"The same for me!"

Our waiter comes at last with a loaded tray of dishes, and covers the table with them. Each guest has a separate set of plates—a whole constellation of small dishes revolving round your meat-plate, as the central sun. Though we only numbered seven of a party, our table was covered with actually one hundred dishes!

The hotel drawing-room is a large elegantly-carpeted apartment, sumptuously furnished Round the room sit various parties of ladies and gentlemen conversing; a lady sits at the piano and sings a sentimental song. Every American lady who lives at a hotel is thus constantly leading a public life; and this, combined with a natural freedom, gives her a great ease of manner. Most of those present are regular boarders, for the hotels are not kept up altogether by travellers, but also by persons who rent suites of rooms for a month or two, or by the year. Many married couples make a home in the hotel, and thus free themselves from the care of keeping house. But what do the children know of domestic life, as they play about the dreary corridors of these large buildings? What does the mother herself know, relieved from all household duties, taking shopping for exercise, or rocking herself in her chair, yawning away the dull hours between meals—no cooking to see after, no rooms to tidy up, not even the luxury of knowing that she is providing for her husband's comfort? What a penalty to pay for ease and luxury! The hotel-ladies, I am persuaded, must shorten their days through ennui.

Chicago impressed us with its substantial appearance. The whole heart of the city is one mass of grand

edifices, all erected since the great fire. As a city, it is essentially commercial. The eye wearies after a while of mercantile palaces.

All this time we had been cultivating the acquaintance of the Western Yankee. The Yankee "down East" is said to be a more refined individual than his pioneering brother "out West." The Eastern man "calc'lates," the Western man "guesses"—both "reckon" more or less. The first thing a Britisher remarks is the peculiar twang of the American, and his orthographical errors. Of course one can hardly regard it as a deadly sin for the Yankee to speak of duty as "dooty," to say "noan" for none, "deef" for deaf—we even heard a fashionable church-choir sing loudly of the "morning doo"—but why do the Americans allude to a stranger from the other side the "Pond" as having the fault of speaking with a strong English accent. The Americans are practical, shrewd, sometimes playfully irreverent, childishly sensational, fond of looking at the startling side of things, and rather "hail-fellow-well-met" to a person who has not lost the conventional ideas of the old country. The American woman is homely (and of course I do not use this word in its Yankee signification of "ugly.") She is always dressed neatly and precisely, whether she be resident of a suburban villa or "help" in a boarding-house. Some American women, on the other hand, are exceedingly bouncing in their ways—dress as if dying to be seen—talk with great volubility, and with a dry, incisive tone, as if they always had something important to say, and the whole world should listen.

A journey of 284 miles brought us from Chicago to Detroit, the cleanest, neatest town we had so far seen in the States. Across the Detroit River we saw the welcome shores of Canada.

CHAPTER XVI.

Crossing into Canada—Toronto—Niagara—Winter life in Ontario—Sleigh Journeys—Kingston—Ottawa—Montreal—Tobogganing—The Ice Shove—Quebec.

THIS splendid river was formerly the terminus of the "Underground Railway," as they called the American society that aided slaves in their escape to the true "soil of freedom," and across the green rolling waters many a dusky fugitive found his way. Even at this present time there are runaways who cross this river into Canada, but they are brazen-faced Yankees with carpet-bags—fraudulent bankrupts, swindlers, and embezzlers. Our train, locomotive and all, moved on board a large transfer steamer. We reached Windsor, the Canadian town, whence a train started for Toronto. The guard, or "conductor," was a Scotsman, and we had a long "crack" with him about the mother-country. The journey of 223 miles was very enjoyable. By evening we near our goal, and see the moonlight glinting on the waves of Lake Ontario. Toronto is reached; the "Queen's Hotel" bus is at the station, and in the elegant homeliness of this fine house we are soon installed.

We are delighted to find ourselves in a community so strikingly British. We could almost have hugged the very British policeman as his solid tread shook the sidewalk. We felt inclined to shake hands with every one we met. Even the National Anthem, though played by a brass band, was the sweetest music to our ear.

Less than one hundred years ago, Toronto was an Indian village; forty years ago, the "muddy little city of York." It has grown with the development of farming, and has now 60,000 inhabitants. Opposite the city stretches a long island, and the sheet of water it encloses is called Toronto Bay. Beyond stretches Lake Ontario, far away to the horizon. The city rises in a gentle slope from the lake shore. Most of its

public buildings are commanding, and the streets alive with traffic. There are many English in Toronto, and many Scotch. There being a strong Irish element here, the Roman Catholics are numerous and bold—all the bolder because of the supremacy of the hierarchy in Lower Canada. My brothers and I witnessed a serious riot here. A number of "pilgrimages," or processions from one chapel to another, had been ordered. One Sunday the "pilgrims" were attacked by a mob, and had to fight their way from street to street. The military were called out. The police advanced to clear the street—the crowd fired at them. There was a desperate close encounter, with sticks beating about in every direction, and stones hurtling through the air. The police levelled their revolvers, and for a full minute there was a succession of shots. Stones fell crashing upon the fences close by us. We noticed a stunned policeman taken in through the lower window of a house; he had been violently felled by a big stone. No one had been wounded by bullets; most of the pistols, I fancy, were discharged in the air. Many arrests were made, and the rioters sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The affair was looked upon as a blot upon the hitherto fair fame of this respectable community.

Leaving Toronto, we had a railway ride of forty miles to Hamilton, and from there we went to Niagara. The Canadian town of Clifton is two miles below the Falls, and thence we walked along the high banks of the Niagara River. Woe to any carriage that goes over here, for horse and vehicle will fall crashing through the foliage, sheer to the river. Private enterprise has nailed boards on several of the trees: "Man fell over the cliff hear," "A cow went over her," and other misspelt but philanthropic notices.

At a turn of the road we had a distant first view of the Falls, with their overwhelming presence, power, and ocean-roar. We went as near them as we could get—gazing at them for a long time, with their thunder shaking the rock beneath our feet and quivering the iron railing in our grasp. The Horse-Shoe Fall is tremendous. The waters meet in the centre from the con-

verging sides of the Fall, and through the clouds of spray you have glimpses of a far-in turmoil of waters. The American Fall is a somewhat lesser body of water than the Horse-Shoe, from which it is separated by the sylvan Goat Island. You have a sense of the loftiness and grandeur of the Falls in the apparently leisurely way the water descends. Nowhere, in a general view of the Falls, have you the idea of impetuosity. Not till you go beneath them do you realise their rush and irresistible power.

My brothers and I, clad in oilskins, went under the Falls. We had a darkie with us as guide—an intelligent fellow, who took an unaffected interest in the various sights. Few other natural exhibitions could have kept a man's mind fresh in the midst of a daily routine. We descended a wooden spiral staircase, half-way down which there is a small window, commanding a view unsurpassed from any other standpoint. You are close to the outer edge of the Horse-Shoe Fall. The giant crescent of the cataract shoots out from the overhanging ledge high above you, and swooping down in a splendid arc against the sky, shatters itself in foam upon the rocks.

We were startled to see that we had to walk on little ledges like bricks, scarcely bigger than the foot. A heavy gale was raging, and the gusts blew the water down upon us in violent paroxysms. We had to turn our faces to the oozy wall, and literally gasped for breath. Sometimes the guide knew when the shift of wind was coming, and waving his hand, for one could not have heard a word, he warned us of the impending deluge. Amid increasing spray, noise, and lessening daylight, we cautiously rounded a dangerous abutment of rock, and arrived at the farthest point that any one has yet reached. We stood in the eerie twilight of a liquid-roofed cavern, resounding with thrilling sounds and echoes. A stormy sky of clouds, with all its rain, mist, and thunder, seemed to be flying down over our heads, loosened from its place in the heavens—the sonorous sound it had in falling being exchanged for a sharp cry of pain as the water smote the rocks.

"Kerridge, sir?" "Have your photograph with the Falls as

background?" "Won't you go an' see the live buffaloes?" "Step into my museum, gentlemen, free of charge?" "Oil-skins, sir?" "Nick-nacks?" "Indian beadwork?" "Kerridge, kerridge, kerridge?" Cabmen, pedlars, and touters thronged about us, and distracted our thoughts from the glorious music welling up from the liquid precipices of Niagara. The season being almost over, the appearance of visitors was the signal for universal excitement. Waxing rash with competition, a cab-man volunteered to drive the whole of us back to Clifton for "heff a dollar." Getting no encouragement, he hurriedly wheeled his cab round, and swore: "Blank, dash, smash, and double-darn me, may you all be dog-tired afore you get home!" And shaking his whip over his head, he drove away in wrath. Another "cabbie" adopted a different tone, urging us plaintively to "let him make somethin' out of us." We crossed to Luna Island, which overhangs the American fall like a mass of earth arrested on the brink of the abyss. Here you almost look down the face of the Falls, and can put your foot into the curve of the water as it pours over the brink. One's individuality is swallowed up in the falling waters; you feel in the fascination of the moment, as if you were going down with them over the giddy verge.

Our next purpose was to see the Whirlpool Rapids. The water, after seething round the base of the Falls like boiling froth of milk, flows tranquilly for two miles. Then, passing under the Clifton Suspension Bridge, where the trains roll across at a height of 250 feet, the mighty river is compressed into a narrow channel, with a very marked decline. You go down a wooden shaft and come upon a small platform, level with the rapids. The water dashes past with terrible speed, the waves tumbling and crashing together, with raging surge, and flying round in great swirls—the involution and convolution almost turning the mind yellow with vertigo—till the stormy river, hurling immense logs at railway speed, empties itself headlong into the whirlpool. The latter was a maze of swirling eddies writhing and drawing everything towards them with their glassy suction. Masses of driftwood formed the

rim of the central vortex, while huge trunks of trees were swept round in great velocity, pitched out of the water, and tilted end over end in the mighty throes of the conflicting currents. Round the green waters of this basin circled a lovely amphitheatre—on every side rising the steep banks of the river clothed with forest trees. Pine, fir, maple, and oak were to be seen gay in all the hues of autumn—red, yellow, brown, purple, and orange—the whole one gorgeous mass of variegated colour, like an immense natural bouquet, and contrasting strangely with the turmoil it encompassed.

On our second visit the sky was bright, and the Falls looked dazzling under the clear sunshine. The spray rose in a well-defined, luminous cloud, mounting up one thousand feet into the air, and a fine double rainbow, arching the foaming cauldron, added a new charm to the scene. Such was our last look at Niagara.

Autumn appears in her fullest loveliness in Canada, after which comes the lovely Indian summer, a tranquil reminiscence of summer, without any of its great heat or passion. During this season we visited the townships of Southern Ontario. At Simcoe we were taken through the Public School. Some of the pupils were learning algebra, some drawing Gothic cathedrals on a black board. The geography class were studying the map of Canada, and a girl pointed out the provinces of the New Dominion, not even forgetting the newly-added province of Manitoba, in the Great North-West. Canadian, like other colonial children, have a changing geography. In another room a class was being catechised in grammar. My father asked, "What part of speech would you use if some one put a pin into your shoulder?" and the answer came promptly from a wee lassie, "Please, sir, an interjection!" Thursday, 28th October, was Thanksgiving Day, when we happened to be at St. Thomas. All the places of worship were open. We led the psalmody in the Presbyterian Church, which was crowded with townsfolk and farmers, who had come in to give thanks for the bountiful harvest.

Our route now embraced London, a city of 16,000 inhabitants,

and commonly known here as London the Less, to distinguish it from another metropolis of the same name existing somewhere in Great Britain! Here, on the last day of October, there was snow to the depth of two inches. A fortnight afterwards there was another heavy fall, and from that time afterwards we were in full enjoyment of cold weather. A few days later we were at Sarnia, which was swept at this time with cold winds, the roads as hard and wrinkled as the hide of a rhinoceros.

Winter is a jolly time of the year in Canada. Deep snow has not the paralysing influence on traffic that it has in Britain, where thaw is always imminent. Snow here is trustworthy for weeks, and sleighing means business; the shopkeepers are overjoyed. According to everybody this winter was a "darned fizzle." There were two or three days of snow and frost, then thaw and slush. All the severity of the winter came in wild spurts. There was a "cold snap" the last day of November, and the thermometer went far below zero. At this time we were in the good city of Stratford, named after the birthplace of Shakespeare. Like that famous place it is situated on the River Avon. While the great metropolis, London, has not a single street or square named after the immortal bard, they have here given him full honour. The divisions of the town have been named Hamlet Ward, Othello Ward, Falstaff Ward, and so on; while a little village in the neighbourhood has been called Shakespeare. St. Andrew's Day was celebrated here by the St. Andrew's Society. It has been said that to find a true Scotsman you must leave Scotland; and in no part of the world will you find more patriotic hearts than amongst the Scottish farmers of Canada.

Galt is a purely Scottish town, and named after the famous novelist and biographer of Byron. Most of the people here are from the Border counties, James Hogg being instrumental in sending out a great many people to this part of Canada. We met here a man whose wife was a niece of the Ettrick Shepherd, and from whom we heard many interesting facts concerning the great poet. At the hotel there lodged a travelling female astrologist—a bold-faced, silver-haired American woman—who

announced on her handbills that she was the seventh daughter of the seventh, would recover stolen property, reconcile lovers, read your planets, and (oh, anti-climax!) cure freckles!

At Guelph we assisted at the opening of the new Town Hall. During the day we saw a party of workmen rolling a large barrel into the side-room, where it afterwards burst. "It's for the music-folks," said they. "But," we laughed, "ha, ha! you know we don't——" "Oh!" they replied—"this is lager beer for the band that plays at the ball!" And sure enough, the Germanic "brass" appeared in due course. At another town where we gave a concert, the audience commenced applauding long before the hour, upon which the grey-haired mayor of the town rose up and said, "Gentlemen, it wants twenty minutes to the time yet, so I hope, for the credit of the community, that you will refrain from that noise; but, if those folks ain't on the platform by eight o'clock, I'll see you righted!" Later on, the hall became unbearably warm. Ordinary ventilation being impossible, a powerful Scotch voice roared out, "Brak ane or twa o' the wundies!" upon which the paternal mayor walked majestically across the hall and put his fist through a pane, thereby giving his sanction to a more general smash.

Our first sleigh-ride was from Berlin to Ayr. It was raining slightly, though the temperature was at freezing-point. The shrubs and blades of grass were sticking up through the snow like little daggers of ice. The trees were fairly weighed down with icicles. We had a queer collection of drivers during these sleigh-journeys. First a Dutchman: then an old man so stiff with rheumatism that he had to be lifted into the sleigh, and propped up from behind with the luggage. We had another old man with one eye, and that very bleared and watery from facing the winter blasts. After a "noggin" he got at a wayside inn, he became chuckingly communicative—told us how he once belonged to Batty's Circus in England, and constituted the entire orchestra himself, playing the "grand ongtrays" and "trick music" on a keyless bugle. Another driver was the captain of a lake-steamer, who drove our sleigh that he might get a free ride to see his friends, and who greatly amused us

with his ludicrous mixture of nautical and equestrian terms. Lastly, the whip was wielded by a rich relation of the livery-keeper—a Yankee from Ohio, who had come over to Canada to enjoy himself. He took the job of driving us so as to have some relief from the monotony of life in a country-town, and certainly proved himself a lively fellow. He was given out to be worth 40,000 dollars, but this did not prevent his jumping off the sleigh and executing an elaborate double shuffle in the bar of every hotel we came to!

One day the sleigh upset over a culvert. There we lay, all mixed up with bags, bundles, shawls, and rugs, with the seats of the sleigh on top of us. We got extricated at last, shook ourselves like dogs, and proceeded to relieve our poor old driver, who lay helplessly clutching his whip. A long procession of sleighs happened to be passing at the time, and a running fire of witticism came from the drivers. A score or two of schoolboys also ran after us, and were only repelled by a cannonade of "sweeties," which they battled for amongst the snow.

At Listowel we met the brother of Dr. Livingstone, and were much struck with the strong family resemblance between him and the great traveller. The worst journey we had was from Listowel to Wingham, a stage of twenty-two miles. The thermometer stood 20° below zero; a fierce snowstorm was raging. Not a soul was out that could possibly keep indoors. The snow was drifting and falling rapidly, and all tracks of vehicles had been obliterated. The horses struggled amongst the great mounds of powdery snow. Dense wreaths swept along the road; and though our two vehicles were only three yards apart, we were continually losing sight of each other. We were driving in a white night. The cold was awfully bitter. The foam hung from the horses' nostrils in long white icicles. The lapels of our great-coats were frozen as hard as a board, and our cheeks were glazed with scales of ice. We were completely white with snow, like human statues. My brother Charles, who sat alongside of me, had two blobs of ice on his eyes, like ice-spectacles, and he could not see till, after

some difficulty, he got them picked off. Then his left cheek became white—he was frost-bitten! Snatching up a handful of snow from the buffalo robe, I vigorously rubbed his face till the blood began to circulate. All at once he cried, "Look at your nose!" but as that was rather a difficult feat in optics, I replied, "What's the matter?" And he said, "It's as white as anything!" So I excitedly rubbed my nose, or rather the place my nose used to be, for I could not feel it. Then my brother's cheek blanched again, and I applied more snow—after which my nose became marble, and it had to be polished once more. Then his cheek, then my nose—nose, cheek, nose, cheek, nose—till a natural hue had set in. At length we reached a small hotel, and though only four miles from our destination, we all ran in and warmed ourselves—all, except my brother and I, who had been frost-bitten. It is not considered safe to trust yourself near a fire after such an occurrence, as then a swollen ear or nose is apt to turn into an open sore for the winter. The driver vowed he "wouldn't go through the same again—no, not for a hundred dollars." It is related that a Scottish Canadian, on his voyage home to Scotland one summer, was found sleeping on deck, when the captain, roused him with a caution against sunstroke. "Sunstroke!" replied the Scotsman, with ineffable scorn, "it wad tak a' the sun atween here an' Greenock to thaw the Canada frost oot o' my head!" And we could almost say it took a week to thaw out the awful cold of this journey.

We always tried to arrive on Saturday at some nice little town, where we could spend a quiet Sunday. We generally attended the "Scotch Church," which had as a rule a good congregation, drawn from the country round. Harmoniums and organs are being introduced into a great many of the Presbyterian churches. As to the preaching in the country districts, you might shut your eyes during the sermon (!) and fancy yourself in any small town in Scotland, which, of course, is paying the Canadian pulpit a great compliment. The country ministers here, in their social relation with their flock,

exhibit few or no professional airs, and mix freely with the people.

One hears a great deal in Canada of "Jack being as good as his master." An old lady from Edinburgh told us of the "deplorable state" of society in this respect. "Everybody is on an equality with everybody else," said she; "my washer-woman's daughter learns the piano; and last night, at your concert, my servant sat alongside of me in a showy dress, with her bonnet all done up with white feathers—a thing that would not be allowed at home, I'm sure." But the poor body had been twenty-three years out from Scotland. We heard, too, of how one day a certain ecclesiastical dignitary was driving along in his elegant "cutter," when he was met by a Highland farmer in a sleigh at a part of the road where the drifts only admitted of one vehicle. The clergyman of course thought the farmer would give him the track, but as "Donald" sat unrelenting, the ecclesiastic rose with great dignity, thinking to end the whole matter, and said, "Sir, I am the Lord Bishop of Mapletown." "And I," said the farmer, rising with Highland pride, "I—am Toogal MacToogal of Boska-sho-sho-nee!" Upon which the two sat face to face, glaring at each other, with what result is not known to history.

Among the favourite winter-sports of Canada is that of horse-racing, and of course the reader will be surprised, as we were, to hear of such a thing. Every town or village that boasts its lake or river has a ready-made race-course in the winter-time. The Canadians, like the Americans, go in for trotting-matches, and the horses' shoes are frosted specially for the event. In one village we saw the races taking place in the middle of the street. At Barrie, a considerable town on Lake Simcoe, we had an opportunity of being "on the turf," for there were races taking place on the ice. Imagine the "thimble and pea," the "card-trick," and other bare-faced swindling, with the temperature at zero. There were some hundreds of folks on the ice, and they moved about trying to look as happy as possible. The "favourite" colour seemed to be blue (about the nose). In a short time we were heartily tired watching the various

"heats," which sounded like a mockery to one's cold limbs and pinched faces.

Once there happened to be races near a little village we were at. We had arranged beforehand for rooms at the hotel, but on arriving, found that the landlord, in the fever of unusual business, had let his apartments to the first comers. Therefore we had to put up with limited accommodation in another house. The hotel was filled with dense pungent smoke from the stoves, and from the scores of pipes and cigars. The bar-room swarmed with drunk, disorderly men, and the narrow, creaking stairs were blocked with people. The rooms were so small that our larger luggage had to remain outside in the passage. The sitting-room was full of lads and lasses, who were looking out on the tumult in the village. Sleighs were tearing wildly up the street—at one time a drunken fellow, with a maddened horse and a heavy sleigh, dashing into another vehicle, and upsetting its occupants into the snow. Now and again, with warning whoop and yell, a horse and jockey flew past. There was incessant noise in and about the hotel. At night we had a good tea, for, as the hostess said, she had "put out her best licks" for us. About eleven o'clock, just as we went to bed, a dance was started, and we could scarcely snatch a wink. Our room was so frequently invaded by roving fellows "wanting a sleep," that Robert and I had to barricade the door with a portmanteau. All through the "silent watches" a steady thud of feet came from below, like the rumble of a flour-mill. In the morning Robert discovered that his watch-chain had disappeared, and an ineffectual search was made over the hotel. Just before breakfast there were a series of fights in the bar, and a bevy of drunk men were taken off to the lock-up. All around, in the lower rooms of the hotel, lay broken legs of chairs and lengths of stove-pipe, with which the inebriates had belaboured each other. The sofas, too, had had their backs wrenched off by the revellers, so as to make two beds—one man lying on the couch and the other reposing on the back. We found the dining-room door locked, and the landlady guarding it to keep out stragglers; also taking money from each one as

they came out. "We've been very quiet, considering," said she; "I heard they had some fighting at the other hotel!" Right glad were we to escape from the confusion. We never saw anything like it before or since.

Christmas day found us at the village of Mount Forest. On New Year's Day we visited Southampton, a busy port on Lake Huron. Then we returned to Toronto, and went east to Belleville by the Grand Trunk Railway, which stretches through the vast provinces of Ontario and Quebec. A fierce snowstorm was raging at Belleville. We had to sleigh twenty-two miles to Picton, across the Bay of Quinté. The ice was very dangerous, owing to the rainy weather of a few days previously. The landlord of the Picton hotel, and the livery-stable keeper, who acted as guide, both went ahead in a little sleigh—next came our party of eight, a heavy load for the risky ice—the rear being brought up by the luggage. The shore faded, and we were alone amidst the swirling snow. A blast of snow would now and then rend the veil of snow, when we sighted a headland, or some little bush stuck in the ice to mark the track. Only thus could our guide take his bearings, for the opposite shore was not visible till long after. The livery-man did not like the journey at all, and every few minutes cried back in a dissuasive tone, "What do you think of Picton now, boys?"—the answer coming prompt and decisive, "Must get to Picton to-day!" At last, almost smothered beneath a gust of snow, the sleighs pulled up. The livery-man, with a white cloth bandaged over both ears, and looking like an hospital patient, jumped off his seat, and tramped savagely round and round about amongst the whirling snow, shaking his whip and vowing he "couldn't lay salt on that blamed track nohow." As we had never been following any track whatever, we wondered at his vexation, but he told us he wanted to find the track so as to keep off it! A loaded dray had gone through the ice a few days previously, and a father and son were drowned. "If I follow the tracks," said our guide, "I'll get into some of these holes. The surface ice began to break up, and the sleigh kept sinking through the friable crust. The livery-man hastily came

to our sleigh and unharnessed one of the two horses, hitching it to the back of his conveyance—adding, "I want to save one good horse at any rate if we get into a hole—the sleigh can float." After an hour's winding about in the storm we "landed" with grateful hearts.

Here we found the cross-roads totally choked up. A wall of snow extended flush from fence to fence, five feet deep at least. Then we went in a body to the fence, and made a gap for the sleighs to go through. From field to field we went, breaking in and breaking out through the "snake" fences. It was very fatiguing work, the heavy bars being firmly cemented together with ice. While going through a break in a fence the luggage sleigh sank through the ice into a ditch. Smash! went the swingle-bars; splash! went the horses, floundering violently, and sending up spouts of mud. The poor beasts were unharnessed, while one of the drivers went over the bleak fields to get fresh swingle-bars at a neighbouring farm-house. Here, too, the ladies were housed till matters were righted. We took the luggage out, prised up the sleigh with fence-bars, and then, with a combined pull, got it out of the ditch—our legs chilled to the bone from standing in the icy-cold water. It was with great thankfulness that we sighted Picton. The twenty-two miles had occupied five and a half hours. On nearing the town we met the mail starting for Belleville, but it had not gone far when it turned back. Our obstinacy in making the journey was rewarded by our having to re-advertise the concert, as the inhabitants could scarce credit that we had travelled in such weather.

Kingston was our next point, 160 miles east of Toronto, and about half way between that city and Montreal. Kingston lies on Cataraqui Bay, just where the Cataraqui River mingles its waters with the great Ontario, and at the foot of which lake the town is situated. Kingston is one of the oldest cities in the Dominion, and at one time was the capital of Canada. On various points of the bay are planted Martello towers, which if not useful for defence, are exceedingly picturesque. Kingston stands on a foundation of bluestone rock, of which the houses

are built, giving them an appearance of massiveness and strength. The streets have an old-settled look, and the public buildings are as fine as those of any other town of 15,000 inhabitants I have ever seen.

From the ancient capital of Canada we went to Ottawa, the new capital, and the seat of the Dominion Parliament. Ottawa lies on the river of the same name. The Parliament Buildings are the pride of the city, and are the most sumptuous and costly of the kind on the American continent. We visited the Chaudière Falls, a mile and a half from the city. The river, after rushing through nine miles of rapids, narrows its channel, and falls forty feet into a boiling chasm, the Big Kettle. Here there is a deep cleft, the Devil's Hole, into which a large portion of the river mysteriously disappears. We saw the Falls during strong frost, the water frozen to the very edge of the descent. The rising spray, too, had gradually hardened into a wall in front of the cataract. Ottawa does an enormous trade in lumber, and its woodyards are a sight to see. The lumbering or tree-felling takes place 250 and 300 miles up, in the forests on the Ottawa river. The logs are floated down in immense rafts, often as far as Quebec, a distance of 1200 miles from the lumber region, taking six months on the passage. In the vicinity of Ottawa we met a large number of Kennedys, distant relatives of ours. They own a farm, and are very musical. During our visits the party assembled was numerically strong enough to attempt oratorio choruses, and pleasant hours were thus spent.

In January of 1876 we visited Montreal, and saw the frozen, snow-covered St. Lawrence, the colossal Tubular Bridge, the Mountain, with its timbered and white-sprinkled sides, rising behind the city. The streets were fat with snow. Vehicles of all kinds were gliding swiftly along, with gorgeously-lined fur-robes floating out behind them, while the air was filled with the tinkling of the bells, that echoed from the stately buildings on either hand. Now a sombre procession of nuns would wend its way along. Now a snow-shoe club in Indian file, in picturesque grey blanket coat, red sash, knickerbockers, scarlet

stockings, moccasins, and a *tuque bleue* with red tassels Presently they would make a "bee-line" over hill and dale, jumping fences and ditches, and going "on the double" with many a shout and whoop.

Montreal is the commercial capital of Canada, and has a population of 125,000, half of whom are French. Your Scotch friend, in the middle of "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" breaks off to say "*Bon jour!*" to a passing Frenchman. Under the guidance of our indefatigable friend Colonel S., we made acquaintance with "Moosoo" in his own district, which lies principally at the east end of the city. Nothing to be seen but French shops and French names—nothing spoken but French. The streets were alive with sleighs, the drivers uttering many a "*sacré.*" It was one of those French hackmen that the old Scotch lady addressed on first landing in the country:—"Man, what'll ye tak tae hurl ma kist up to Lasheen?"—the "*Parbleu!*" of the astonished driver wringing from the good woman the exclamation:—"Eh, mercy! what's to become o' me? the fowk here dinna understaun' plain English!"

The St. Lawrence being frozen, dozens of sleighs were crossing. Any one who sees in summer its broad current alive with shipping, would scarcely believe that in a few weeks it would be a firm highway for horses and vehicles. When a certain noble lord visited Montreal, he refused to cross the frozen river, not deeming such a thing possible. So his friends drove him over in a sleigh without telling him. When half-way, he asked what the level expanse of snow was, and they replied it was a common. "A common," repeated his lordship—"splendid! that magnificent stretch of country would do credit to any town in England!" We walked upon the river, and came upon a party of men cutting ice, none of the blocks less than three feet thick. The view from the river was striking and comprehensive. Along the shore stretched the long unbroken quay of masonry that forms one of the wonders of this great centre of commerce. The entire city-front is an extensive panorama graced by spires and domes.

Mount Royal, or Mont Real, named by Jacques Cartier in

1535, is an abrupt volcanic hill, wooded to its summit, and 400 feet high, though it appears much loftier. The mountains around here are said to have been old when the Alps and Himalayas were at the bottom of the sea. The Colonel, with his accustomed kindness, arranged with a party of friends to visit the mountain. When the time arrived, a large concourse of vehicles occupied St. James' Street. The back of the mountain was ascended by a winding road. On the summit there is being made a people's park ; and I am certain that few public recreation grounds have a situation anything like this. When the idea of a park was first mooted, it was laughed at, and people voted it impossible for any one to get to the top. Our friend the Colonel, who is an officer of volunteers, one morning early summoned his whole battery of artillery upon secret service, and led them out of town, none of them knowing their destination, till at last they reached the mountain, and the mystery was out. Colonel S. and his artillery gained the summit, the cannon were planted in position, and when the bells of the city struck twelve, a ripping salute proclaimed the feasibility of a people's park.

The prospect from the summit was grand. Beneath us lay the city, which had quite an ecclesiastical appearance from the great number of steeples, church-roofs, and the towers of Nôtre Dame, that rose like giants above the house-tops. Farther round we saw in the distance the white foaming waves of the never-frozen Lachine Rapids, to "shoot" which in a steamboat is one of the summer delights of the traveller ; while dotted over the wide stretch of country were the spires of the French parish churches gleaming in the sun. After feasting our eyes, we went to the house of a friend close by. It lay in a very bleak locality, but the walls were as thick as the ramparts of a castle. Headed by the gallant Colonel, our large party stormed this hospitable fortress, and, after partaking of coffee, danced quadrilles on the spacious floor.

Next morning we visited the "Thistle Curling Rink." After one has associated curling with open-air enjoyment, it seems tame to play, as it were in cold blood, inside a rink ; but the

rivers and lakes of Canada are so covered with snow in winter that the game can only be played under shelter. "Would you like to toboggan?" said the Colonel one day. "Delighted," said we; upon which he telegraphed a suburban friend to have toboggans ready. Tobogganing consists in sliding on a sled down a snow hill at railway speed. A toboggan consists of two pieces of bark joined side by side and curved up at the front. You lie on this, and steer the toboggan with your foot. Being novices, we went down in groups, under the guidance of two young Canadians—dashing down the long steep hill at terrific speed—down, down—faster and faster—the snow whisking off like spray in a gale—the ground flashing like lightning beneath us. Getting bolder, my brothers and I now tobogganned singly; but we all came to grief. One got half-way down, and brought up with a loud thud against a tree; another went smashing full speed into a fence, knocking out a rail and breaking his sled; a third went head over heels into a ditch, with his toboggan on top of him. The fun grew fast and furious. Down came one of the young Canadians, standing on his toboggan and guiding it with two strings like reins; then

off went the other fellow in pursuit; then we all started to keep up the jollity. One Canadian lady said she could be a spectator no longer, and vowed that, come what may, she was going to have a toboggan ride, of which she was passionately fond. She even wanted to take the worthy Colonel down with her, but he declined the charming offer, as it was getting late; and so we all went into the kindly folks' house, where the day's proceedings finished with a refreshing tea.

On "Burns' Nicht" we were honoured by an invitation to a supper given by the Caledonian Society in memory of the bard. With toast and song the Burns banquet came to a successful conclusion. Then a procession was formed, and we were escorted to the hotel in grand style, accompanied by the "picturesque" strains of the bagpipes, that pealed through the silent frosty air. Before going to this nocturnal festival, we had given our "Nicht wi' Burns," as had been our custom every year, and, as in the Antipodes, found the name of the great poet to possess a magic charm.

Three months afterwards we again visited this fine city. Hundreds of people lined the St. Lawrence watching for the "shove." Here and there masses of ice were stacked up, relieving the white plain like sheaves in a harvest-field. "Look, look!" A few hundred yards from the shore was a veritable "shove." Scores of people streamed down the streets leading to the river. The ice rose in a huge mass, and block after block heaved up as if by an unseen giant force, slowly rasped one over the other, and fell plunging into the current. Every throe was succeeded by renewed disintegration of the immense pile as fresh fragments, many tons in weight, were urged over by the crushing pressure of the ice-fields. The moving blocks were so ponderous that they seemed to linger in their fall.

Our success in Canada was very gratifying. In the "wee toons" of the backwoods, in the thriving agricultural centres, and in the larger cities, we met with a ready welcome from our countrymen. The Songs of Scotland, too, attracted people of other nationalities. The Canadian-born, especially those of Scottish descent, came in large numbers, and showed almost as

much enthusiasm as the real sons of the heather. The young Canadians are imbued with Scottish sentiment by the "auld folks," the original settlers, who are gradually dying out. We sang in every town in Ontario. This entailed hard work. During the tour there were six weeks in which we "sleighed" to thirty-six towns, singing every night. Sometimes we performed in villages that could scarcely have furnished an audience in themselves, but were the centres of a thickly-populated agricultural region—the farmers coming fifteen, twenty, and thirty miles in their sleighs. Snow was as vital to us as to the shop-keepers. If there was a thaw or very little snow, it made an appreciable difference in the audiences. Clear, frosty weather, with plenty of snow, brings out the country-folks, who perhaps enjoy the fun of the drive as much as the concert itself. One evening an old Scotsman drove forty miles. He came into the side-room with dewy eyes, and grasped my father's hand warmly, saying:—"I dinna care sae muckle for yer sangs—I just want to see a man that's seen Perth since I saw it!" The old farmers were very much affected by the songs, which to them conjured up by-gone scenes and associations. Frequently they would break out, in their enthusiasm, into loud comments. One night at the conclusion of "When the kye comes hame," a man slapped his knee and loudly exclaimed, with a relishing smack of his lips, "Od, that's meat an' drink to me!"

Many of the halls we performed in were town halls—capacious, well-lighted, and well-seated. But for them, in the smaller towns, where there are no regular concert-rooms, we could not have given our entertainment. Of course we had frequently to put up our own platform, and hang up a banner as a retiring room. But, taken as a whole, the halls of Canada are comfortable, serviceable buildings. In one place, however, the town hall was in a wretched state. On entering we found the building already occupied by performers in the shape of a number of hens, who cackled and fluttered about, and occasionally made "daring aerial flights" into the gallery, while a bantam strutted on the platform, crowing his scales

with all the air of an individual well accustomed to the foot-lights. From a hole in the middle of the ceiling hung down the frayed rope of the town-bell. This was rung every night at nine o'clock, and a song had to be stopped while the stolid hall-keeper forced himself into the midst of the audience, and tugged away at his evening chimes! Again, some of the halls were rather unsafe. One was up a stair, and the public were afraid the floor would fall in. While the audience were crowding the hall, the proprietor came to us with a face of great alarm, saying, "If you let another person in, I won't be responsible for the building!" When a seat broke down depositing ten or twelve people on the floor, the audience rose in alarm, thinking the fatal crash had come. In a short time the performance was varied by the loud thuds of the carpenters below, who were putting up props beneath the flooring.

Occasionally we would come to a town which boasted its local poet, who sang of home, and freedom, and heather, and broke into poesy anent the Auld Scots Sangs. Next morning, the bard would be seen, with his wallet of poems over his back, taking the road to some neighbouring village, there to sell his books—never troubled about advertisments, canvassers, or discounts to "the trade"—himself the producer, advertiser, publisher and bookseller. We met, too, that wonderful character the bill-poster and town-crier. As we were given to understand by the inhabitants of backwoods townships that our success would be imperilled if we did not employ the bellman, we sometimes handed him a slip of paper: "Mr. Kennedy and Family will give their entertainment on the Songs of Scotland to-night at eight"—telling him on no account to say anything but that. With many protestations of "All right—depend on me!" he would back out of our parlour, shortly to be heard bawling lustily up and down the street: "O yes, O yes, O yes, take notice, all the true sons of Old Scotland—make ready, ready, ready, for the Great Meeting to-night, when the well-known, talented, and musical Mr. Kennedy, accompanied by his charming sons and daughters, will give their world-famous Songs of Scotland, their first appearance in the Town Hall for

the first time, so be in time, time, time—their Name is sufficient!—be early to get your seats, to-night at eight, and sharp's the word! God save the Queen."

From Montreal we went to Quebec, a night journey of 172 miles. A little after five next morning we saw the country under deep snow. Was it really the 23rd of April? We reached Point Levis at half-past seven; and, across the St. Lawrence, saw grand old Quebec, with its citadel-crowned heights, 350 feet above the river.

By eight o'clock we had reached the wharf at Quebec, and were beset by a mob of carriole drivers. They were like wolves that had been starving all the winter and had seen the first food of the season. Woe to the unhappy traveller! One man seized his right arm, another his left, a third besieged him in front, a fourth implored him from behind to take no other vehicle but his; while a cordon of fellows pressed in, exclaiming, "That's my man," "He spotted me," and "Drop him, he's my job!" "Carriole, carriole!" cried the Frenchmen. "Carry-all, carry-all," shouted the English, with a pronunciation very laughable, seeing that each vehicle appeared to hold as few as possible. The wharf was densely occupied by these sleighs, each capable of seating three passengers. We got ourselves distributed into three carrioles, while a fourth was devoted to the luggage.

Above us frowned precipitous rocks and ramparts. The streets, rising from the lower town at the base of the heights to the upper town on the higher table-land, were extraordinarily steep. The snow was covered with dirt and mud, the deposit of months now appearing after a few spells of thaw. The surface was broken into large holes, and the carrioles pitched and jolted in a most amusing manner, making us hold on as if for dear life. The hill was occupied by a long string of vehicles. Now and then, two or three trunks were jerked out into the road, and the sleighs had to be sharply pulled up, amidst loud oaths in French and English, and the merriment of the passengers; while above all, the church bells were

THE TERRACE, QUEBEC.

noisily pealing, and the pavements crowded with good Catholics going to matins.

We put up at the "St Louis Hotel," which was under the hands of the painters. Long ladders and stagings were placed up the front of the building, and Frenchmen scraped and splashed and chattered in mid-air. As we sat in our bedroom, a man would now and then make his way in with a rope, and tie the end of it to the door-handle, as a security to a ladder then and there coming before the window. The passages were full of scaffolding, and we had to duck under pairs of steps at the risk of being whitewashed. In the streets the snow lay dirty and deep, piled up in mounds at places, while men were busy breaking up the snow and clearing the roads. In the outskirts the snow was heaped up to a height of ten feet. In the country the drifts were fifteen feet in depth. The streets of the older part of the town are tortuous and filthy, and wind amongst earthworks and battlements. Ramparts are seen at every turn, with port-holes staring at you, and cannon looking as if about to pour a volley into some unoffending clothier's or grocer's.

Overlooking the river is a fine esplanade, which cannot be less than 300 feet long—a wide, clear platform, occupying a commanding height, and forming the afternoon walk of the citizens. From here we had a quaint view of the lower town —a bewildered confusion of house-tops, ricketty old-fashioned gables, and a forest of chimney-stacks. Little railed stairways led from the attic window of one tenement to the house-top lower down the slope, the roof being used as a promenade. Frenchmen in guernseys, with red cowls on their heads, strolled on these domestic battlements, like the Jews of old. The gaps and cramped lanes between the houses were full of snow, and heavy drifts lay high amongst the rocks, as if about to fall in avalanches upon the frail dwellings beneath. At the citadel, one or two soldiers were moving about, and at intervals a bugle-call broke upon the silence. From the ramparts of the citadel—the highest point about the city—you have, perhaps, the most comprehensive river-view in the world.

Quebec is the Gibraltar of Canada. Its battlements seem to be groaning under history. Here are the famous Plains of Abraham, or "Heights of Abram," as Burns calls them, where in 1759 was waged the fierce struggle for the possession of Quebec, when General Wolfe fell, not however before he had wrested the formidable city from the French. Quebec has ever been the palpitating heart of the historical life of Canada. Coming to events of more modern interest, it was here that John Wilson, the great Scottish vocalist, breathed his last. His grave, marked by a fine obelisk, lies in a cemetery some distance out from the town.

We passed four days very pleasantly in the ancient city. When the evening of departure came, the hotel-folks were arranging for us to drive to the ferry-boat. But we had had quite enough of the carrioles! We walked to the lower town, down the unhealthy smelling streets and past the old houses; then lost ourselves, and had to ask our way of a policeman, who, strange to say, could not give us the direction. "No spick Ainglish," said he, "spick you some oder man." Getting right at last, we took our places on the boat, and presently got into friendly talk with an old Scotsman, who was going across the river. "Eh," he commenced, "I've a fine job on the noo. Ye ken I'm in the agency business. Weel, I'm sellin' washin'-machines; an' what I dae is this—I gang into the hooses an' wash. I just let the folk see what the thing'll dae. Its rollers, ye ken, an' sape an' watter. There's nae rubbin' o' the claes. I putt a five-dollar bill, wrapped up in the claes, through an' through the machine twenty times without spilin' it. Ay, that convinces the folk, an' they buy the washers by the dizzen." During this interesting confession, the steamer had moved off, and was gliding out from under the fortifications and frowning rocky heights of the city, which stood square-cut and massively black against the sunset.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Maritime Provinces—New Brunswick—Nova Scotia—Newfoundland.

OUR faces were now turned to St. John, the commercial capital of New Brunswick, travelling by way of New Hampshire and Maine. After a night journey we awoke to find ourselves in Yankee-land. At Island Pond the baggage was examined by the Custom officers—one of our trunks being opened and the contents overhauled to our intense delight! The train "breakfasted" here. At the hotel-table there sat opposite us two young ladies, who were sisters, and talked in a loud tone of voice concerning their private affairs. From an adjoining table, a young man greeted the fair maidens as old acquaintances, and asked if he might take a seat beside them. "Oh, I should so much wish it," said the younger gushingly. "So glad," said he. "We've jest come from Dee-troit," commenced the elder sister in a scientific-lecturer pitch of voice, "an' we're goin' down east to Professor Brown's College." "Yes," chimed in the younger damsel, "I'm told they polish an' turn out well there; that's why we're goin'." Then the ladies asked the gentleman "what locality he was located in;" after which they went on to state that their "pa" the doctor could not come to breakfast as he was "sick" (ill). The elder sister being pressed to take a hot roll—"No," said she, "I'm too sick to look at them buns." Then stretching her arm across the table after the departing waitress, "Hi! see here, you there," she cried, "I want more tea." "Oh," added her sister, "I'm goin' to fill up with coa-fee!" On the railway platform strolled their "pa" the doctor, a middle-aged gentleman with clean-shaven face, heavy features, his hair arranged in long wispy ringlets stiffened with grease, and wearing a high hat narrowing at the crown. He was shortly joined by his two

daughters, who walked deliberately up and down, each chewing a wooden toothpick.

Our further journey was delightful. The snow was not lying on the lower ground; the air had some balminess and the sun some warmth. The White Mountains of New Hampshire were a noteworthy feature, the loftiest peak, Mount Washington, covered with a liberty-cap of snow, towering into the blue sky. During the forenoon the train traversed the State of Maine, where exists a stringent liquor-law, but where "bitters" of all kinds are sold with impunity. It must be confessed, though, that the towns had a great air of sobriety. A remark of mine that nobody would be able to get a "nip" here was received with smiles of incredulity by our fellow-passengers, and then a number of incidents were told, to show how ingeniously the Liquor Law is evaded. One story ran as follows. A book-peddler, with a bundle of blue-and-gold volumes under his arm, steps into a shop:—"Hev any of my books to-day?" "No!—get away," says the shopkeeper, huffily. "Jest look at one book." "What have you got?" "The Pilgrim's Progress." "Get away, now, d'ye hear?" "Jest hev a look!" "Clear out!" The peddler unscrews a corner of the sham book, and holds it to the storekeeper's nose:—"Hev a *sniff*, then?" "Eh?" (storekeeper sniffs)—"Old rye, by thunder! I guess I'll take three volumes!"

The Yankee element faded out of the "cars" as we entered New Brunswick. When we sighted St. John the train was running on a peninsula. On the left appeared the river, on the right the shores and outstanding seal-rocks of the Bay of Fundy. A short trip in a ferry-boat brought us across to St. John. The town is busy and enterprising. The prospect down many of the streets ends in a pleasant water view, either of the St. John River or the Bay. St. John is famed for shipping and lumbering. There is a ton of shipping for every inhabitant of the province, which numbers 300,000 people. St. John has a pretty good harbour, sheltered at its mouth by an island, on which there is a steam fog-horn. At this time the giant trombone was booming night and day, with a plaintive

dying cadence. The Bay of Fundy is one of the tidal wonders of the world. The tide rises in some places sixty feet—in the harbour of St. John it marks thirty feet. At the wharves you see ships of 1500 tons lying high on the ooze. The St. John River, at a part called the Rapids or Falls, is hemmed in closely by precipitous rocks, and here you see the marvellous effect of the big tide. At high water the tide sweeps up and combats with the wild rapids, flooding them completely, and making a smooth, deep channel for vessels. Again, at Moncton, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, the spring tides flow up in a wave two or three feet high, resembling on a smaller scale the "bore" of the Ganges and the Yang-tse-kiang.

How we enjoyed the delightful sea-breezes at St. John! The people here have been dubbed the "Blue-Noses," probably in allusion to their climate, but I should rather call them the "Red-Cheeks," as everybody has such a good colour. How different from the Western States, with their dry climate and want of salt in the air!

St. John to Newcastle was a pleasant railway journey of 160 miles through New Brunswick, the conductor shouting out such unearthly names as Quispamsis, Nauwigewauk, Passekeag, Apohaqui, Plumwaseep, and Penobsquis. At Newcastle we sang in the new Masonic Hall, the acoustics of which were not increased by the floor being carpeted with two inches of saw-dust. This was for the ingenious purpose of keeping the floor clean. The audience, of course, were limited to the mere clapping of hands; but at last they could stand it no longer, and scraped holes through the saw-dust to the floor, so as to hear the clatter of their feet.

A steamer conveyed us from Newcastle to Chatham, six miles down the Miramichi River. The sun shone in a cloudless sky, the river exquisitely smooth, and the wooded shores mirroring themselves on the glassy water. Now a large stern-wheeled steamer would churn past; now an Indian would steal along in his bark canoe; now an enormous raft, with the water lapping lazily against it, would glide down the river, propelled by sail and oar. On board the steamer were several old men, all

natives of New Brunswick. "I was born down the river here," commenced one of them; "an' when I was a younker, the great fire took place that burnt over a big track of country, a hundred miles long and seventy miles broad, devouring the villages it passed over. My father was workin' aboard one of the boats at the time, an' wasn't at home all that day. There was my mother, my sister, a neighbour's two little children, an' myself in the house. In the evening my mother happened to be outside the cottage, when she saw a red glimmer far off, an' came in saying there was a fire somewhere. A few minutes after that she went out again, an' saw the glare was fast comin' nearer. Then she knew the forest was ablaze, an' she ran in with a blanket to cover us. She had hardly done it when the flames came rushing along. They leaped down in great flakes upon us, like fire out of heaven, an' our cottage was eaten up like tinder. My mother an' my sister perished there, an' I never saw them again; the bones of the two little children were got some time after amongst the ashes. I was the only survivor, an' dreadfully burnt. My father was kept on board the ship all night; no one was allowed to have any connection with the land for fear of fire; an' it was not till next day that he got ashore an' saw the black ruins of our old home."

We returned south again as far as Moncton and branched off to Amherst, where we first set foot in Nova Scotia. From hence to Truro, was a splendid journey amid green refreshing landscapes. Truro lies in the heart of old-settled country and is surrounded by scenery beautiful even for Nova Scotia. The weather was hot; summer had set in with a rush. The railway ride to Halifax was a perfect treat. The recent rains had washed and gladdened the face of nature. The grass was vivid green—the fields were mantled with deep clover—the bushes and shrubs were full of vigorous life—the trees had burst into foliage—the air was inexpressibly fragrant, clear and exhilarating. After the long spell of winter and the wet weather of spring, the verdant loveliness of these Nova Scotian landscapes was truly delightful. This was the Acadie or Acadia over which Longfellow has thrown the glamour of his charming "Evan-

geline." The Scotch element in the province is now very large. The very Indians chance to be called "mic-macs!" The neighbouring island of Cape Breton is almost wholly peopled by Highlanders and the Gaelic is there the language of the people.

At eight o'clock in the evening we sighted the world famous harbour of Halifax. Though not perhaps so beautiful, it is as spacious as the like extolled harbour of Sydney in New South Wales. The situation of Halifax on the sloping ground and heights which look down upon the harbonr is very impressive. The city, rising above the fringe of shipping, is crowned with the green hill whereon stands the citadel. There is here all the life, display and *petit* scandal of a garrison-town. The city when we first saw it presented a very animated spectacle. The pavements were thronged with soldiers, sailors, ruddy-faced sea-captains, young English "swells," negroes, Roman Catholic priests, Indians with dyed basket work for sale, officers in civilian garb, and officers' ladies with little pet bull dogs, while now and again a military somebody, adorned with cocked hat and feathers, would drive past in an open carriage. The market was another point of interest. Along the pavements crouched rows of negro women, smoking short pipes, and displaying baskets of vegetables. The crowd picturesquely relieved by one or two squaws in richly-beaded robes.

Churches are numerous in Halifax, and the Presbyterian body well represented. In one Scotch church there is a splendid organ. The subject of instrumental music in church is agitating the minds of the people here, as everywhere else in Canada. It is related that during the discussion of the Organ Question at a certain meeting of Presbyterian clergymen, one of them rose and said:—"Brethren, I think it expedient that instrumental music should be introduced, to give variety to our plain and quiet Presbyterian service, and keep up with the wants of the day, thereby drawing more young people to the church." At this a grave old minister remarked, that his worthy brother, by making the organ an attraction, was acting

on the principle of the old song, "O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!"

We are off to Newfoundland. The Allan liner steams down the harbour, the shores of which are obscured by the fogs rolling in densely from the sea. The open sea is gained unconsciously, for the coast is invisible, and the water like a lake. We strike up acquaintance with folks on board from all parts of the world—some from New Zealand; a Scottish farmer, too, who has been forty-two years in Nova-Scotia, and is going home "on the sly" to take his brother and sisters by surprise; a Dutchman from the Cape of Good Hope, who is a member of the Legislature there, and left the colony last "Yune;" and an old lady from Newfoundland, voluble in praise of its "dear rugged rocks." Two days we rush at well-nigh full speed through the mist, the steam-whistle blowing night and day. The steamer emerges from the mist in sight of the shores of Newfoundland. Round about us are icebergs, that gleam with dazzling whiteness in the sun. We pass close to an immense block, its dipping crystal edge glittering with a delicious transparent light-green that contrasts beautifully with the pure snow encrusted on its surface. To right and left shoot out wild, precipitous headlands. Before us appears the mouth of the harbour, an exceedingly narrow gut, rent open in some convulsions of nature, and nearly invisible till we are close upon it. The steamer cautiously enters between the sheer heights that sink abruptly into the water, and barren slopes with a threadbare covering of stunted grass, descending steeply on either hand. These Heads have perhaps no parallel in narrowness, and an intruding rock lessens the width still more; but there is a great depth of water close inshore. The ship's cannons are fired, and the reports echo and re-echo with deafening roar from side to side of the contracted gullet. An overpowering odour of cod-fish greets our noses, and the town of St. John's is displayed to view, forming a horse-shoe against the high ground facing the entrance.

The little harbour, locked in by the high hills, is lively with fishing-boats, schooners, and small steamers. The wharf is

crowded by a sample of the inhabitants. We find that the large assembly is not from unusual interest in the steamer (as we had fondly flattered ourselves!) but owing to this being the Corpus Christi holiday, when the Catholics, the majority of the population, are enjoying themselves. As we pass through the crowd, we heard loud whispers of who and what we are; for in this island everybody knows everybody else, and as it isn't the family of Mr. O'Malley of Hearts Content, or Mr. Mauvaise of Carbonear, or the Flahertys of Harbour Grace, it can be no other than the "Kennedys."

St. Johns is the capital of Newfoundland, the oldest colony of Britain. The island is something larger than Ireland, lies at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is the most easterly portion of America. The population is 161,000, so there are a good many acres of land (and rock) per head. St. Johns itself has 23,000 inhabitants. A queer place it is, with one good business street a mile and a half long, running at the back of the wharves. Higher up on the hill is another street, less regular, and not so substantial in its buildings. The rest of the town is composed of bye-streets, lanes, and a nebulous collection of wooden huts perched higgledy-piggledy upon the stony braes that rise in and about the town. The better class of houses are of brick, some faced with plaster, too many with an old uncleansed appearance. If the folks used whitewash or paint, it would wonderfully brighten up the town.

Through the streets drive little fish-carts and other vehicles, drawn by diminutive shaggy horses. Burly red-whiskered men in rough blue guernseys walk along, trailing heavy cod-fish. Shock-headed children and unkempt women are filling their cans at one of the public wells. A knot of bulky black dogs are snarling over some fish-refuse. There are scores of dogs here. You see them prowling about the streets, romping with the children, or sunning themselves in doorways. No matter where you go, you are always knocking against some bass-voiced dog or other. Everybody, even the very poorest person, seems to own one. The dogs are of all kinds, but few, I think, of the pure breed. There are far more Newfoundland

dogs in Scotland than here. Half the poor brutes are muzzled —"to keep them from fighting with the other half," as an Irishman explained to us! Every second or third dog you see has its back frayed and its loins chafed, from having to be put in harness during the winter to draw logs for firewood. In the outskirts you come upon squalor and poverty. You walk on rough cobble pavements and climb foul steep bye-ways, with rocks cropping up in the middle of them. You see ricketty black houses, all off the straight, and shored up with long poles. At one part the slovenly huts are enclosed with high palisade fences like a Maori "pah," while alongside them the abrupt gravelly slope has been scratched into a little patch of cultivated ground. You come upon long rows of squalid dwellings—the narrow door cut in half across, the lower leaf shut, and a slatternly female lolling over it, exchanging gossip with another woman leaning out of the door adjoining. No matter how decayed or wretched the house, it possesses a little shop, principally for the sale of tape and confectionery, with hens dancing in and out behind the counter. Nets, sails, oil-tuns, and anchor-chains lie on all hands. Long-legged pigs, goats, and scraggy cows dispute supremacy with bare-legged, bare-headed children, playing in the middle of the street.

On the other side of the harbour, you walk through a real fishing-village, composed of decrepit shanties, many of them tottering on piles above the water—others poked away into little rocky gullies, or mounted on the edges of shelves and cliffs, and propped up to prevent their being blown over. Above and amongst the houses are erected large "flakes" or stagings for drying cod. Very interesting it is to look down upon them, covered with a field of fish, and see a gang of men and women walking about, stacking them in bunches like sheaves on a corn-field. The road through this fishing-hamlet is narrow, rocky, winding—occasionally leading over the top of the drying-platforms, and at others bringing you amongst the unhealthy huts that lie in the damp cold shade beneath these brushwood roofs. One moment your feet will be splashing in a hill-stream, next going through puddles of fish-brine. In

this place you ascend a wooden plank with ledges, like the entrance to a hen-house; in that, you walk along a crazy kind of balcony in front of some trembling huts; "now winding amongst herring barrels, now alongside ships loading up with seal-skins; now passing immense wooden vats filled with seal-fat, slowly melting by its own weight and the heat of the sun, and being drawn off in barrels for shipment. On every hand boats, oars, and nets—everywhere the smell of cod liver oil, seal oil, and fish.

The fishermen, sealers, carters, all the poorer class, are Irish. Scotch people are few, but are to be found in the prosperous part of the community—the "codfish aristocracy" by name. The large proportion of the inhabitants are natives, no immigration having taking place for the last twenty-five years. The original settlers came from the West of England and West of Ireland. The rich Irish brogue has been perpetuated, and has leavened the language of the island; for even the children of Scotch parents, from association with Irish boys and girls and Irish servants, talk with a strong Hibernian accent.

Cod-fishing is the employment of most part of the people during the summer months. The islanders prosecute the safer and more convenient fisheries along the coast—the Great Banks of Newfoundland being left to the French and American vessels, which may account for one seeing such startling financial news as:—"The New York banker, Edward Jones, has put in here short of salt!" The papers come out with their telegrams:—"Cod has struck in," "Herring has passed here." "Caplin," the important cod-bait, strikes in on 15th June. When it makes its appearance coastwise, the cod is approaching also. Caplins are like sprats, and come in struggling myriads; they are netted in thousands, and even used as manure on the fields. There are two ways of catching cod—one is by the caplin-bait, the other is by "jigging." On Saturday afternoon my brothers and I went out with some Scotch friends in a wee steam launch, through the Heads, and into a bay, where we had "jigging" and caplin-fishing to our

heart's content. But we caught nothing; and, after that, what did we care for the many stern beauties of the coast, the "Black Head," "Peggy's Leg," and other remarkable formations? An ugly swell, too, laid us all prostrate over the gunwale. But a refreshing tea was prepared on board, and, truth to tell, we boiled the bait!

There is a heavy feudal feeling about the island. The fishermen, by their improvidence, place themselves under the heel of the fishing-companies and merchants. A man, say, advances 30,000 dollars' worth of goods to a "bay," as a small fishing community is called, the success or otherwise of this transaction depending on the result of the fishing. For if the latter is a failure, then the debt is virtually cancelled. But the storekeeper, to recompense himself for these risks and losses, increases the price of the goods. Then there is a middle-man or agent at the "bay," who also understands a bad fishery means "no pay," and who also "puts it on" to save his own pocket, thereby making a second rise in the price of the goods before they reach the fishermen. "Independence of mind!" a man said—"if the fishermen don't work to suit their employers they don't get any provisions; and if they don't do what the priest tells them, they're cursed outright—its either starvation or damnation!

St. John's has the extraordinary number of eleven newspapers. They are all small sheets, about a quarter the size of an ordinary daily. One of them boasts a circulation of 150; another taxes our credulity by claiming 200. There is a paper which is "published daily," but only comes out twice a week. We called at another office on Tuesday, but Monday's paper had not been issued. "You see," was the explanation, "the holiday last Thursday has thrown us quite out—my boy only appeared yesterday." We were told of one paper that came out "semi-occasionally." One almost expected to hear of another as "bi-doubtfully." The offices here remind me of one we saw in Canada. Asking for the editor, we were confronted by a brisk young fellow in shirt-sleeves. "Editor? I'm editor, proprietor, printer, compositor, pressman, newsagent, touter,

and account-collector, which is the hardest work of all—so I guess if you want any of those gentlemen, just speak to me!" There are about half-a-dozen kinds of money here. First there is the real Newfoundland coinage—the "pound," or four dollars; the "shilling," or twenty-cent piece, and so on—the currency being on a lower scale of value than ours. All large sums are spoken of and calculated in pounds. Then there is the Canadian money, dollars, and cents, and American money, both of which are taken on different discounts. There are also the Spanish and Mexican dollars; while, to increase the confusion, there is a considerable amount of British money in circulation.

We had some difficulty and much fun in getting a piano for the hall here. In the first place, we called on Mr. A., the music-seller, who showed us a cottage-piano half a tone flat. "I had to lower it," said he, "for some young ladies who sang at a local concert." The piano, we were told, would have to be taken out of the first-storey window. Last time it was moved he had to saw off the banisters of the stairs, but that came to be troublesome and expensive. He dealt chiefly now in pianettes. "The fact is," said he, "the doors and stairs are so narrow that coffins and pianos have to be taken in and out of the windows." We found there was only two "grands" in the island—one at Harbour Grace and one at Mr. B.'s, to whom accordingly we went. It was an ancient, highly-carved instrument, with a sonorous bass, but "tink-a-tanky" upper notes. Off next to see the piano of Mrs. C., a widow, whom we surprised in the act of cleaning house. Oh yes, she had a "cottage"—and it was the most "cottagey" piano one ever saw, for the back of it rose almost as high as the ceiling. "It's rather out of tune," remarked Mrs. C.; so we struck A to test it with our "fork," but the key gave no sound. "Just what I said," she exclaimed—"some of the notes are out of tune altogether!"

Many hours we spent in romantic expeditions amongst the lofty hills that overlook the harbour, and wild rambles along the rocky nooks of the coast. The shore is indented with

deep, gloomy clefts—sheer glistening walls of rock rising on either side, and the imprisoned sea thundering and reverberating up the sides of the terrible fissure. Yet here, on some little alluvial plot between the rocks, you will see a frail fisher-hut sticking as pertinaciously as a limpet. Over the mountain we roam, and lo! after a tough ascent, are standing on the top of the breezy heights, whence we look down upon the coast as it busks in the warm, brilliant sunshine. Great swelling humps and hummocks, like clenched hands with bare ridges for knuckles, are outstretched fearlessly into the sea, their bases fringed with limpid green shallows, on which the waves seem to break gently in creamy foam. From our giddy elevation we see the fishing-cobles rocking on the lazy swell. Below and beyond, all round the circle of vision, and extending to where the dim fog-bank skirts the remote horizon, lies the broad expanse of ocean, over which the sportive wind sends many a dark ruffle—its surface picked out in many places with gleaming sails and the more vivid silvery whiteness of the outstanding icebergs.

The interior of Newfoundland, strange to say, has not yet been thoroughly explored. So far as is known, however, there are plenty of moss-hags and moors, some lightly timbered country, and not a few acres of arable land.

The seaboard of Newfoundland is occupied more or less by fishermen. The remoter villages are called the "Outports." The people are far from civilisation; few of them can read and write. The boys, when they should be at school, are away with their fathers at the fishing. A priest even is seldom seen. Such a state of things is far more woful than the condition of the South Sea Islanders. In the nearer and more frequented ports there are well-ordered thriving, communities. We met a man in St. John's who was a fiddler, and frequently visited "the Ports" in this capacity—that is, he was invited to play at weddings. These are no paltry affairs here. As a reverend "Father" only comes round once in a long while, it is found best to have a lot of marriages at once—sometimes twenty-four at a time. One of the customs is, that the brides decorate the

fiddler with long ribbons of different colours, so that the jolly musician is soon as radiant with streamers as an Arctic sky.

We lived at the only hotel in St. John's—a small house, with accommodation for about fourteen people. The head of the table was graced by our landlord and his lady, in the ancient hostelry fashion. We had cod every day for dinner, save when a splendid salmon burst upon us—its plump, aristocratic form reposing in a tin dish about three feet long. We never tired of cod, boiled or fried—it was a princely dish. Our taste was also gratified in the matter of vegetables, which were cooked in the Irish fashion—boiled, that is, along with pork or ham. Occasionally, too, in default of cabbage, we had dandelions and turnip-tops—"neep-shaws" being accounted as much of a luxury here as in London.

We enjoyed our stay in St. John's to the full. The proverbial hospitality of the Newfoundlanders was not wanting. We met many friendly Scotsmen, and one day received a laconic note:—"Parritch will be ready the morn's mornin' at eight o'clock"—true to which invitation we arose early, and walked two miles and a half into the country, where we were treated to delicious milk-porridge. This Scotsman's house stood by itself in the midst of quiet green howes and knowes, and was a cosy, handsome building in the Elizabethan style. In winter time our friend removed into town, for even the villa was not proof against the wild snow-wreaths that buried up the fences. In the course of a pleasant "crack" our hostess remarked that life passed quietly in Newfoundland—no hurry, worry, or excitement. The fishing season glided into the winter season, the winter season into the sealing season; they did not measure time by days and hours as they did in Scotland. Still an eighteen-pounder fires every day at noon, while at eleven o'clock P.M., a watchman patrols the street calling out the hour, adding—"And a clear starlight night," or whatever the sky may be.

The time never hung heavy on our hands till the Thursday we were to leave St. John's. All day we watched the signal station on the hill for signs of the steamer; but it was not till

very late at night that we heard the double bang of the ship's cannon. About one o'clock on Friday morning the "Caspian" sailed, the last sounds we heard from the shore being some kindly parting words in broadest Doric from half-a-dozen young Scotsmen, with whom my brothers and I had spent a friendly time. The steamer glided past the high land of the harbour, that moved in inky black masses against a starlit sky, then emerged from the dark rocky gateway, with the bright shooting rays of the lighthouse running up and down the ocean swell. In half an hour the elevated outline of the coast was extending behind us, with a gentle aurora rising above it like another twilight. Good night to "Terra Nova."

A journey of seven days brought us to Liverpool, and a few hours later we were in full enjoyment of the comforts of "Home, sweet home," after an absence of four and a half years. Our trip had been one of considerable toil, but also of great pleasure. As a family-party, we carried "our ain fireside" with us, and found "friends in ilka place" to brighten our journeyings to and fro. The hearts of Scotsmen everywhere were full of the liveliest and tenderest feelings towards home and its associations, its poetry, and its song. The Scottish emigrant nearly always proves a credit to his country. He makes a first-class colonist—a fact we frequently heard attested by those of other nationalities. As a rule he is satisfied with his lot, though sometimes expecting to combine the advantages of a new country with all the comforts of the old.

We have often been asked, since our return, "What place did you like best in your travels?"—a very difficult question to answer, where there is such a variety of place, climate, and condition as is presented in the colonies. Canada, being comparatively next door, is very attractive to those who do not like to risk a longer journey. A man goes to Canada or the States with the feeling that, if he does not like the country, he can come back "in a few months." At the same time, there is no more risk in going to the Antipodes, and the prospects are equally good. A capable, healthy and temperate man will certainly better his condition in any of the colonies. Many

of the colonists we met in New Zealand felt that in coming so far they had severed connection with the old country, but they had a yearning, lingering hope of seeing their native land once more. One old Scotsman said, "I doot I'll no get hame to Scotland again—it'll no be convenient to gang ; but if onybody said to me, 'Ye shall not go,' I'd be off the morn's mornin'!" Amid Canadian snows, New Zealand mountains, Australian bush, and South African *veldt*, one meets with the same shrewd, persevering Scotsman, steadily moving in his colonial orbit, and moving none the less regularly because of the tender gravitation of his heart towards the central sphere of patriotic affect-tion—dear though distant Scotland.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Voyage to the Cape—Arriving in Table Bay—Cape Town—Table Mountain—Port Elizabeth—Grahamstown—Up-Country Travelling—The Veldt—Tale of a Kafir War.

"I'VE got it settled now," remarked my father one bleak day in January 1879.

"What?—a tour in England?—Scotland?—Ireland?—or—"

"South Africa!" he exclaimed. "Yes, David, we will go to the Cape this summer!"

And in this swift, decisive manner was an important trip settled. The idea did not look at all amiss. The Galeka and Gaika risings had been quelled; South Africa seemed settled. But after our arrangements had been completed, the Zulu war broke out, and Isandhlwana came like a thunder clap upon the British public. Our friends felt assured we would never visit South

Africa now. They thought we would be going with our lives in our hand, or be liable to be seized and kept by Cetewayo as his perpetual Court Minstrels. Zulu war or no Zulu war, we had secured our passages by the Donald Currie line of steamers running to the Cape. I started off in advance, followed a fortnight after by my father and my sisters Marjory and Lizzie; while my brothers Robert and James departed to prosecute vocal studies in Milan.

The harbour of Dartmouth looked fresh and lovely—the green and wooded heights dappled with the swift-fleeting shadows of the breeze-blown clouds. The "Dublin Castle" steamship was sailing out with reinforcements for the Cape. Her decks were swarming with troops—six companies of the 60th Rifles. The saloon was thronged with officers and civilian passengers, among the latter those jackals of history, "our own specials." Amid the cheers of the seven hundred soldiers who thronged bulwarks and rigging, the ship's cannon fired, and "Auld Lang Syne" blared upon the ocean breeze, answered by the same heart-cheering tune from a band upon the headland. On a projecting point had gathered a vast crowd of spectators, and the hill blossomed white with handkerchiefs.

The soldiers were attired in dark-grey overcoats and coarse drooping cowls, giving one the idea of an insurrection of some hundreds of Masaniellos. As a rule, they were not idle—now, like a swarm of ants, coming up with their hammocks to the fresh air; now, forty or fifty of them at a time, helping the sailors to haul the main-brace, or set a topsail; now gathering round some companion, who danced a jig to the music of a tin whistle. The greatest treat of all was when the men felt moved to sing their barrack-ditties. Patriotic songs were most in favour, and sentiments of honour and valour were trolled forth in the twilight, to an accompaniment of sea-billows, by a chorus of two or three hundred voices. Occasionally a solo vocalist with gift of *impromptu*, would introduce apt allusions to the fields of glory at the Cape, and the honourable graves that awaited the 60th Rifles there.

"Land ho!" There, on the horizon, one bright sunny fore-

noon in March, appeared the rugged ranges of the Cape, with the unmistakable Table Mountain, though seen for the first time, towering up like an old familiar friend. There, too, were the Twelve Apostles,—a dozen peaks as varied in character as their celebrated namesakes, and looking as grim as when, amid the tempest, they heard the impious Dutchman swear he would weather the great Cape. The restless-looking mountain chain shone tawnily under the blue heavens, and loomed larger and larger, till early in the afternoon we arrived in Table Bay. Cape Town, the capital of South Africa, displays itself in a bright, fresh-looking crescent. The streets rise gently from the shore, and break away on the back slopes into nestling villas and gardens, the majestic Table Mountain shutting in the whole scene, with its soaring precipices, 4000 feet high.

Alongside the wharf, we found ourselves under a broiling sun, with hundreds of blacks awaiting us, and scores of Europeans, boasting puggarees, linen coats, and white umbrellas. The gangway was shoved on board by a dozen coolies, "bossed" by a burly Scottish gentleman, whose "braid Scots" tones were the first words that greeted us in South Africa. The motley throng was backed by a long string of light-painted hansom cabs, driven by Malays, hailing one of whom I was conveyed along the coal-dusty wharves. "Any cigars or jewellery?" A gold-braided official standing in the middle of the road, like a highwayman, seized my horse's head, and I had to report myself at the Custom-House, where a number of German Jews were undergoing a searching ordeal. The shed was littered with shirts, socks, slippers, and wearing apparel generally, while over the emptied boxes stooped the unlucky owners, apoplectic with rage and exertion. Fortunately my luggage was passed at once. I said laughingly, "That's surely because I've a Scotch face;" and the answer was, "Right you are, sir!"

The streets of Cape Town are unpaved, and the drainage is open. They are dusty and dirty by day, and unsavoury by night. The houses lack the comfort and shade one expects in a warm climate. Few verandahs greet the eye—scarcely any awnings. The folks on the sunny side of the way darken their

houses with shutters; the streets all seem to be struck blind about mid-day, and the loneliness and glare are very oppressive. The houses have bare staring fronts, large windows with innumerable small panes, and flat roofs; while their Dutch origin is further marked by the "stoep" (pronounced "stoop") —a stone platform, from four to five feet high, raised in front of each house, and reached by a small flight of steps. Every stoep is separated from its neighbour, either by a low stone or brick parapet, or by a break; and as it abuts some three or four feet, occupies the place where the pavement should be. The foot passenger has to be continually swerving off the desultory side-walk into the dusty street. I must say however, that it is a great luxury to sit on a stoep and sip tea in the starry evenings of these latitudes.

The chief thoroughfare is Adderley Street, which contains some fine stores, offices, and warehouses. The "Parade" is a large open space in the heart of the city. An interesting building to the stranger is Government House, which has a comfortable dignity, or aristocratic homeliness, that strikes one very favourably. Another feature of Cape Town is its Botanical Gardens, and close to them the delightful Avenue, —a mile of shady walk, cool in the summer sun, and charming under the Cape moon.

What a mixture of nationalities is in Cape Town! English, Dutch, Malays, Mozambiquers, Indians, Kafirs, and "Cape Town Boys" (descendants of St. Helena immigrants),—all shades of colour ranging from deepest negro night, through twilight of half and quarter castes, to pure white European. Of Cape Town's 33,000 inhabitants, the most numerous are the Malays. The men sport large broad-brimmed hats of basket-work, and many have coloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The women flaunt gay head-dresses, and when a wedding or a feast takes place, the streets are ablaze with colour. At one marriage, the bride wore in the morning a blue silk, in the afternoon pink satin, and in the evening white satin with pearls in her hair; the invitation cards were in silver and gold; and the bride was a washerwoman! The Malays are

industrious,—the men are cab-drivers, warehousemen, carpenters, masons; the women sell fruit and wash clothes. They are all Mohammedans, and one afternoon I visited their mosque, a small building in a side street. At the door lay a heap of boots and shoes, belonging to the Faithful, and watched by a crowd of boys, who pester the visitors for douceurs. The worshippers seemed of the better class, and the variegated colours of their robes made up a brilliant spectacle. They sat cross-legged, each on his own little strip of carpet. The old priest or "imaum" read the Koran, and scores of white turbans rose and fell with the responsive bows of the congregation. Though forming the largest proportion of the population, the Cape Malays are a mere accident— a remnant of the old Dutch days of slavery—and are not found in any numbers out of Cape Town.

Next, numerically, come the Dutch. Cape Town is Dutch, and Dutch it will be for many a long day to come. It has a Dutch Mayor, and the Town Council is largely made up of Dutchmen. The Dutch language is all but universal. The Scotch storekeeper speaks it, so does the Malay; the "Cape Town Boys" speak it; the Mozambiquers, the East Indian coolies, the Kafirs, all speak it. You can walk through street after street of "Kapstadt" and not hear one word of English. The British element is the weakest in point of numbers, but to it we owe what vital energy Cape Town possesses; to it we owe the finer buildings and street improvements; and to it we look for the future progress of the city and the colony generally.

We lived at a boarding-house in Bree Street, the Dutch for "broad street." The house was distinctly Dutch, and the landlady even more so. She was a stout old lady, and sat at the head of her table with a domestic queenliness, issuing her commands in Dutch to her daughter-in-law and little black serving-girls. The side-dishes were Dutch, but though it is the fashion at the Cape to rail against Dutch cookery, we must honestly confess to a sincere relish for the old lady's "arrangements" of fish, flesh, and fowl. Our luggage was conveyed

upstairs by two Kafirs, whom the good Frau called "bad boys" for engaging in the last war; but the poor fellows protested, with sweating anxiety, that they were not rebels, but had been "fighting for Queen Victoria." There are only a few Kafirs in Cape Town, and these are mainly Galeka prisoners, working on the breakwater. Seeing these able-bodied blacks, we remarked to a bystander that the prisoners might rise any night and fire the town. "Oh," said he, with a languid yawn, "they're too lazy!" This breakwater is a necessity for the commercial well-being of the city, Table Bay being commodious, but far from reliable. It faces the north, and in some winds becomes a raging sea. Many a goodly vessel has dragged anchor and been wrecked on its shores.

One day the minister of the "Scotch Church" took us round to the Mission School connected therewith, presided over by another Scotsman. The scholars were composed of English, Scotch, Dutch, and coloured children. They sang some pieces to us very well, especially the part-song "Weel may the boatie row," a duet in which was performed by a Dutch girl and a Malay! The Scotch Church is shaded by gum-trees, the sanitary properties of which are well known. The clergyman is often visited by the Malays, who ask for twigs of it to put in the coffins of their dead friends, and strew about the house. On Sunday I noticed that the "minister's man" was an old grey-haired black, who went into the pulpit with all the solemn deportment associated with this honourable office, and looked well in his broadcloth surtout and white neck-tie. I sat next a black girl, who sang lustily, in a good soprano voice, the tunes of "St Asaph" and "French," as if she had been a true-blue Presbyterian in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

We gave eleven concerts in the Mutual Hall, the largest hall in Cape Town. The Scottish element was very strong in our audiences, and it was flatteringly told us that we had been the means of uniting our countrymen together, welding them, as it were, while under the warmth of Scottish sentiment and song. We had a good many Malays amongst our auditors, these people being exceedingly musical. In the evenings you hear

their part songs, some of the fellows singing at their open windows, and now and again a string of them extending across the broad street and shouting ballads to the accompaniment of guitar and concertina. They have very quick ears, the latest success of the concert-room being reproduced immediately in the streets of the Malay quarter.

Table Mountain heaves itself up at you every moment of the day. In the heat and hurry of business you must perforce turn at the street-corner and have another look at it. No one, to see Table Mountain overhanging the city, towering up in the blue heavens, almost within stone's throw as it seems, would imagine it was on speaking terms with the clouds. But by-and-by you will see a tiny film of vapour steal out like an emanation from its granite front. Then the clouds will surge round its base, lapping up in great tongues, or sun-lit flames of mist. The moisture-laden winds coming up from the south, and striking the mountain, condense on the lee side into that wonderful "table-cloth,"—the only table-cloth that ever raised a human being above material things! The grand mass of shining cloud, white and resplendent, spreads itself like an immense ostrich feather along the flat ridge of the mountain—or again, will pour swiftly down the sheer granite precipices in a Niagara of vapour, then melts away ere it reaches the valley.

The weather was warm, March being an autumn month at the Cape; but vigorous breezes blew in from the sea. The climate is "an excellent Pick-me-up," as the townsfolks advertise it to the stranger. The breakfast-table was copiously supplied with grapes every morning, and Cape wine was also freely laid upon the table at dinner, attesting as much the cheapness of the article as the beneficence of our landlady. Grapes, too, met the eye at every street corner, sold by the fat Malay woman, who takes the place of the British "apple-wife." The climate enables people to adopt earlier hours than at home. I have seen young ladies, fashionably dressed, strolling along the Parade at half-past seven in the morning. The shops open at eight A.M., and shut at half-past five or six, so that there is no expense for lighting; in fact, even in some of the

larger stores, there is no gas laid on. One young lady told us she rose regularly at five, had breakfast at half-past five, dined at eleven, supped at five, and went to bed at seven. She added that therefore she required a bottle of smelling-salts to keep herself awake at our concerts!

We had a pleasant walk round by the Kloof, the valley that separates the "Lion's Head" from the Table Mountain, and on the way, saw those unique "silver trees," whose glossy white leaves are so much prized for their beauty and rarity. Another walk we had was up to the "Plat Klip," or Flat Stone, a favourite pic-nic spot on the lower slopes of Table Mountain. To reach it, we had a stiff climb, following the course of a stream, shaded by trees, where all the clothes-washing of Cape Town is performed. This *al fresco* laundry is certainly a sight! For a mile and a-half up the channel were crowds of Malay women, washing clothes, banging them on the rocks, and scrubbing them with husks of Indian corn. Our way wound amongst the clothes, which lay everywhere. To parody Shakespeare, there were "shirts upon stones, socks in the running brooks, petticoats on trees, and linen on everything." The bushes were covered thickly with fruit-hosiery. Such a clatter of tongues!—a mile and a-half of women up to the knees in soapy water!

The suburbs of Cape Town are strung together by a line of railway which runs to Wynberg, eight miles distant. To reach this you pass a succession of delightful villa-villages. The prettiest is Rondebosch, lying at the back of Table Mountain, amongst vineyards and orchards. A most pleasant day was spent here with a nest of genuine-hearted Scotch people. We joined them in a climb to the Waterfall, which trickles over a glistening wall of rock lying between the Table and the Devil's Peak, and returned by way of the Block House, on the corner of the range—a dismantled fort, erected by the Dutch in former days as a kind of military signal-station. Near Wynberg is Constantia, famed for its wines. In these suburban retreats you find the luxurious architecture one expects in warm climates. Elegance commences outside of Cape Town.

We had a fifty hours' sail from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth. The passengers were landed in surf-boats. The swell was great, and the process of landing rather exciting. The leading oarsman stood up and faced the shore, shouting out his orders to the men: "Steady!—pull! Let this big roarer get past us!" and the fellows rested till the roller foamed past. Then, with a spurt, they sent the boat flying into the broken water, and brought us to the wharf steps.

Port Elizabeth, or Algoa Bay, or "the Bay," as it is familiarly called, has a very sandy site, on hills that rise almost immediately from the Bay. There is a narrow strip of flat ground between them and the shore, and on this the business part is built. The dwelling-houses are all "on the Hill," the fashionable quarter, which is much cooler, and away from the sand and dust.

Despite the lack of harbour, and the barrenness of the surrounding country, Port Elizabeth is progressing—so much so, that it has been called the Liverpool of South Africa. It is a community of merchants and clerks, busily working between steamers on the one hand, and bullock-drays on the other. Going about its streets, you are surprised at the newness and elegance of the public buildings. There is a fine open square, one side of which is formed by the Town Hall. We gave five concerts in this, the finest hall in South Africa, and capable of seating one thousand people. The buildings, which include an Athenæum and a library, cost £30,000. In this public square, utility dominates over beauty, as it is used every morning for the sale of firewood, and all kinds of produce. As each waggon has a span of fourteen or sixteen oxen, and as there are between twenty and thirty waggons, you can sometimes see as many as 400 bullocks standing in the square.

Scotch people abound in Port Elizabeth, and I had quite a lively time of it on my first run round the town—shaking hands with this Glasgow merchant; being introduced to this Edinburgh bookseller, and that Aberdeen chemist; and saying "Hoo's a' wi' ye" to many friendly Scotch "chappies," who blithely answered "Brawly."

If Cape Town has its Malays, Port Elizabeth has its Kafirs,—Kafirs to brush your boots, Kafirs to carry your portmanteau, Kafirs to load drays, Kafirs to turn the printing-machine; and, above all, Kafirs to unload the lighters in the surf! Dozens of nude Kafirs stride out into the breakers, and come back staggering in the foam, each with a heavy sack or box upon his head. Now and then you will see eight or nine Kafirs, with an immense case or bale upon their shoulders, wading to shore with uniform rhythm of body. At night, the surf breaks in lovely phosphorescence—a line of fairy fire, of delightful shimmering green.

Our route lay now towards Grahamstown, eighty-four miles eastward, which, with the exception of a short cart ride, was accomplished by rail. A friend pointed out to us the various objects of interest. "Lots of elephants there!"—but not a single elephant broke crashing through the scrub. "That poort is full of panthers!"—but I believe a babe might have travelled it safely. "These forests are infested with monkeys!"—but not a tail was visible. "Lots of boks over there!"—but not a bok. I am afraid that one must swallow the wild beasts of South Africa with a grain of salt! The line crosses the Zuurveld Ranges, and the views from the summit appeared absolutely boundless. You had the idea of there being land to spare for thousands of people, and could imagine the Government saying temptingly to intending immigrants: "Come! and you shall have a whole mountain to yourself, and all your little ones a hill a-piece!"

Grahamstown is dinned into your ears everywhere as the "prettiest town in the colony." It is situated amongst softly swelling hills; the streets are lined with trees, and have a mature, long-settled appearance. The people have an air of leisure and respectability; trade may be bad, trade may be good, but they remain calm, content to live by themselves and for themselves. We thought them very nice people indeed, and as an audience, found them cultured and sympathetic. Grahamstown was named after the son of Graham of Fintry, the friend of Burns. An interesting sight was the Kafir kraal.

just outside the town. It was amusing to see my father going in and out of the huts, talking to the old crones, telling them that he had "eleven bairns," to their great amusement. One girl spoke to us in English very nicely. She took us into her hut where lay her sick husband. They were both Christians, he being the preacher in the native church close by. All the furniture in the hut was ranged round the wall, and a fire blazed in the centre of the floor. Bairns and dogs played about the huts—the dogs seeming to have a more human look about them than those of white folks. The children were naked, but upon the approach of a stranger, instinctively sought the nearest rag. Tobacco was not unasked for by the natives, and the voice of silver spoke as potently in the kraal as in the counting-house.

At Grahamstown our country travel virtually commenced. Acting on the advice of an energetic and attentive friend, we had bought a "Cape cart" down at "the Bay," and brought it on here by rail. This was a kind of heavy two-wheeled gig, with a canvas hood, and it could carry six persons. We purchased four horses here, with second-hand harness, for £100, —the cart cost £24, and was a pure bargain, being when new, worth £70. There remained the question of a driver. Our energetic friend suggested Jappy, a Malay, as the best man for our purpose. Our safety and comfort depended on "Jappy;" the Diamond Fields were not practicable without "Jappy;" the whole success of our Cape tour spelt "Jappy." The by-streets of Port Elizabeth echoed to the calls for "Jappy." At last the paragon was unearthed; but then it was discovered there was a Mrs. Jappy, who would not let her husband risk his life on any such expedition. Then Saul, a "Cape Town boy," was proclaimed by our friend as the only fit successor to Jappy. We got a telegram from Port Elizabeth at the last moment, stating that Saul had missed the train to Grahamstown. But he came on by the night mail, and had a weary tramp of twelve miles, carrying his portmanteau, from the railway station in the early morning. He appeared in town just as we were ready to start, and took his seat breakfastless

on the box. He was about fifty years of age, and had been lamed in a coach accident. We paid him £2 a week, besides his board and lodging; but then he had been taught driving as a profession, and was said to be one of the best "whips" in the colony.

We travelled with a minimum of luggage; indeed, no professional company had ever been seen with so little. We had, with great reluctance, left our small travelling piano in Cape Town; yet folks said,—"Mr. Kennedy, what a load you carry!" "What? there's only this trunk and this brown paper parcel." "Yes, but you're forgetting the two rugs!" This feeling arises from the people in South Africa travelling by the little mail-cart, where passenger luggage is only less limited than if you had to send it by post. Friends recommended us to travel by bullock-dray; it was slow, but very comfortable. The overwhelming advice, however, was in favour of a mule-waggon. Oh, mules were *so* steady and reliable—lived on nothing, and could do anything! "If you *will* have horses, hire!" But we advise any party, professional or otherwise, to buy their own team and cart; for if you "make an arrangement" with a man to take you round, you will not keep your appointments, spend more money, and not be master of your own movements.

Leaving Grahamstown, we had at first rather tame country, which, however, is a mine of wealth to the botanist, the Cape being unsurpassed for variety and beauty of heath and shrub. We "outspanned" after going a few miles. This is as imperative in Cape travelling as if it were a religious observance. You must rest your team every twelve miles or so. Outspanning consists in "knee-haltering" the horses, that is, tying up one of the forelegs to the head with a "rein," or strip of hide. The horse can feed and roll, but it is prevented straying very far. It is a most ludicrous sight to see a lot of horses turned out in this way to grass, their heads all gravely nodding assent to the appeal of their front leg! After letting our team graze on the veldt for an hour, we tried to "inspan," but the halters had not been tied short enough, and the animals could not be

caught. They dashed into a dense scrub, some six or seven feet high, and we lost them and ourselves in it for twenty minutes. With the assistance of two Kafir bullock drivers, we ultimately got the horses harnessed, and the day's stage was accomplished without further mishap.

The night was spent at a little inn owned by Mrs. Watson, an old Welshwoman, 85 years of age. She was the only one in these parts who did not fly into town during the late native risings. She used to go out every night with a big cudgel, and "beat up" the cow-sheds and stables for hidden Kafirs. But the good old lady bore most grudge at the volunteers who were quartered here, "turning her house upside down and breaking her chairs." Here we met an old Irishman, a "kurvehr" or carrier, who was very warm on the Kafir question —a subject that crops up sooner or later in all colonial conversation. He was a twinkling-eyed, grisly-faced old fellow. "Educate the Kafir as much as you like," said he; "a Kafir he is, and a Kafir he'll be to the end." If the "kurvehr" had been less cheerful and humorous, his remarks would not have sounded so grim. "I'm an old soldier!" he cried. "My sons were both in this war, and I'm proud to see in this South Africa of ours that the sons can hold the land their fathers have struggled and died for."

We left the smiling old lady and her cosy inn, early next morning, accompanied by the old Irishman in his trap, who vowed to race us into King William's Town. He had two most disreputable-looking horses, but his whip went like a lamb's tail all the way. Up and down hill he jolted in his light canvas-topped cart, that oscillated for all the world like a concertina, his weather-beaten, rollicking face peeping round every now and then to see how far we were behind, and a loud "Begorrra!" being followed by renewed lashings of his sweating team. His pair were no match for our four, and we soon left him in the rear.

And so we were on the Veldt! Like the Bush of Australia, it is unique. Nothing describes it so well as that Dutch word veldt, or field. It is the grassy, untimbered country forming

so large a portion of these Cape lands. So little of it is under cultivation that, roughly speaking, it may be said to be untilled; and it is wholly unfenced, which gives it even more expanse. Little breaks the prospect except an occasional bullock-waggon with its accompanying pillar of dust, a slow-flapping crow, a swift-darting wild cat, or the hideous "aas-vogel" vulture hovering over a dead ox. You may travel for miles in many parts and not meet a vehicle or see a house. Heavy rains had fallen not long before our journey, and had clothed the landscape in verdure. The broad spreading veldt, undulating in soft billows, mile upon mile, like a sea of living green, stretched as it were to a distant coast-line of mountains on the horizon—the grand range of the Anatolas. We were told that so much grass might not be seen again for years. It was not so nice, after viewing this verdant landscape, to go into town and have to drink condensed milk, or "condemned milk" as the Kafir waiter "pronounced" it.

At mid-day we rested at another small inn. The Kafir groom was drunk, and the landlady, running angrily into the stable, seized the fellow by the coat-collar and flung him sprawling into the yard. He picked himself up, half stunned, put on his old soldier's coat, and slouched off to his hut. "*That's* the way to treat the divils," exclaimed the Irish "kurvehr," who this moment came up, jolly as ever. Round this inn there had been some severe fighting in the late war, in which the landlady's son had taken part. He told me he remained in the hotel, with a few faithful blacks during the war. One day he was attacked by 1200 natives, who poured over the hill close by, their coloured blankets making them look "like a swarm of red ants." The little company would have been killed but for the timely arrival of the Diamond Fields Horse, who soon routed the enemy. When the war broke out, the folks of the inn had to pack up the whole of their household goods, and take refuge in King William's Town for eight months. "That piano there, that Miss Kennedy is playing on, has been on a dray six times," said

one of the daughters, who was a member of the King William's Town Choral Society.

The road from here runs on high ground. The country was thickly dotted with native huts, like mole-hills, the Kafirs in their red blankets stalking picturesquely through their fields of

high Indian corn. When they met us on the road, they never failed to salute my father with "Good morning, baas"—the Dutch word for master, corrupted by the Yankees into "boss." On crossing the bridge into King William's Town, we were almost run into by a crowd of drunken Kafir horsemen who, after their Saturday afternoon carouse, were galloping madly home.

We sang in the Town Hall, which is frescoed with Scottish scenes, "The Birks o' Aberfeldy," "Ailsa Craig," and others. Our tickets were sold at a shop which was a tobacconist's at one counter and a Bible warehouse at the other. At the hall-door the receipts comprised large numbers of threepenny

pieces, with holes bored in them, which I thought at first were sentimental love-tokens, but found out afterwards were Kafir ear-rings, which the impecunious natives had to part with after the Galeka Rising.

We found that the Superintendent of Police here, an Irishman, had Burns' works at his finger-ends, had a number of Burns-relics, had written essays on the poet, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Scottish song. There is a large amount of Scottish feeling in this town, which finds a rallying point in the "Kaffrarian Caledonian Society." We were told there was once a capital piper here, a good fellow, who was not always to be relied upon—in short, he "got fou" occasionally. At the Scottish Festival one year, poor "Sandy" was amissing, and great consternation prevailed, as there was no one to "play in" the haggis! The town was searched, and the invaluable piper at length discovered in the "tronk," or jail. He was in on another "barley-bree" charge. So at the banquet the hat went swiftly round, the fine was paid, and Sandy was promptly released and brought to the festive table, where he never played better in his life!

We met here a venerable old man, late colour-sergeant of a Highland regiment. His stern brow, firm-set mouth, and storm-beaten, war-worn features, told a tale of strife and hardship. It was most striking to see the veteran soldier when he glowed with reminiscences of "auld Scotland," or the "auld Scots sangs." His face beamed with pleasant memories, his mouth relaxed into a smile, and in his sparkling eye you might have seen a glistening tear. You could not imagine it was the same old man who had a few minutes before told you some ghastly tale of Kafir war. He had been in all the native risings, and "pooh-poohed" the last war as "naething," compared to those of the early days.

"Ay, they *were* the fechts lang syne," he said to us one day, and then told the following incident:—"Ye see, we was campin' oot, an' there had been nae Kafirs seen for days; so anither man and me gaed oot to cut grass for forage, an' I, being the sergeant, rode the captain's horse. Aboot twa or three miles

frae the camp, I tied the horse to a tree, an' my neebour began to cut the grass. I was tyin' up the bundles, when I heard a voice, speakin' in English, shout, 'Stand!' I looks up through the long grass, an there's a Kafir wi' a gun pointed at me, an' I could see there was anither man wi' a gun ahint him. I cried to my companion, 'Come here!' He had a heuk [sickle]. We had nae fire-arms; I hadna even a pen-knife. When I was comin' awa frae the camp, I was puttin' my skene dhu on; but a sodger lauched, an' said there was naebody within miles, so I left it. Weel, the Kafir cam' on, so I dodged and joukit him, to spile his aim. He fired, an' missed me. I made a dash syne, an' catched his gun, an' we wrestled a while. He was the biggest, but I could whirl him aboot like a dog. I was terrified I wad expose mysel' to the shot o' the man behint him. I wrestled, keepin' the Kafir's body between me an' the ither man. I cried to my comrade: 'Bring your heuk!' but he stood paralyzed. Then I gied a twist, an' tore the gun oot o' the Kafir's hand, an' hit him a clash on the jaws with the butt-end, knockit him doon, an' was tryin' to finish him off when he rowed awa' like an oiled ba' through the grass, an' I lost him. The ither Kafir made for the horse tied to the tree. 'Bring the heuk!' I cried. 'He'll shoot me,' said my comrade. 'Shoot!' said I, 'he wad miss a hay-stack.' The Kafir edged towards the horse, keepin' the muzzle of the gun pointin' to me. 'My man,' says I, 'ye'll get me afore you get the horse.' So I rushed up to the beast, an' stood in front of it, he aimin' at me. 'Bring the heuk!' I cried again; but my neebor stood still. Then the Kafir pointed his piece at me, an' I zig-zagged mysel' before the horse, ye ken; an' watchin' my chance, dashed at him, an' catched the loaded gun. 'Bring the heuk!' but no, my frien' wadna move. An' we wrestled, an' wrestled, till unluckily the muzzel of the gun cam' near my side. The deevil of a Kafir had the sense to pu' the trigger, an' the shot gaed through my loins; but I hung on to him, an' tore the gun frae him. 'Bring the heuk!' but the Kafir flew awa' like the wind. I fand the blude rinnin' into my shoon. I tore up my sark, an' tied it round my body, an' took some grass, an'

chowed it, an' put it into the twa holes. Then I took the horse frae the tree, leapt on its back, an' cried to my neebor, 'Jump on!' 'No,' says he, 'I'll follow.' For I began to think the twa Kafirs werena their lane, an' I thocht the whole body wad be doon. 'Hing on to the horse's tail, then,' says I; an' off we started like a shot. He let go—'I'll follow ye,' an my beast galloped like mad into the camp. I was put into bed, an' men sent back for my comrade. They got him lyin' in the grass, wi' three assegais in him—ane in his briest, an' ane in each side—*dead!*"

We left King William's Town in the very early morning, and had gone about a mile when we heard the far-off strains of the bagpipe. We drove along the lonely road, and coming up, found the dear old Highland sergeant parading amongst the mimosa bushes, and playing a farewell pibroch in honour of the Kennedys. The tune was certainly *not* "Up in the Mornin's no for Me!" He was dressed in Highland costume, and had his face tied up in a handkerchief, as the air was biting cold. The passing Kafir might well stop, astonished at the sight and sound. We drew up, and the good old soul shook hands with us warmly, bringing out a mysterious flask for a "deoch an' dorras," giving each of us a Scotch "farl," and presenting my sisters with his photograph. We thanked him heartily for his unique and delightful serenade; he wished us "God speed;" and we drove off again as he resumed the pibroch, our hearts warmed beyond measure by his kindly act.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lovedale Kafir Institution—Crossing the Kat Berg—Burghersdorp—The Orange River—A Boer Family—Bloemfontein—A Dopper Nachtmaal.

We journeyed from King William's Town thirty-two miles to Alice. Being the Queen's Birthday, the little village was alive with merry-making. The public common was crowded with Kafirs and Whites, all in holiday attire—the black fellows dressed smartly, the black girls gay in their Sunday ribbons—every one happy and enjoying the sports. The day closed with a superb sunset—the sky suffused with the most gentle gradations of tender hues, and in the midst of the fading glory a golden crescent moon with one close attendant star.

We sang here in the largest building we could get—a miscellaneous store. The counter made a tolerably good platform, though it was amusing to see "Terms Cash" in a bold semi-circle above our heads. The seats were planks resting on paraffin-cases. As a rule, we did not feel the want of our travelling-piano in these small towns, an instrument being generally lent us by the magistrate or hotel-keeper. At Alice we kindly got the use of one from the English clergyman. I had some difficulty in mustering "boys" to carry the piano to the store. Scouring the village, I reached a disreputable canteen, where I picked out five of the soberest Kafirs—wild-looking, noisy fellows, in old tattered coats, and one of them in a tiger's skin. How reluctant I felt at invading a quiet vicarage with such a band of jabbering savages!

We took advantage of being at Alice to visit the famed Kafir institution of Lovedale, which originated in 1823 as a small mission-station and was named after Dr. Love, one of the early founders of the London and Glasgow Missionary Societies. Dr. Stewart has been Principal since 1870. The institution lies about a mile from the village of Alice, and is

charmingly situated. Going along a shady avenue and through a considerable orchard, you come in view of the buildings. They comprise class-rooms, lecture-room, dormitories, dining-hall, and workshops—all plain, but neat. They well typify the common-sense *regime* that obtains within their walls. The teachers of the institution are principally from Aberdeen. There were last year 309 pupils—153 were boarders, of whom eighteen were European boys. Handicrafts and education here go hand in hand, and close at hand. One's mind gets full of deal-planks and spelling-books, anvils and desks, pens and tenpenny nails. The clang of the blacksmith answers the problem in geometry ; the carpenter's sawing blends with the theological course.

Two unassuming Kafir students were introduced to us—one the minister of the Kafir church—both well versed in Greek and Hebrew, and studying Church History. We were taken through the various class-rooms, where are taught mathematics, logic, English composition, and arithmetic. To the latter class my father humourously propounded the well-worn problem : "A herrin' an' a half for three bawbees, how mony for eleven-pence?" The Kafir boys laughed, and promptly gave the answer. It was certainly simpler than the curriculum-question put to them : "What vulgar fraction is equivalent to the sum of 14·4 and 1·44 divided by their difference?" We passed through room after room, seeing the black boys and girls busy at reading, writing, and spelling ; also the girls' industrial department, where as many as two hundred articles of clothing are made in a year. Then there were Kafir carpenters, waggon-makers, blacksmiths, and lastly, Kafir printers ; for Lovedale has three newspapers : the *Lovedale News*, *Christian Express*, and a paper in the Kafir language, to all which the pupils contribute.

We were invited to dinner at the institution. The dining-room is a large hall, at one end of which is a slightly raised table allotted to the teachers, visitors, and most of the white boarders. The larger part of the room is occupied by three rows of tables, at which the natives sit, and one or two

European boys. These tables are not all uniform in character. There is a "£20 table" of white boarders, who get "all the vegetables," and the same stewed "mealies" as the black boys, but with the addition of gravy from the £40 table, which is the raised and select table already mentioned. At the £10 table some half-dozen Kafirs sit, upon whom a harsh yoke is imposed,—they are compelled to wear a collar. The majority of the black boys occupy the £6 tables. These are not compelled to wear a collar, and they do not. The pupils come to the institution in whatever European clothes they can command—some of it rather faded and frayed, perhaps, but the general effect is better than if the boys were clad in any distinctive uniform. The Kafir pupils dine off stewed mealies alone, as healthy a dish as Scotch porridge.

The only Kafir at the teacher's table was John Knox Bokwe, one of the most cultured natives we have met. He is Dr. Stewart's right-hand man, and said to be one of the best book-keepers in South Africa. He has been offered a large salary by leading merchants, but prefers to remain in Lovedale, with which he has had a life-long connection. He has a tenor voice, and leads the Kafir choir of the Kafir church. Among his other accomplishments is that of musical composition; and he presented us with an original manuscript duet, the penmanship of which was irreproachable. He writes and harmonises melodies for the Kafir psalms, that language requiring a special adaptation of tune. On Sunday we attended the little native church of Lovedale, and heard a sermon in English by one of the teachers, which was translated into Kafir with much feeling by John Knox. We were much struck with the singing. One of the pieces was a strange composition—the first Kafir hymn ever written—words and music being the composition of a convert in the earliest days of South African missionary effort. It has a simple pathos of its own, and we were told that no Kafir congregation can sing this hymn without shedding tears. The voices of these Lovedale Kafirs were very full and melodious. And such bass! It moved along like the tones of a violoncello, going to depths seldom heard in European choirs.

These Kafirs were actually singing down to C below the stave (bass clef). The language I may remark, is largely printed phonetically. The only difficulty lies in the "clicks," which are represented by "c," "q," and "x;" "c" being made by pressing the tongue against the teeth, as when one is slightly annoyed, while "q" is a "cluck," and "x" like the "chick" made to start a horse. It was peculiar to hear the three hundred of a congregation "clicking" together. The whole service was most interesting. Next day we had the further satisfaction of hearing the Lovedale pupils, under the baton of John Knox Bokwe, sing secular music in the lecture room. We enjoyed above all the characteristic "Kafir Wedding Song." In return we sang them some glees, and my father's rendering of "Allister Macallister" tickled the Kafirs immensely. The institution is a success, and not the least compliment that can be paid to it is, that the colonists, who are in the habit of deriding missionary efforts, view it with respect. Such organisations as this, with its happy combination of study and manual labour, must sooner or later effect good amongst the Kafir tribes.

There was an interesting assembly one night in the little hotel parlour at Alice. A number of farmers and towns-folk were fraternising, and song and laugh were going round. A jolly old Dutchman, with rogueish eyes and a long clay pipe, sat at the head of the table, and trolled out "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," with all the rollick of a Mynheer van Dunck. Then a discussion broke out as to the distance from Alice to Fort Beaufort, our next stage. The want of mile-stones is aggravated by the fact that the folks measure the distance by hours. For instance, they speak of such and such a place being three hours off, when they mean eighteen miles. The colonial pace is six miles an hour; if, with British energy, you go more than that, you get out of your reckoning at once. High waxed that discussion at the Alice hotel. "It's two hours to Fort Beaufort," said one man. "No!" burst in another, a tall fine fellow, and well-known hero of Kafir wars; "no! it's two hours and three quarters by cart, for it took me

an hour and a-half's hard riding when I used to go and see my sweetheart; and no man will gallop quicker than a fellow in love!" So we took the amorous swain's reckoning, and found it right.

At Fort Beaufort, a clean, well-situated town, we gave one concert; and next morning, following our usual habit of early starts, left at half-past six, without breakfast. We travelled fourteen miles, in the cold eager air, to a wayside inn. Dense mist lay massed in the hollows; but the rising sun dispelled it, and the heights flushed deep crimson, while the twigs of the mimosa thorns sparkled with a thousand rainbow-coloured gems of dew. We started another fourteen-mile stage, whiling away the time by practising glees. The passing Kafir driver stayed his massive bullock-whip, and the Kafir girl paused astonished, with her pitcher on her head, to hear the unusual strains of Spofforth and of Danby!

This was a hard day's stage, as it included the crossing of the great Katberg, a formidable ascent, eight miles long. My father, sisters, and I walked the whole of this hill. If we had not done so, I believe the team would never have reached the top. Now we were full in the blaze of the hot noon sun. Turning a corner, we would be in the depths of a dark dell, with cold damp air, and mountain streams trickling down the rugged face of the naked rocks—the slopes below us and the ridges above us clad in rich vegetation, and out of the trees the shepherd-bird, the sun-bird, and the Cape canary, answering each other from height to height. Then round the road would swing again into glorious brightness and openness, and far below us lying a silent sunny world of hill and vale. The highest part of the road is a bleak, desolate spot, blown bare by the wind, and called the Devil's Bellows. Here we stood 6000 feet above the sea level, having taken a big step up towards that great central plateau, which is the chief physical feature of the country. South Africa has been compared to an inverted saucer, as the land rises whenever you strike in from the seaboard.

By nightfall we beheld the cheerful lights of an inn. The

house was kept by a full-blown Cockney, who dabbled in music, and played the first violin parts of several of Rossini's overtures—a treat to hear in the wilderness! He hated the Kafirs because they stole cattle. "*Your* cattle?" "No-o-o, not hexactly, but they *do* steal cattle." And he had a profound contempt for the Boers. "The Dutch," said he, "are such a higgernant lot! I've tried 'em with my hovertures, but it was no good. What do they know about Roseheeny, or H'auber, or any of them fellows? When two or three Dutch gets together, they don't say nothingk for a long while, but drinks their gin an' water; an' when they *do* hopen their mouths, it's about hoxen!" And, oh! how he swelled indignant over the way the missionaries are contaminating the natives! "They're playing the very devil with them. I had a raw Kafir, as civil a fellow as you could meet. Well, he got into the 'ands of a missionary, and now, when that Kafir meets me, he hactually doesn't take off his 'at to me!" And he kicked the roaring wood-fire to give vent to his wounded dignity.

The fire was a necessity. It was very cold here, the inn standing so high and on so bleak country. A week or two before, the road had been almost impassable with deep snow, and the mail-cart had stuck on the Katberg, while a man had been frozen to death on the hill at the back of the hotel. This was the beginning of June—the winter season—which, in the less elevated parts of Cape Colony, is like an English spring, innocent of snow, and with only a slight touch of frost in the very early morning. When we started next morning, at half-past six, there was frost on the ground. People at home would hardly credit that "Afric's sunny fountains" now and then are frozen up. The wheels of our cart crashed through many a thin sheet of ice before we reached our first outspan. By that time the frost had vanished, and the sun's power made one take off greatcoat, muffler, and gloves. Our driver's hands were dead with cold more than once, and my father held the reins while poor Saul blew on his fingers to warm them. One of our team had been ill ever since leaving Fort Beaufort, Horse-sickness being very prevalent in the Cape winter.

Latterly the cart was being drawn by three horses, the invalid refusing to haul an ounce. How glad we were to sight Queenstown! The previous day we had travelled forty-two miles, this day forty-three—eighty-five in all—and sang that night as fresh as the proverbial lark we had risen with in the mornings.

Queenstown is a lively centre, and does a great deal of business in the way of sending goods up country. Half-an-hour after our arrival we were surrounded by a group of seven or eight worthy Scots, who had noticed the "strange cart" coming into the town, and knew it was "the Kennedys." We gave three concerts here, and the warm reception we met with more than rewarded us for the toil of the journey. We found in South Africa, as in the other colonies, that English and other nationalities highly appreciated Scottish song. We met with several instances of how enthusiastic Scottish feeling exists in the midst of colonial life, which, with its prosaic features and struggle after material wealth, is not always the best conserver of national sentiment. This feeling is apt to become eccentric, as was the case with the Scotsman of King William's Town, who had a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots hung in his bedroom, and who, every morning on rising, stretched his hands towards it, crying, "Oh, my poor murdered queen!" Once we overheard an enthusiast saying: "'My Ain Fireside,' 'Ye Banks an' Braes,' 'The Land o' the Leal,'—eh! a body could be fit to gang to heaven hearing thae sangs sung." And was ever love of country more strongly expressed than in the case of the Fort Beaufort Scotsman, who exclaimed: "Gude save us, I'd raither gang hame an' be hanged than dee here a natural death!"

Our sick horse, which originally cost £25, was left with a friend here—a few weeks after it fetched £15—and we bought another animal for £10. It was a Boer's horse—a rough-coated brute, out of condition through long grazing on the veldt. But "the Government" was buying up all the good horses for the Natal War, and private purchasers had to go to the wall. Our journey still lay northward; we had been travel-

ling towards the interior ever since leaving King William's Town. The first day from Queenstown, we stopped at the hamlet of Molteno,—two dozen houses at most, with an upper and a lower ten very pronounced, and half-a-dozen rival creeds finding room to flourish. The innkeeper was a Scotsman, who had been so long in the colony that his nationality was nearly washed out of him. He was in sore trouble of mind. "This isn't life," he said; "it's naething but a weary drag." He was distressed also by the fact that he had to treat the Kafirs one way, while his conscience prompted another. "The beggars steal my sheep, and I've got to be firm with them. I want to be kind to the fellows; I know it's our duty to do so, to teach them what's right, and——"

"He's off with the brandy-bottle!" cried the wife, bursting into the parlour; and then there was a noisy hunt in the dark night after a dim figure, round out-houses and sheep-kraals, till the Kafir was caught, and the "three-star" recovered. The fellow was released: "I'm not going all those miles to Aliwal North to prosecute him," said the innkeeper. His wife had her troubles also. She told us that the Africanders (the colonial-born) were so lazy, that the young ladies never would soil their hands with household work; but she was going to have her own way, so she had set her children to work about the house. One afternoon, she said, the girls at the Sunday School were put through their facing. "Your hands all clean?" asked the lady-superintendent. "Anna Maria!" (the landlady's daughter) "your parents are in a good position, and yet your mother makes you work like a Kafir; your hands are large, coarse, and not fit to be seen!" In the morning, at the hotel door, we met an itinerant Dutch minister, who went about the country places, Sundays and week-days, stirring up the people. Shaking hands with us, he said: "How glad I am to hear your mother-tongue again! I thank God for the five years I spent in Marischal College, Aberdeen."

Old Saul had not fared very well here. When we arrived, he was suffering from excruciating toothache, caused by sleeping in the cart the night before. He got sixpence to buy

himself some brandy, but was sent out of the bar, and told to go "to the back." The upshot was, my father had to go and buy the brandy for him,—the landlord explaining that he had his licence on the condition that he allowed no Kafir in the bar. Saul's "bedroom," too, in an outhouse, was not much better than a pig-stye; but on our protesting against such treatment, he was allowed, as a great favour, to sleep on the kitchen floor.

Breakfast at the country inns invariably consisted of chops or steak, we latterly sighed for the ubiquitous ham-and-eggs of Australian and New Zealand inns! Then there would be sour home-made loaves, and weak tea sweetened with coarse sugar. We always carried with us a tin box of "Huntly & Palmer," those missionaries of food in a benighted land of bad bread. In this country there is no direct charge made for stabling. You pay for "forage," which consists of small oat-sheaves sold at a shilling or eighteenpence each. Our four horses used to cost us from thirty to thirty-five shillings a-day.

A tempest was blowing when we left Molteno. There were some miles of absolute desert to cross—an open plain of sand, through which the horses struggled painfully. We got out, and staggered along, holding each other's hands to steady ourselves. We could not see more than a yard in front of us, as the sand rose in blinding whirls. The road by-and-by had the shelter of some hills, covered with flocks of sheep: numbers of white merino sheep, and the strange Cape sheep, that have a thick broad flap in place of a tail. Goats too, were browsing on the many rocky "krantzes" or cliffs. Later in the day, we saw the distant Stormberg Mountains, that shone in the setting sun as if they were in a red-hot glow, gradually cooling in the dusk, and becoming a cold black mass.

We found it thirty-six miles from Molteno to Burghersdorp, a pretty little town, its quiet streets lined with shade-trees, filled with twittering birds, while goats roamed peacefully about its quiet squares. Alighting at the hotel, we found the public were not expecting us, punctuality not being a characteristic of professional parties in this colony. We had this

experience more than once. The dialogue generally ran as follows :—"What! you have arrived?" "Of course; don't the bills give the date?" "Oh, but we didn't think you'd be coming till to-morrow." "Well," we would say, "here we are, determined not to disappoint the public." "You're not going to sing to-night, are you? It's four in the afternoon: you'll never have the hall ready." But we would set to work, and borrow chairs from half-a-dozen stores, forms from the churches, seats from Masonic and Good Templar lodges, and lamps from the hotel, making a platform of two or three tables. The general opinion was that we were "rushing" the country, and certainly no professional party ever went over the ground faster. But while we did not linger, we did full justice to every town. To make South Africa "pay," you must keep your dates close together, and keep them religiously, as can only be done by arranging a route, after careful study of the map. This is a very awkward country to travel through professionally, the distances between important towns are so great, and population so sparse.

I cannot leave Burghersdorp without saying that it possesses the most wonderful person we ever met—an editor who would not take payment for the advertisement in his paper, saying he would not do so, as he had been so delighted at having us visit the town!

On the way to Aliwal North, as we sat at a small hotel eating our tinned red herring, there rode up the very grocer who had sold us that provision before we left Burghersdorp the same morning. But now he had doffed his apron, and was attired in burgher uniform, off to join the forces besieging Morosi's mountain in Basuto Land Aliwal North stands on the Orange River, which here separates the Cape Colony from the Free State. The hotel was full of burghers, on their way to and from the war in neighbouring Basuto Land. In the gaol we saw huddled together some seventy or eighty wretched prisoners from Morosi's Mountain—a motley crew, ranging from the ugly, dwarfish Hottentot, to the tall Basuto. My father was passing this "tronk" one night when he was

suddenly challenged by a man with a loaded gun. "What do you want?—I've orders to shoot any prisoner found here." Another warder called out that that was not a Kafir rebel, but Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish Vocalist, who was on his way to the hall. So my father was carefully escorted beyond the boundary he had unknowingly transgressed in the darkness. We sang two nights in Aliwal, and found the people not afraid of getting wet, though the rain fell in torrents.

On the morning of departure on our long trip of one hundred and forty miles to Bloemfontein, word came to the Aliwal Hotel that the Orange River was rising. Saul steered the cart and horses into the stream, while I hung to the back seat, with my feet on the cushion, to avoid the inflow of water. After we had gone four or five yards, the leaders reared and plunged, and panic seized the wheelers. We had nothing for it but to come back, and get a man on horseback to guide our leaders across. On we went from one depth to another, the water sweeping into the cart at every lurch on the uneven channel; but we got over the broad river safely. My father and sisters were ferried across in a most romantic manner by two Kafirs. The obliging fellows unceremoniously took off their "breeks," and each, clad only in his shirt, waded the boat along, one at the bow and the other at the stern. The fellows asked for this the sum of eighteenpence, saying apologetically that they charged extra as "the water was cold!"

A rainy, muddy stage brought us to Smithfield, a quiet little place, where we had, however, a splendid audience. The majority of the "second seats" were Dutchmen. Scarcely any of them knew English, and I posted a man at the door as interpreter. Some of the Boers entered into lengthy parley as to the price of admission—"priggin' doon," in fact. One or two of them hung about the door for twenty minutes, going away strategically, and returning again and again to the assault. The Dutchmen appreciated the concert thoroughly, laughing as loudly as anyone at the humorous Scotch anecdotes, and joining at the end in "Auld Lang Syne." We sang in the Masonic Hall, and at the close the Worthy Grand

Master said he was authorised not to take a penny of rent. "We have so heartily enjoyed your entertainment," he explained; and the hall-cleaner, not to be outdone in generosity, gave his services free, and said he would himself pay the paraffin oil! Their spontaneous kindness was valued by us far above the mere money interest involved, and cheered our hearts in this our musical pilgrimage.

The landlord of the Smithfield hotel was a German and a "character." In the afternoon, at the back of the hotel, he was standing speaking to my father, when a number of cattle followed by Kafirs and a Dutchman, rapidly entered the yard. He "clicked," to the Kafir, "sprached" to the Dutchman, and tried in broken English to explain to my father who they were. An ox at that moment rushed past him, its horn grazing his back, and he skipped into safety, shouting: "Cottferdam! to get on in dis country you'd have to know a towsand ling-widges!" He was the incarnation of slowness, as I found on trying to pay the bill.

"Mr. Schmitt, we will settle up now, if you please."

"Ah! you musn't hurry Mishter Schmitt—I am a man as takes my time, an' I must dink over the matter, an' I'm not ein poor man as wants de money bad—I'm a reetch man, an' so is mein brother, an' so is mein—"

"All aboard!" cried my father outside.

"The bill, Mr. Schmitt, the bill!—don't you hear we're starting?"

"Well—well—*well*," said he, with increasing deliberation—"here is de pen—an' dere's de ink—an' dere's de paper—an' dere is de items—an' if you are in ein big hurry you can go without paying, but YOU MUSN'T HURRY MISHTER SCHMITT!"

And so on, with endless talk about himself. The account consisted of only four lines of writing, but what with digressions and interruptions, its preparation took a quarter of an hour by the clock. We had been told by a colonist that we should "take things easily—this is an ox country, Mr. Kennedy; take pattern by Job"—and certainly we found more things slow than "Mishter Schmitt."

We stayed with a Dutch family the night after leaving Smithfield. The portly old "Baas," in a white hat, received us cheerily, but in silence, as he did not know English. Following the Boer custom, we shook hands with the whole family—with the old Frau, the daughters, and the sons, down to the youngest. As all the Dutch have large families, and as you have to shake hands with the whole household when you retire to rest, and when you meet them in the morning, the thing becomes rather monotonous. These people were of the better class. The Dutchman had a good house, with an orchard in front of it, and owned a large farm, with thousands of acres of pastoral country. In the still twilight, we heard the far off bleating of hundreds of ewes and lambs, as they were being gathered in from the surrounding slopes into the large kraal, or pen, where they were sheltered for the night. It was quite in keeping with the tranquil scene, when we all went in-doors, and sang the beautiful hymn, "Abide with me! fast falls the eventide," accompanied by the harmonium, which is to be found in most Dutch houses. We joined the family at their bounteous and savoury supper, and afterwards retired to the parlour, where my father and the Baas, who was an exceptionally jolly Dutchman, tried to converse. An Englishman living in the house knew Dutch; and it was laughable in the extreme to see my father sitting at one end of a little sofa, and the Dutchman at the other, with the interpreter in the middle, passing back and forward their series of side-splitting jokes. How my father enjoyed it, and how the Baas laughed, his goodly paunch shaking, and his face turning apoplectic-purple with the fun! Betimes we went to bed—my sisters getting a comfortable room, and my father and I having to make a shift with a small apartment, where we slept on jackal skins, with tiger skins above us.

Next morning we resumed our journey over the broad-sweeping plains—the ground white with hoar-frost, and the air bitter cold. Herds of spring-bok were bounding in hundreds a few yards ahead of the cart. They are about the size of sheep. Their bound is wonderful; they spurn the earth, and

leap to a height of six or seven feet. With every jump, the long white hairs over the tail flap up like a fan, and the prettily-funny appearance of this is intensified when large numbers of spring-bok run together. They have been called "the kangaroos of South Africa," from their peculiar bound. It is almost perpendicular when the animal is in play; but when a dog—and it must be a very fleet dog—hunts them, the spring-bok ceases the vertical leap, and settles down to swift running. These were the first wild animals we had seen in the country, with the exception of the meer-cats, those dainty little creatures that sat on the ant-heaps, with elevated front paws, and looked curiously at us as we passed.

On the road, we were accompanied by a newly-married couple, who were driving in a light cart drawn by four good horses *also* in new harness! They were on their way to their home on the Diamond Fields, and were travelling by very easy stages. Another of our team—the Queenstown £10 horse—now became ill: so ill, that Saul declared he had, in his long experience, never seen a horse worse. It was getting late in the afternoon, so the cart drove on with the three horses, while I followed on foot, dragging sick "Adam" some weary miles to our destination.

This was a private house belonging to a decent farmer and lay preacher of the Wesleyan Church, who received us kindly. The house, and all the adjoining outhouses, had been built by himself of dried mud. The floors were composed of the earth of ant-heaps, and were washed with milk once a week, milk being very abundant with them.

After tea we sang some pieces to the folks, and played the harmonium, an instrument of which the "gudeman" was very proud. In the morning, when we asked the bill, we were astonished to hear that our host would not accept any payment. "You have cheered our loneliness," said he; "and then didn't you sing us a song or two last night?" We laughed, and said we had never dreamt of those "notes" being taken as payment; but he resolutely refused to accept anything. So we thanked him warmly for his hospitality, and tendered him

what he could not refuse—a "contribution to his kirk." In his care we left the sick horse. Eight or nine weeks afterwards, as we were leaving the colony, we heard that the animal would not be recovered till the summer had set in, and that by that time he would have eaten his value in forage.

We duly reached Bloemfontein, the chief town of the Orange Free State, and virtually an English capital in a Dutch Republic. It is a fine open town, plentifully adorned with trees. English is spoken about the streets, and though Dutch is the official language, English is the commercial. The newspapers are printed in English and Dutch on the same page. The finest building in the town is the large hall where the Volksraad, or People's Parliament, meet. We went into it one day, but the deliberation was on no graver matter than the transfer of a "landdrost," or magistrate. The speeches were in Dutch, of course, but during our short visit there had been more than one nationality speaking it; one member was a Scotsman.

In Bloemfontein we bought another horse, which was given out to be very fiery. The owner ostentatiously held it while it was being harnessed, and the street was cleared while the steed was being tried. "Oh, his pace is A1, Mr. Kennedy—he'll pull the machine himself!" But the glory of "Bloem," as he was called, soon faded with hard work. Bloem's first journey was a severe test of his powers, being from Bloemfontein to Kimberley in two days, a distance of eighty-five miles. The first day brought us to where we had been told of accommodation. Lo! when we got there, we saw an encampment of Doppers, who were attending the Nachtmaal. The Doppers are a strange sect of severe religionists, seceders from the Dutch Reformed Church. They are Old Testament Christians, and not only discountenanced the preaching of the Gospel to the blacks, but believed they were doing God service in rooting out the Kafir Canaanites from the land. The Dopper wears a Quakerish hat and a short jacket, with corduroy trousers tucked into his boots, and widening upwards towards his haunches—his hands being generally stuck into his breeches'-

pockets, as if to increase still further his ample rotundity. The Dutch hold their Nachtmaal, or Communion, every three months. The farmers drive in long distances with their families, "trekking" for days with their slow bullock-waggons—reminding one of the Jews going up to Jerusalem at feast-time. The Nachtmaal is a kind of "Holy Fair." They attend church, partake of the Sacrament, get married, are examined as to their religious knowledge, and buy and sell in the stores.

The Nachtmaal we saw was held at a lonely spot containing merely a miscellaneous store and a large barn. In front of these was an encampment, composed of waggons and tents placed alternately, and before each tent a fire was blazing. The proprietor of the store said all his rooms were occupied by the minister and the deacons. But there was a tent in the garden, furnished with beds, chairs, table, and candles, with springbok skins on the ground. Here we had tea, and spent the night under canvas pretty comfortably. Before "turning in," we went to see the barn, which was converted into a church, with improvised pulpit, round which were spread skins and sacks. Fifty persons were seated there, each on his or her "Jenny Geddes stool," and with countenances so grave that the ordinary Scottish Sunday face seemed vivacious in comparison. Three couples, brides and bridegrooms, sat in front of the minister—the brides attired in lavender silks and orange blossoms. The preacher was impressive; the psalm-singing slow and monotonous. When the service concluded, the congregation moved out, all carrying their Jenny Geddes stools. Over the fires, which were tended by ugly diminutive Bushmen, there now swung large kettles, and a smell of cookery filled the air. It may be that courtship was not forgotten in the general bustle. The store was transformed into a bar, and all seemed to mix their talk with gin and water. At five next morning we commenced to inspan. The tent-fires were in full blaze, and the people seemed to have been up for some time. This second day we travelled fifty miles to the Diamond Fields, and about six that evening entered far-famed Kimberley.

CHAPTER XX.

Kimberley—The Great Mine—Return Journey through the Free State—Faure-smith—Perils of the Road—Cradock—Graaf Reinet.

KIMBERLEY, at this time scarcely in the ninth year of its existence, had become one of the most important towns in South Africa. It stands on a desolate site—nothing but flat dreary "karroo," or miserable grassed desert, all round. Sir Bartle Frere said that the people of Kimberley were "living in a state of perpetual encampment," and "The Camp" it is familiarly called. The town is built entirely of corrugated iron. From the top of any of the neighbouring hills of debris, you see a great stretch of ugly sheet-iron roofs, extending in uniform leaden dulness—these house-tops presenting the same depressing appearance as a crowd of umbrellas on a wet day.

The houses are all of one storey; a tailor, for instance doing a flourishing business in a hut of half-a-dozen feet frontage; a diamond-merchant in an office like a little iron box; a doctor seeing patients in a consulting-room six feet by three. Some of the slimmer-built houses are now and again moved from one place to another, and it is a funny sight to see a canvas or frame cottage going down the street, with eighteen or twenty Kafirs inside, carrying it, their feet popping out from below like the limbs of a large tortoise. There are some fine stores in the town, and as they are one-storied, they cover a goodly piece of ground. The Kimberley Market Square is a wide open space, and more interesting than any market square I ever saw. Here you feel yourself linked with the far interior; there is an air of traders, and hides, and ivory, and beads about the locality. One store I saw had its floor occupied by scores of huge elephant tusks, and "karosses," or rugs made of skins.

We lived at the Queen's Hotel, which outwardly bore some

resemblance to a booth at a country fair, but within was more promising. The guests were mostly males. The Fields are to a large extent the home of single men, and though living in lodgings they dine at the hotels. The bar was crowded with business men discussing the prospects of their claims, and showing each other their "washings." We soon noticed the careless manner in which diamonds are handled in Kimberley. A friend, in the midst of a conversation, casually brought out his "last washing"—a Bryant and May's vesta-box running over with diamonds, which he carried in the outside pocket of his overcoat.

We made it our first business to go and see the world-famous mine, only a few minutes' walk from the hotel; for the town is built close to the edge of the workings. You come to the end of a street, and see a slight rise—all that remains of the old Coles-berg "koppie." A few steps further, and you stand on the clear-cut brink of the biggest hole that man has ever dug. A vast crater suddenly yawns at your feet. It is shaped like a bowl, has sloping sides of light-coloured rock, stretching down to the blue diamondiferous soil at the bottom. Such is the expanse of the mine, that in the first hasty glance you may actually fail to note for a few moments that it is alive with human beings; but there are more men down there than would people half a dozen villages. You see thousands of blacks working in the claims at the bottom, and dotted like ants on the sides. You see every nook and corner, every man in the mine, every one of the many interests that centre here, all displayed at once. The claims lie clearly spread out beneath you like a map—an expanse of small blocks, which do not look to be thirty feet square. These present great irregularities, as some of the claims are being worked faster than others. If a claim stands idle, the adjoining workers, digging down on either side, leave it standing like a square tower; but there is a law which compels a man to work, if his claim is becoming dangerous to those around him. You see the blacks busily toiling round sheer clay battlements at one place, shovelling on the edge of steep precipices here, climbing up

naked pillars of earth there, the column being marked with tiny holes, the only foothold of the daring worker. Square pools of water gleam in several places, and walls of dark blue clay cross and re-cross the whole bed of the mine. Round the margin of this deep bowl circles a fringe of steam machinery, working the buckets that run up and down on wires, and convey the "blue," as the diamondiferous soil is called, to the surface. These wires converge from all sides into the bottom of the mine. They are not very large, but very numerous. They stand out like threads of silver, when struck by the sun's rays; but in some lights, or when viewed against the darker side of the mine, are not visible at all. The mingled hum of voices rising from the seething mass of labour below, the whirring of the many buckets flying through the air, the Æolian murmur of the wind playing over the web of wires, the far and near rumble of vehicles running round the edge of the mine,—make up a wondrous sensation for eye and ear.

Once we saw the mine late in the afternoon, when the men were leaving work. Out from the depths the Kafirs were swarming, like bees from a disturbed hive. Some were crawling up the steep slopes; some skipping along narrow tracks, where, from our distant standpoint, we could see no foothold; some jumping from ledge to ledge; here and there a couple of them coming up in a bucket, with other Kafirs hanging on to the bottom of it by the runners, flying through the air on such a lengthy journey that you could scarcely believe a man could suspend himself by the arms so long. On all sides the Kafirs were laughing, shouting, and singing, as merry as boys released from school. After the men had dispersed the blasting operations commenced. The charges are lit by one or two of the "boys" belonging to the different claims, while the proprietors look down from the brink. One claim-owner standing near us wished he had an opera-glass, so that he could see if his Kafir was lighting the fuse properly. Every few moments a puff of smoke burst from the floor of the mine, followed by a dull rumbling sound, and an immense mass of rock would heave slowly over with a grinding crash. Frequently the hard clay would

fly up viciously, and the spectators ducked their heads behind the edge, though there seemed little fear of fragments reaching us at such an elevation. I overheard a claim-owner remark, rubbing his hands gleefully as he saw the flying pieces of rock: "Aha! that shot has landed a rich lump on *my* claim!" In a few minutes, the huge basin, so lately a scene of busy life, was as silent as an open grave.

For eight years from 8000 to 10,000 men have been engaged in excavating the wondrous Colesberg "koppie." Little did anyone dream, a few years ago, that that gently swelling hill, then unknown and unnamed, rising in the midst of a dreary barren country, was soon to be heard of in all ends of the earth. "All kindreds, and nations, and tribes" flocked to the magic ground. The hill disappeared as if by enchantment, as one might chip an egg, or uncover a pie, previous to scooping it out. The mine, when we saw it, was 300 feet deep, a quarter of a mile wide, and three-quarters of a mile in circumference.

The two great evils that afflict Kimberley, in addition to dust and flies, are diamond stealing and its allied crime, illicit diamond buying. The ten commandments, if they are not kept on the Fields, are at any rate condensed into one: "Thou shalt not steal diamonds." The stealing, which is all done by the Kafirs—O yes, all by those black rogues!—is in part suppressed by means of white overseers, who are paid from £3 to £5 a-week to do nothing but watch the Kafirs at their work. The natives, it is said, are amazingly expert at stealing diamonds. They can pick them up from beneath the very eyes of the overseer, either by their hand or between their toes. They swallow the stone, or secrete it in the mouth in such a way as to defy detection.

The great mine of Kimberley must be credited with the civilising of thousands of the dusky sons of Africa. From far and near the natives come—Griquas, Basutos, Kafirs, Zulus—many of them travelling 1200 miles from the interior. They tramp, week after week, on their long pilgrimage, subsisting on what they can kill in the shape of game. Failing this, the poor wretches have sometimes been seen picking up and eating bits

of hide, also stray bones, which they first grind down. The rate of wages paid them is 10s. a-week, and their food. The native generally stays on the Fields a year, after which time he goes back to his tribe plump and fat, and bearing a load no white man would care to undertake. In his blanket, which he throws over his shoulders and ties round his waist, he carries a suit of moleskin clothes, a couple of guns, a pot, a tea-kettle, a grid-iron, a sauce-pan, three or four gaudy blankets, a pocket handkerchief, beads, wires, mealies for his food, knobkerries, and a piece of meat stuck on the end of one of his assegais. He also bears back to his people ineradicable ideas of the value of wages, of clothes, of white modes of life,—a better man physically and mentally than when he first saw the metal metropolis of the interior of South Africa.

One day we went with a party of friends to visit one of the diamond-brokers, most of whose little offices stand together in a street leading off from the mine. Here we saw diamonds in galore. Package after package of the shining white gems were brought in, and we streamed them through our fingers like water, passing them round for inspection—a thing I would not have liked if I had been the broker! But he seemed quite easy in his mind; and in fact, if I remember rightly, once or twice turned his back! Diamonds, somehow, lose all apparent value when you see them in the rough and in large numbers. We were told that "Those few diamonds there represented £2000," and we were unmoved. A £100 stone is put in your palm, but you feel no precious thrill. A rough diamond is not nearly so taking as a gold nugget.

One morning the Camp resounded with the news that a large diamond had been discovered—the largest ever found in Kimberley. The lucky owner kindly sought us out in the hotel, and out of a swathing of chamois leather unrolled the diamond before our eyes. It was a 250-carat stone—a perfect octahedron—"off-coloured," as the term is here—a tinge of lemon hue about it that might lower its value. The stone was said by some to be worth £5000, while others declared it

would not fetch £1500—so uncertain is the valuation of very large diamonds.

My father and I paid a visit to the Kimberley gaol. The buildings lack, of necessity, the massiveness and seclusiveness that prisons have in England—what can be done with sun-burnt bricks, wood, and corrugated iron?—and the gaol is managed in an off-hand, amateurish way that contrasts strangely with the sharp routine and dignity of an old-country prison. A lot of white-washed outhouses were scattered round two rough back-yards, while the warders, not having any uniform, might have been judged to be plasterers, or plumbers, or anything, in short, rather than gaolers. In company with the energetic visiting-doctor we made the round of the cells. In the first were two native chiefs, who suffered the indignity of having to put out their tongues. A general inspection of health then took place about the court-yard, our friend the doctor deftly disposing of the various cases. Here there was a treadmill, which turned a washing-machine. I stepped on the wheel and trod for a few revolutions, the Kafirs on the mill looking as if they thought me an egregious fool. Close by was a large cell, containing a tribe of bushmen—starving refugees from the war in Secocoeni's country, far to the north of Griqualand. There they were, all herded together—men, women, and children. Dwarfish, yellow, ugly-visaged people they were; the race who, in their native state, live in mountain-caves, shoot with the poisoned arrow, use the flint and steel, and smoke their native opium; whose forefathers painted those marvellous pictures on the rocks, which have ever been the wonder of ethnologists. This huddled crowd of emaciated beings was a sight which could not be forgotten. One could never dream that hunger and privation and savage life would lower man so near to the level of the brute; and yet there was the bushwoman "skelping" her squalling child, just like any fond British mother. In a room near this we were introduced to two ladies, one of them the matron of the gaol. My father invited her to come and hear our concert; he could not do less than proffer a ticket to the decent old lady who sat

knitting beside her. "She's a prisoner," whispered the matron. "Ah, Mr. Kennedy," said the decent old lady-convict, "here they put people in the gaol for things they would never dream of at home." We were not long in discovering that she was Mrs. ———, a notorious buyer of stolen diamonds!

Kimberley, inclusive of the adjoining Bultfontein and Du Toit's Pan diggings, which go to make up what is called "the Fields," has a population of 18,000. Of these, 10,000 are blacks; the Europeans number only 8000. We found here an intelligent and cultured class of people; and they have no mean idea of themselves either. Kimberley has suffered in its time from ignorant depreciation, and it is but natural this should engender a little self assertiveness. The people know that the Fields electrified a half-dead continent into prosperity. Cape Town has been slow to acknowledge this. There is little affinity, and less love, between the two towns. Kimberley, for instance, chafes at Cape Town reaping the duty on the large amount of goods imported for the Fields. As one man growled to me: "The folks there, poor beggars, could not afford to eat the foods we import; and who drinks Champagne and Amontillado in Cape Town, I should like to know, eh?"

Kimberley is largely a town of single men, who, when not sifting out diamonds, frequent the hotel bar, the billiard saloon, or the skating rink. If ever fast living could be condoned, it would be in the persons of those men of Kimberley. Life is not too full of enjoyment on the Fields. What is there for these men, apart from their diamonds? They work amongst them, and talk of them, and think of them, all day long. The rush of week-day work, by its impetus, sometimes carries business over into Sunday. Men even talk of diamonds at the church door. One Sunday, a young fellow, with tired look, came yawning up to the hotel about tiffin time, and I said to him: "You have been hearing a dull sermon, surely!" "Sermon!" he echoed; "no fear; I've been diamond-sifting!"

There are people here from all parts of the world. One day, within five minutes, I had spoken to a Dane, a Russian, an Orcadian, and a man from Canada. It is a pity the people

have not built themselves a more abiding city. The truth is, though every Kimberley man will indignantly deny it, that they have no absolute certainty in the continuance of the diamonds. They have had faith enough to remove a mountain ; but it has not been strong enough to lay one stone on top of another. Diamonds alone created Kimberley ; but for them, a civilised town would never have been shot into uncivilised space for the next generation, at least. It looks like a logical sequence that, with the decay of diamond, must come the end of Kimberley ; but there will be a town here as long as South Africa exists. The interior is fast settling up, and trade with Kimberley must continue.

A community of such energy and enterprise, with such tastes, and the memory of comforts left in other lands, never before inhabited such a sterile waste. But not the least of the marvels of Kimberley, is the manner in which some of the people have rendered the interior of their houses comfortable and charming; in some cases ornamenting them with choice works of art, pictures, vases, recherché furniture, and invariably an elegant piano, on which you hear perhaps a sonata of Beethoven, or airs from the latest comic opera. Nor are the pleasures of the table forgotten. We dined one evening at a Scottish gentleman's house, who entertained us with a repast that would have graced any club in Pall Mall, and which was served by his coloured "boys" in a quiet yet expeditious style that would have pleased the most fastidious gourmand.

High prices prevailed at one time in Kimberley, and to some extent prevail still. But we paid only a very little more for hotel living here than in the other South African towns. In times of drought, brown sugar has been 2s. 6d. a pound, and other things in proportion. Milk and potatoes are always dear. Eggs were selling at from 5s. to 6s. a dozen when we were in Kimberley. Firewood is particularly expensive ; but then as it is never cold, no fires are required save for cooking. Meat is not dear, but bread undoubtedly is, for here the element of skilled labour comes in, and you have to pay a shilling a pound for your loaf. The Kimberley washerwoman has her preten-

sions also. A resident may get his linen washed at 8s. a dozen, but a visitor has to pay 10s. Perhaps this is owing to the high price of water. You pay 4s. for a large barrel, 2s. 6d. for a small cask. Last year there had been severe drought, and the small cask had risen to 10s. The supply is solely from wells and rain-water. The price of goods in Kimberley depends on "transport." Everything is brought up from Port Elizabeth, or from Cape Town, most of the way by bullock waggon—in the one case 500, in the other 700 miles. Imagine Great Britain to be sparsely populated, the country destitute of railway, little or no grass on its plains and hills, and not overmuch water in its rivers. Then imagine goods landed at Brighton, and having to be wearily dragged by oxen up to Aberdeen, and you will have some idea of how the wants of Kimberley are supplied; for Kimberley has to get nearly all its supplies from without. Much of the food, and all of the drink, furniture, and clothing, all the many items that go to make up house plenishing—yea, the very town itself, in the shape of planks and sheets of iron—have been hauled by bullocks over many a thirsty plain and toilsome berg to this far, lone-lying spot. The probability of high or low rate of transport, even the very existence of transport, depends entirely on rain or no rain. If there is no rain there is no grass, and if there is no grass the oxen die, and become the prey of jackal and vulture. At this time the rate of transport from Port Elizabeth to the Fields was 26s. the hundredweight. When there have been some weeks of drought, prices of provisions rise. The general store is the Kimberley barometer.

The Scottish element is strong here, and St. Andrew's Day held with *éclat*. The dinner is a great feature. The tickets for the last celebration were three guineas each, which included champagne and twenty different kinds of wine. Appetite was awakened by a furious blast of the bagpipes. "Kail soup" figured on the bill of fare along with "venison cutlets and guava sauce." A "Scotch haggis" sturdily held its own against "stewed kidneys with champagne." "Ice asparagus" and "Marachino jelly" brought up the rear of forty choice items.

We missed amongst the vegetables that great luxury in Kimberley—cabbage. There was a cabbage one day on the table of a Scotch friend with whom we were very intimate, but we heedlessly partook of the dainty, and it was not till we had left that we suddenly remembered cabbages were 7s. 6d. in Kimberley. We soon found ourselves in a circle of Scotch friends, who strained every nerve to make our visit one of great pleasure.

We sang in the Theatre Royal, a commodious building. In Kimberley the songs of Scotland did not fall on unappreciative ears. "Why," said one man, "since the Kennedys have been here, folks have stopped drinking Cape brandy, and Irish, and French, and stick to nothing else but Scotch whisky; and (becoming serious) there's more people attending the Scots Kirk, too." Another, addressing a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, a dignified bachelor, said, "My good sir, you should go and hear Kennedy's 'Nicht wi' Burns,'—you'd go and get married at once!" "Oh," replied the clergyman, in a superior manner, "I could get married any time I choose, without the aid of Burns!" We sang ten nights—not long enough to exhaust the enthusiasm of our audiences. Hitherto I have maintained a little reticence as to our professional business throughout South Africa. I cannot refrain from mentioning here that it was always good—in some places excellent—but that, taking the number of the population into account, we had greater success in Kimberley than in any other town in any part of the globe. When we bade adieu to the Diamond Fields, a large cavalcade of our Scotch friends escorted us from the town. At length, with a "Good-bye and God speed," the last lingering friend waved us a farewell, eighteen miles from the town.

The first day we travelled thirty-six miles from Kimberley, most of the way through the Free State. We stayed for the night at the house of a Dopper—a very religious man, who held family worship, and said a long grace before and after meals. In the evening the whole household sat round the spacious apartment, while we sang them one or two glees, to which they listened with not much apparent pleasure; but

when we rendered the "Old C," their faces brightened at once. Formerly the Boers were exceedingly ignorant; but now they have wakened a little to the benefits of education, and the more well-to-do Dutch farmers have occasionally a schoolmaster living in the house. There was one here—an Englishman, colonial-born, who had resided a long time amongst the Dutch. He lamented to my father privately that he felt it hard "having to live amongst people of no education." What was his surprise to find, in the course of conversation, that this schoolmaster had never heard of Brigham Young, or the Mormons,—well, that might be pardoned in a man living in the solitudes of South Africa—but he also knew nothing of Robert Burns! He was, let us hope, a most exceptional case. The children were taught Dutch only, which is rather unusual, as English is now largely taught among the Boers. This farmer was a stern Dopper, who hated the English and their tongue, and whose only literature was the Bible. The Boers are not a reading people. We were told that in fifty houses you would not find fifty books. My father and I slept in the little school-room, with sheep-skins for a bed. The charge for accommodation was high, but the food was good.

The second day's travel was thirty-six miles. This was the roughest road we experienced in South Africa,—a sharp jolt throwing my sister Marjory off the back of the cart into the road; happily, she was unhurt. We reached Fauresmith, a quiet Dutch town. Our concert took place in the Court Room, where we had a capital audience—the people, as is their wont in this town, bringing their own chairs. It was amusing to see a gentleman in full evening dress coming down the street with a chair on each arm, followed by a party of ladies, and the end of the procession brought up by two or three Kafirs, each carrying three or four chairs on his head. In the hall were soon collected plain chairs from dining-rooms, red-cushioned chairs from drawing-rooms, here a settee, there a sofa, here a ponderous old arm-chair, a stuffy family heir-loom—all spread anywhere about the floor, at the good pleasure of the owners. The joke was, that friends seeing each other, brought their

chairs together in little clumps, till I believe there was not a straight row in the room. The hotel here was rather comfortable, but the bedrooms were facing the back-yard, where the domestic animal freely ranged. Just as I retired to rest, a knock and a voice came:—"For goodness sake, be sure an' keep yer door shut, or the pigs 'll be in!"

On our journey of thirty-four miles to Phillippolis, we breakfasted at a farm kept by an intelligent Dutch woman. The house was neat, but primitive; the chairs were "cane-bottomed" with strips of raw hide. We amused the children by a song or two, and the big strapping son, coming in from the stable, rewarded us with a tune on the concertina. We saw few houses all this day, and scarce a vehicle. The towns hereabouts are connected by a slim thread of travel; the hem of civilisation is sewn with wide stitches. The weather was ecstatic, and we saw, more than once, indications of mirage, for which South Africa is remarkable. Phillippolis was a most

primitive town—a tranquil place, with one narrow street, and a disproportionately large Dutch Reformed Church at one end of it. The minister of this is a Scotsman, and much beloved by his people, who, it is said, make him presents of milch-cows, bullocks, and sheep. Folks have been known to pay more than the value of farms in the neighbourhood, for the sake of being under his ministrations. The clergy in these parts have great power over their people.

We sang in the Court Room, next to which was the post-office, the sacred precincts of the latter being granted us as side-room. In Phillippolis I met an old South African veteran, who was engaged in the heroic task of cleaning glasses in the hotel-bar. He was a perfect Bodadil—full of strange colonial oaths—a mass of cuts and scars sewn together with brag. "Allamuckta! don't imagine there's any good in the nigger. Jeroosalem! *I've* seen enough of them—they're a lot of sweetly-smelling cherubs, *they* are! Oh yes, tell *me* all about them. Blow-me-tight! why, I've fought in every Kafir war that ever was! I'm wounds all over—there's not an inch of me that aint got knocked about. An assegai stuck me in the eye; there's a gash, look, in my cheek; there's a knobkerrie dent on my skull; there's a bullet up my back; a lump hacked off my calf. Great Cæsar's ghost! *I* know what fightin' the nigger is!"

During our next stage, we recrossed the Orange River, and were once more in Cape Colony, so far on our southward journey back to Port Elizabeth. Colesberg has an exceedingly quaint and picturesque situation, lying in a nest of "spitzkops," or rocky hills. The people of Colesberg have been nicknamed "rock-scorpions." During our travelling in these districts, we frequently saw flocks of domesticated ostriches—now in a hedged paddock, now in a stone kraal, or walking unconfined about a village. In many places the farmers have given up sheep, and taken exclusively to ostriches, which they will repent some day, when the feathers lose their fancy price. The value of feathers averages from £5 to £20 each plucking.

What an eventful three days' drive we had to Cradock! The

first day we had thirty-six miles of rain and mud. In a part of the veldt more than unusually lonely, the cart got into the deep ruts of a dray, and as these were too wide apart for our vehicle, the axle was bent in a moment, the upper half of the wheels being jammed against the side of the cart. It was a desperate fix, and this, too, amid pouring rain, vivid lightning, and deafening thunder. With the butt-end of the whip, with an old chisel, with a bit of stick, and with our very fingers, we dug out the stiff clay from between the spokes of the wheels. Then, with shout and shove and lash, we got the horses to drag out the dislocated cart. Saul, poor man! was very down-hearted at the unfortunate affair. Luckily, by dusk, we reached a small road-side inn, called Macassarfontein, thankful to get even its poor accommodation. As it is not the custom in this country to have fires, except for cooking, we could not get our dripping-wet clothes dried, and it was not the most pleasant thing in the world to put on our cold damp clothes next morning.

This second day we again drove thirty-six miles. At one deep spruit my father was shot clean off the front seat into the air. As he fell, he had the presence of mind and time to roll over, thus escaping the wheel by a hair-breadth. He landed flat on his back in the stream. The horses dashed up the steep side of the spruit, and looking back, we saw him staggering up in a deplorable state of mud, but providentially unscathed. I at once cancelled the "Postponement of Concert" placard that had flashed through my mind. This accident delayed us but a few moments. Our motto was "Onward"—in these long journeys every minute being valuable. We spared no effort, but pushed on resolutely, and faithfully kept all our appointments in a tour of unusual length, and most exacting to man and beast. We arrived in Cradock at four in the afternoon. That night we were all in such good "form" that the audience never would have dreamt of the three days' toil we had had to reach them. Here we had the axle of the cart straightened, and broken springs replaced.

From Cradock we had a two days' drive of seventy miles to Somerset East, a pretty little village, lying at the foot of a

mighty berg, whose mammoth spurs stretch down like elephantine toes into the plain. In this township we met with the warmest reception from the inhabitants, many of whom we found to be fellow-countrymen ; Somerset East has been called "Little Scotland." Seventy-five miles, performed in two days, brought us to Graaff Reinet, one of the oldest towns in Cape Colony. Fine mountains closely encompass it on three sides. The Town Hall is the place where entertainments are generally held. We paid rent for it, but got merely the shell of the building. We had to seat it, light it, and clean it. Chairs had to be borrowed all over the town—forty from this place, fifty from that ; a dozen from one kind lady, four or five from another private house, some from the hotel—the streets being busy best part of a day with Kafir "boys" carrying the seats. Then the lighting had to be attended to. There were only two oil-lamps, which belonged to the Choral Society. The walls were covered with rough wooden sconces, to fill which for three nights required £1 3s. worth of candles. Foot-lights were improvised by placing candles in groups of half-a-dozen in tin shades. One night there was considerable excitement, when, under the influence of a strong draught, the "dips" melted away, the liquid tallow in the trays latterly flaring up in an alarming manner. The most dangerous of the lights was removed by a gentleman in luxuriant flaxen moustache and side whiskers. Next day I was accosted in the hotel by a stranger, a clean-shaven man, who said: "I suppose you were pretty glad I came to your help last night." "You! really, I don't remember—" "Not likely," said he, lugubriously ; "I'm the man that *tried* to blow out the foot-light!" The railway from Port Elizabeth to Graaff Reinet, a distance of 200 miles, is almost completed. At this time we had to drive twenty miles to a small station, where we shipped horses and cart down to Port Elizabeth. We committed them to the care of the friend under whose experienced guidance we had purchased them. He was of invaluable service to us during our stay in South Africa, and concluded a series of kind offices by getting our cart and team put up to auction during our visit to Natal.

CHAPTER XXI.

Natal — Durban — Pietermaritzburg — The Zulus — Bishop Colenso — Relics of Isandhlwana — The Native Contingent — A kindly Souvenir — Farewell to South Africa.

PORT ELIZABETH to Durban is about 400 miles. We left on Friday at noon, and at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, we lay off the Port. The bar, distant about three-quarters of a mile, was marked by heavy rollers. Our steamer was not very large; but, owing to the tide being low, it could not cross. So a small tender came alongside, lurching violently in the swell, and the unfortunate passengers had to watch carefully their chance of jumping from the one vessel to the other. The ladies were packed, two at a time, in a deep basket, and let down by a crane. Then, to add insult to injury, the bilge-water began to spout from the steamer's side, and completely deluged the little tug before it had time to move off. The whole arrangement was slovenly in the extreme. The tug crossed the foaming bar without taking on much water, and in a few minutes we had rounded the Point. The wharf was picturesquely crowded with townspeople, red-coats, and Zulus. We hired five black "boys" to carry our smaller luggage up to the town, about a mile and a-half distant. There is a railway from the Point to Durban, also omnibuses and drays; but, being Sunday, communication was stopped.

We walked up to town along a sandy road lined with tropical shrubbery. It felt very much warmer here than in Cape Colony, and we were glad when the sandy road led into the long main street of Durban. At the first hotel, we could get audience only with the brother of the proprietor, who thought there were no vacant rooms, owing to the return of so many of the military from Zululand. The proprietor himself was indulging in his after-dinner nap, from which we were told

he dare not be roused. After indulging in his forty winks, which occupied forty minutes, he kindly awoke, and told us "he was full." So we "trekked" off to other quarters, followed by our Zulu contingent carrying the luggage. We arrived at another hotel in time to get the only remaining rooms.

Durban is built on a sand-flat, which stretches from the bay to the Berea, a wooded hill rising three miles back from the coast. On the Berea are situated the villas of the wealthier inhabitants, while the town itself is mainly occupied by the numerous places of business. Durban has long wide streets, down which the houses and stores are comfortably ranged. They do not cramp each other in close, high, rigid masses as at home. In the middle of the town is a railed garden, rich in shrubbery and shade-trees. Close to it stands the elegant Post Office, which lost a good deal of its neatness by having a pile of sand-bags on the top of it. We saw, at a commanding corner, a store whose roof was also fitted up with one of these impromptu batteries. These told tales of the great scare in January and February of this year, when the folks were almost on the point of fleeing the colony, and when the shipping in the bay held itself in readiness to take on board the panic-stricken population.

Ordinarily a decent sort of place, Durban had been transformed by the Zulu war into a noisy, rowdy town. The canteens were doing a roaring trade; brawls took place at the street corners. The hotel echoed all day with the animal spirits of young officers. We met with all kinds of people just returned from "the Front." The "Front" monopolised all conversation. The streets of Durban are picturesque with Zulus and Indian Coolies. You marvel at seeing the alien labourers; but the Zulu is fitful and fit only for rough unskilled work. Hence he is useless on the sugar and coffee plantations, and hence has come about that extensive introduction of coolies, who can be relied upon for a number of years.

We gave eight concerts in Durban, in the Trafalgar Hall, which, like a good many colonial halls, is a concert-room, with

a theatrical stage at one end, and holding 400 or 500 people. We had good audiences, but the "gods" were the noisiest we had met with in any part of South Africa. This was chiefly owing to the war element—to the shady populace that follows in the train of an army. I am afraid that these rough customers kept some of the respectable "Berea people" away at first; for it was only after a night or two, when the celestials had quieted down, that the townspeople came out with their wives and daughters.

Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, is fifty-two miles inland from Durban—by railway it will be as much as seventy. The train at this time ran only half way, the engineering difficulties being unusually great. Leaving Durban, you pass through rich plantations and luxuriant bush. Shortly the line commences to ascend, and the curves I should think, are unparalleled in number and sharpness. When we got out at Botha's Hill, there was "Murray's Bus" waiting for passengers. This was a "Cobb's Coach," capable of holding about a dozen people, and their Lilliputian luggage, which is limited to 12 lbs. each person. Among our fellow-passengers was Mr. Russel, the Superintendent of Education, whom we found to be an Edinburgh man, and in conversation with whom the four hours passed pleasantly. The driver was a very intelligent fellow, who had once been a "gentleman," but had fallen somehow from the drawing-room to the splashboard. The vehicle had broken down the preceding day, and its underworks were now held together with ropes, while through a rent in the bottom the dust was wafted up as from a small volcano. The most notable part of the drive was the long Inchanga Hill, up which the passengers had to walk. Then on we sped, over grassy downs and over breezy ridges. They had need be breezy, in all conscience, as the air at most places reeked with carrion. Once we saw a party of Zulus cutting up a dead ox, while the large vultures were hovering hungrily a few paces off, till the natives had done with the carcase; and this, too, alongside one of the most travelled roads in South Africa. Crossing a neat iron bridge over the Umsindusi River, we passed the

Maritzburg Cemetery, which inauspiciously lines each side of the road, and in a few minutes finished our journey at the Crown Hotel.

Pietermaritzburg is situated in the heart of "fair Natal," on a gently-sloping plain, partly surrounded by hills. In the heart of the town, the streets are composed of large stores; as they stretch outwards, they gradually lose their municipal air, and become roads lined with trees, with a "sluit" running on either side, and cottages peeping coquettishly through a veil of foliage. Some of the suburban houses have their gables covered with vines, and their verandahs with luxuriant creepers. Everywhere there are gardens, while many of the hedge-rows are composed of roses. The town still bears some evidence of the Arcadian tastes of its founders,—those early immigrant Boers, who, in 1838, thought to make here a village Paradise. The Zulus are a continual source of interest in these towns of Natal. They are powerful, well-built fellows, and inveterately cheerful. It may be said that the Kafir supplies South Africa with laughter. If you hear merriment anywhere, ten to one it proceeds from the native, not from Boer or Africander. There is more sparkle in a Zulu's left eye than in a Dutchman's two eyes put together. Never was there a more appropriate word than that of "boys" as applied to the Kafirs. They are self-satisfied, jolly, happy-go-lucky in their work. Their clothing is never ample, but what they do wear is worn with grace. Their well-shapen bodies set off the most ragged coats or trousers; tatters on a Kafir never suggest dirt, squalor, or destitution, as on a home beggar. The men trim their hair into strange shapes, and any day in Maritzburg you may see them sitting on the curb-stones doing up each other's "wool." I have seen a "boy" with a piece of pink tape bound round his forehead, who looked as attractive as an Acis, and another equally handsome in a coronet of green leaves. Every native carries a stick, sometimes two or three, for you might as well expect them to be wanting an arm or a leg as be without their "knob-kerrie."

There are scarcely any Kafir women in service; the Kafir

woman is of great value, that is, as a marketable article. The father can sell her to a suitor for ten or fourteen head of cattle. You can imagine an old Kafir parent saying to the expectant bridegroom, with a twinkle of the eye, "Oh! yes; you can have your bonnie lassie—*when the kye comes hame!*" When the girl becomes a wife, she hoes the ground, sows and reaps, hews wood and draws water; while the happy husband loafs all day, merely doing such light work as milking the cows. The more wives he marries, the more ground he can cultivate, and the richer he becomes. There are no old maids in Zululand; and as long as polygamy exists, it will be impossible for Europeans to get a reliable supply of Kafir women for servants. The colonists, however, do not feel this so very irksome. A Scotch housewife in Maritzburg told me she preferred a "boy" to a Kafir girl, as he was so very much cleaner and handier. It takes a little time for one to get over the peculiar sensation of seeing a black man doing the cooking, cleaning the bedrooms, and making the beds. The relations between black and white in Natal seem to be more satisfactory than in the Cape Colony. The "boys" are more intelligent, vivacious, and industrious, and the colonists speak of them more kindly. At nine o'clock each night, a bell rings as a signal for the natives to leave the streets and retire to their homes. This seems at first rather a harsh restriction; but as the Zulus generally go to bed about eight o'clock, the regulation only affects a few confirmed loafers, and was made to prevent robbery and lawlessness. I have seen more than one European on Maritzburg streets at night, whom it would have been advisable to put under this regulation; but then, I suppose, we would hear a great outcry about "the liberty of the subject." One can pardon the European law-maker for being a little stringent, when one recollects the total whites of Natal number only 20,000, amongst 350,000 blacks.

We paid a visit to the suburban villa of a Maritzburg gentleman, famed for his plantations. The artist of the *Graphic* chanced to be of the party, and I had the honour of bestriding his steed which had been in most of the battles of the Zulu War. Under guidance of our host, we saw his garden and

forests—acres upon acres covered with timber. He sets from 10,000 to 12,000 trees a-year; one twelvemonth he planted 26,000. Our friend showed us a little Druid circle of oaks, which he did not seem to value so much because they were oaks, or had grown swiftly, but because they were English. Maritzburg used to be regarded as "a Sodom and Gomorrah," so hot and dry was it, and its hills so treeless; but now the land-owners have taken to growing timber, which will prove at once pleasant and beneficial.

I may here interject the remark that dairy produce not being plentiful in Maritzburg, we had to put up with preserved butter at the hotel. One day, my father, on the butter being handed him, said: "Are you sure, now, this is *fresh* butter?" "Oh yes," answered the waiter cheerfully, "just out of the tin this morning!"

One Sunday we went to hear the late Dr. Colenso, who was appointed Bishop of Natal in 1853. He was known in England as an eminent mathematician, and came out to South Africa as a missionary bishop, where he became equally famed as the social and political champion of the Zulu. Colenso preached in a neat little cathedral, with a good congregation. This Sunday, by a strange coincidence, we heard him discourse on the Book of Exodus,—his text having reference to the wanderings of the children of Israel, which he held to be a spiritual allegory. He said that St. Paul also held the same view of the matter; and that if the worthy Apostle had lived in these later days, he would have been brought before the Church Court, and subjected to damnatory utterances. Dr. Colenso lived at Bishopstowe, a charming residence some miles out from Maritzburg, where he had natives employed in printing the Bible, Prayer Book, and other works in the Zulu language.

While we were in Maritzburg the Carbineers arrived from the front. Half of the corps had been at Isandhlwana, and perished at the base of the lofty dark rock. We had presented to us a ragged book of MS. music from Isandhlwana, its pages covered with blood and dirt, and many of them torn and

trampled beyond deciphering—a ghastly memorial of the struggle.

One day I saw the return of one of the tribes of the Native Contingent. The thoroughfare was filled with a wild procession of Zulus, dressed in all the panoply of barbarous war. Every man had his large shield of hide, a bundle of assegais under his arm, a gun strapped on his back, another carried over the shoulder, a canvas bag slung at the back of the neck, and a portable commissariat of water-calabashes and mealie-bags at his back. The warriors were all ragged and weather-beaten. Trousers they had none, but round their waists they wore strips of hairy hide, or "moochees" of wild cat's tails, that flapped to the time of their agile steps. Some of the "braves" were almost entirely nude, and their gleaming black bodies adorned with strings of beads. Looking down the street you saw a long array of nodding plumes, battered slouch hats, gleaming bayonets, assegais, and knobkerries, appearing above the red dust stirred by the host of bare feet; while the whole line of the procession was covered with a wall of piebald buffalo-shields. Bonnie Prince Charlie's Highland army could never have matched this for savage picturesqueness. As it moved along it sang a hoarse chant of victory. The van shouted one part of the tune, the middle were at another, and the rear howled at its own free will. One time the voices would sink into deep grunts, that, given by so many hundred throats, sounded like loud thuds. Then the men would give a fierce sharp cry—half shriek, half whistle—that seemed to tear the very air. Never for a moment did the monotonous "thud, thud, thud," of the deep bass voices cease, now here, now there in the lengthy array. In front of the motley army danced a Zulu woman, screaming at the pitch of her voice, and waving a long stick. The warrior host had not the slightest affinity with the decent respectable street. The prosaic shop-signs of "Mr. Brown, Draper," and "Mr. Robinson, Bookseller," seen across the mass of wild-faced, semi-nude savages, and through the bristling assegais, had a most peculiar effect.

We gave nine concerts in Maritzburg,—more in proportion

to the population than in any other South African town. The last night was a "bumper." On that occasion the Mayor and Town Council attended in a body. A number of enthusiastic Scotsmen publicly presented my father with an address and a splendid diamond ring—their spokesman being the Speaker of the Natal Parliament. The ring was, as he expressed it, "composed of diamonds from Kimberley, and gold from the slopes of the Drakensberg,"—an appropriate souvenir of a kindly colony.

We embarked at Durban on the 19th August to catch the steamer that left Cape Town for England on the 26th. Next day we lay off East London, where we picked up some passengers—among them a lady and her daughters, who were brought over the rollers in a lifeboat. The passage of the bar had been most hazardous. The boat struck several times on the sand, while the waves repeatedly washed over them. At length, with great difficulty, they were brought on board, the lady's eldest daughter fainting with the excitement. We called next at Port Elizabeth, then at Mossel Bay. At the latter port we took on an elderly gentleman, who had travelled from a small village inland, and had never seen the sea before. His innocence was highly entertaining. Shortly after getting out to sea, he came to me with white, anxious face, saying, "I'm not all right here" (pointing to his head); "is this sea-sickness? I've often heard of it." And upon my assuring him that it undoubtedly *was*, the poor man took to his berth for the rest of the day. We reached Cape Town on Sunday morning, and on Monday night gave our farewell concert there to a splendid audience.

Thus ended our tour through South Africa. We had travelled 1360 miles of colonial roads, and 1800 miles of colonial waters —3160 miles in all. We had given 82 concerts, singing in 24 towns. Leaving out the sea-journies, we had an average of about 57 miles of road-travelling to each town. Including the voyages to the Cape and back, we had in our short tour of six months travelled 17,160 miles.

A party of Scotch friends assembled on the wharf at Cape

Town to see us off. Souvenirs of all kinds—a Zulu shield, gemsbok horns, a painted ostrich egg, and lovely ostrich feathers—were given us at parting. As the steamer moved away, our friends waved a warm farewell, and we returned their signals till we could see them no longer.

INDIA.

CHAPTER XXII.

Calcutta—The European Quarter—Native Servants—A Hindoo Festival—Street Scenes—Churches—Society—The Twilight Drive—Colleges—Native Music—Visit to a Zenana—A Sail on the Hooghly—Our Concerts.

ON the afternoon of the 2nd October, 1879, I saw my father, mother, and my sisters Helen and Lizzie, sail from Southampton in the P. & O. steamer "Khedive," bound for Calcutta direct. Then, that night I travelled via Dieppe to Paris, where I took a through ticket for Brindisi. All next night and half of the following day, I journeyed through the south of France. The train accomplished Mont Cenis tunnel in twenty-five minutes, and all that afternoon, night, and the entire following day (Sunday), traversed the long "Boot" of the Italian Peninsula. At 11.30 P.M. I flung myself into my berth on board the "Surat" at Brindisi, having travelled almost continually since leaving Edinburgh on Wednesday night. Three days' sail on the warm blue Mediterranean brought us to Alexandria,—to the "glorious East," with its dust, heat, and beggary. The harbour was interesting from its environments of white-washed palaces and forts. But there was little time to enjoy the spectacle. A tug took off the passengers to the train,—a string of small, dirty carriages,—and away we started on a night-ride across the Desert. Suez was reached at six in the morning. Deaf to the entreaties of the Arab donkey-boys, who vainly implored us to try the "Bishop of London," "Mrs. Langtry," and other steeds, we installed ourselves in the S.S. "Nepaul," which an hour afterwards was cleaving the waters of the Red Sea. Amid heat which stood at 96 degrees on the

companion-ladder, we sailed uninterested to Aden. Next day we were skirting Araby the Blest, with a cooling wind. In eighteen days from London we had sighted the cocoa-nuts of Bombay. The mail-train left at six in the evening, on its long journey of over 1400 miles across the hot plains of India, and sixty hours afterwards a black servant was pulling off my boots in a boarding-house in Calcutta. Thus ended my hand-bag journey across two continents. By this cutting off of corners I had reached the "City of Palaces" a fortnight in advance, to make the needful preparations for our concerts. I may here anticipate the narrative by saying that the "Khedive" arrived punctually, and that our concerts commenced the very night we had fixed on, before leaving home.

It was early in the morning when I arrived at Calcutta. Emerging from the large terminus I hailed a "gharry" or cab, and was driven across the Hooghly Bridge. The cab rattled on through native slums, as crowded as London streets at dinner hour, till at length it issued into the open European quarter, and landed me at a boarding-house. This was a large three-storied building, with heavy pillared verandahs, the space between which was covered half-way from the top by awnings. On my arrival, a number of natives salaamed, wishing to be engaged as servants, for everyone requires to have his own "boy" here. I engaged an elderly Mahommedan, Esouf by name, who could speak a little English. He deftly pulled off my coat, boots, socks, and other clothing, and escorted me with a flourish of towels to the bath, which convenience is attached to every bedroom. Ablutions over, he dressed me, and brought a cup of tea and a slice of toast—"chota hazaree," or "little breakfast," as it is called. While I was eating, old Esouf was ransacking my portmanteau and bag, picking out dirty clothes, hanging up clean things in the wardrobe, dusting my slippers, brushing my boots, and "arranging" my private papers. An hour later he showed me into the public room, where a dozen people were breakfasting under cover of a long punkah, pulled by a little wallah perched on a stool. After breakfast, Esouf, the old vagabond, came whining to me with a

long story that he had got the fever, pressing my hand on his brow to let me feel the heat of his head. He wanted my gracious permission to go to the hospital, and introduced a substitute in the person of his son, Gollam Hossein, who by a strange coincidence happened to be passing in the nick of time, and would act as general servant for Rs. 3 a-week (6s). He was a tall, sharp-looking lad, and I engaged him on the spot. Exit Esouf!

Calcutta is a wide-spread city, the native quarter with its "bustees" or suburbs being spawned over seven square miles. The population is about a million, of which only eight or nine thousand are whites. Most of the European portion centres round the Maidan and Dalhousie Square, connected with each other by Old Court House Street. The Maidan, or Esplanade, is a great open space intersected by roads, the dust of which bears the impress of countless naked feet. This large meadow lies between a mass of the native town and the river. One side of the Maidan is the fashionable Chowringhee Road, two miles long and eighty feet wide, along which extends at easy distances a line of white, flat-roofed mansions, with broad-pillared balconies—the abodes of rich baboos, rajahs, Parsees, and the cream of European Calcutta.

Old Court House Street, the principal business thoroughfare, is open and clean, and its vista closed in the distance by the façade and spire of the Scotch kirk. The shops stand back on broad pavements, and have no special display in their windows, owing perhaps to their being few or no European foot passengers to be casually attracted. The whites are carriage-people. From the shop door to the curb-stone stretches a covered way to shelter from the sun, or if this be wanting, a native servant stands with a large wicker umbrella to escort the customers to and from their gharries. We reach Dalhousie Square, at one side of which stands the large Post Office, occupying the site of the historical Black Hole. The centre of the square is a delightful reserve of tropical shrubbery, in which is set a "tank" or pond, surrounded by sloping green turf. Here, too, is situated the Dalhousie Institute, where we gave our concerts.

Being curious to see the city, I set out in the forenoon for a stroll, against all the warnings of the landlord, who said it was not the fashion for a European to walk, and not safe. The danger lay in the sun, which, however, did not feel very oppressive, though much hotter than an English summer sun.

"Palki, Sahib! Palki! Pal-*keeeee!*"

No sooner have I set foot in the street than from all sides I hear this strange cry. It is shouted close into my ear, yelled at me enterprisingly from across the road, uttered expectantly far down the street, grunted disappointedly at me from behind. It proceeds from groups of four men seated every few yards alongside what seems a big black box impaled lengthwise by a pole. They are "palki-wallahs," or palankeen-bearers, this species of locomotion being fully as much in vogue as was the sedan-chair last century. The palki-wallah is a native of Orissa, and of better physique than the ordinary Bengali. He is a muscular, well-formed fellow, clad simply in a piece of cotton round his loins. His voice is sonorous, his features bold, and down the bridge of his hawk-like nose extends a white caste-mark, while his glossy hair, long as a woman's, is tied in a knot at the back. The palki-wallahs are specially trained for the work. That heavy palki, with its occupant, they trot along at the rate of five miles an hour, two of the men supporting and two propelling. Look at these poor fellows toiling with that portly old sea-captain, who lies full length inside, smoking his cheroot—the palki-wallahs' elbows jerking spasmodically, and their voices singing the comforting chant, "Oh the Sahib is heavy, but he'll give us big baksheesh!"—a hint the old salt will doubtless take.

During my walk of three or four hundred yards, I did not meet one white face. The pavements swarmed with natives, in all styles of raiment, from the loin-cloth of the coolie to the toga of the baboo. The baboo is a great feature of Calcutta. He is properly speaking of the clerk caste, but the term is applied generally to all educated natives—natives who can speak and write English. "Baboo" simply means "Mr." just as "Sahib" is the colloquial "sir." The baboo is dressed in

white, as are most of the natives, and this gives a bright appearance to the street crowds. He wears a waist-cloth of white cotton, with a muslin "chudder" flung over his shoulders. He wears patent leather shoes, and his legs are draped with muslin, folded diagonally so as to display his fat brown calves. He is bare-headed, has his black hair cropped close in the French fashion, and almost invariably carries an umbrella, as a sun shade. His form is portly, his carriage erect and dignified as a Tribune, and but little effort is required to imagine one's self in the Rome of Cæsar and Marc Antony. You jostle the "first citizen" and "second citizen" at every turn. You see the baboo in his shop in the bazaar; you see him as a pleader in the court; you see him in the merchant's office; you see him in the post-office; you see him perched on a high chair at the bank, his knees almost up to his chin, and the scratch of his quill alternating with a scratch at his bare leg.

This forenoon I called on several gentlemen in the way of business. The conversation never lasted more than two or three minutes before my *vis-à-vis* would turn red with anger, snatch up a roll of paper or anything handy, and throw it over my head at the punkah-wallah, who sat nodding behind. The price of coolness is eternal vigilance! A story is told of a gentleman whose bedroom-punkah was pulled from the apartment below by a string let through the floor. In the middle of the night he awoke sweltering, and seeing the punkah motionless, seized the ewer and emptied it down the hole. The spasmodic renewal of the punkah showed the "water-power" had proved effective. But an hour afterwards the punkah had stopped again. Repeated douches with the water-jug had no result, and looking down the hole the gentleman saw the punkah-wallah fast asleep, holding an umbrella over his head! The punkah-wallah is paid 4½d. a-day and 4½d. a-night for his most monotonous of occupations.

I got back to the boarding-house none the better for my walk, and in truth had to lie down the rest of the day. Next morning the guests were elated, for the sky was actually overcast, and one could get out for a walk! In company with a

doctor from Assam, I strolled through nine miles of the native quarter. Such crowds, bustle, and business—multitudes of one-storied dingy shops, forming "bazaars" as they are called—shops with no window or door, but consisting of an open front, in which the tradesman sat cross-legged amongst his goods. There was also the frequent shrine, with its red god. Once we noticed a Hindoo woman presenting nosegays, and praying to an idol placed on the narrow side-walk. Near her a large "brumleykite" was pecking at a dead calf's eyes, resting on the carcase till we were within foot's reach of it, when the vulture flapped its ugly wings and vanished.

We came home by the river, seeing the "ghauts," which were crowded with washing worshippers. Both sexes bathed breast high together—the men taking the ends of their loin-cloth and scooping the water over their heads. Ever and anon they would throw their arms up to heaven, or salaam to the holy Hooghly. At one part of the steps a Hindoo widow was crying bitterly and shrieking for money to burn her husband, who then lay dead at the bottom of the ghaut, with his feet in the river. All this transpiring, too, alongside of a prosaic Liverpool shipping bustle! Close by was a temple-like building with an open roof, from which came a great cloud of smoke, accompanied by a peculiar odour—a BURNING-GHAUT! The doctor and I went inside and saw several coarse log-fires, in one of which a body was being consumed. Four or five natives, with long poles, were poking in the protruding knees and elbows of the corpse. Ugh! One brute of a Hindoo, scraping amongst the dead ashes of a fire, brought us a charred thigh-bone, and asked for "Baksheesh." We turned away in disgust, the natives remarking in a stage-whisper, "Those poor Sahibs have got no money."

When my father and mother and sisters arrived, we occupied the lower flat of the boarding-house. We had now two "boys," both Mahommedans, for the Mahommedans will do more varied work than the Hindoos. The Hindoo with his rigid caste is fixed in a groove. If he attends you in the bedroom, he will

not clean out your bathroom—if he awaits on you at table, he will not dust your chairs, and so on. A Mussulman "khitmutghar" will serve at meals, go messages, brush your clothes, polish your boots, and make your bed. But even he will draw the line somewhere. He will not sweep out your bedroom, or do any of the menial work in connection therewith. That is performed by a lowly shrinking "mehter," who comes in noiselessly by the back door every morning, with a whisk-broom in each hand. Then the "khitmutghar" will not fill your earthenware bath, or your wash-basin, that being the task of the "bheestie," who comes in regularly with a capacious water-bag, like a large stomach slung under his arm.

We had breakfast at nine, dinner at three, and tea at six. In India the table service is enjoyably complete ; the noiseless Bengali glides so expeditiously about the room. During the meals the servants mysteriously crouched on a piece of matting in the verandah, with a bowl of hot water and a cloth to clean the plates between the courses. I never saw so much done with so little means. It was almost paralleled by the miserably small kitchen, whence issued dishes no white *chef* could possibly have prepared under the same circumstances. At dinner we would be startled by the swoop of hungry hawks into the verandah, carrying off the scraps off meat. Outside, on the front plot, skipped and croaked scores of crows, poor comic wretches, one eye on the vultures, and another on the servants,—now perching on a verandah ledge, now making a daring dash into the very dining-room, which was already a fluttering aviary of little birds. This tameness is due greatly to the Hindoo's reverence for animal life.

We lived close to a bazaar, and one had a feeling of swarming population. Your "boy" will bring you anything or anybody at a moment's notice, from a tailor to a snake-charmer. But you have seldom to send for any shopkeeper from the bazaar. He comes uninvited, and cheerfully, and often, and brings his goods with him. The morning opens with a native barber armed like a bandit, his cotton girdle stuck full of scissors and razors. His services declined, he

glides off salaaming, as if under deepest obligation. Then the "dhobie" comes in—the washerman, who does your linen at Rs. 5 a 100. An old spectacled tailor hobbles up, and Mem Sahib hires his services at eight annas (1s.) a-day to do plain sewing. There he sits in a corner of the room, holding his seam with his big toe, giving self-important coughs, and staring eruditely over the top of his brass "specs" at his progress.

Sitting at dinner, we hear a footstep in the portico, and a native glides in with the usual salaam. Shiva and Vishnu protect us! It is the "box-wallah," or pedlar, at once the blessing and the curse of India. He does not condescend to carry his goods himself, that being done by a coolie, who darkens the door with the huge pack on his head. "No, no," we cry, "jao, jao!" ("go, go"); but the box-wallah moves in calmly and implacably as Fate, squats down, opens the bundle, and transforms the dining-room into a dry-goods store. Shawls, scarfs, handkerchiefs, neckties, collars, stockings, slippers, caps, frilling, jewellery, pens, ink, paper, scents, and ribbons lie in wide-spreading temptation. Can human nature resist it? A side-long, half-relenting glance is given at an attractive piece of goods. The Sahib's weakness is the box-wallah's opportunity. He lays the article on your knee—"Here, Sahib, twelve rupee—you have it." "Too much—I'll give you six!" "Nay, Sahib, me poor man, one price, twelve rupee." "Six rupee." "Twelve rupee." "Six rupee!!" "Sahib" (deprecatingly), "you go English shop, double price." "Yes, yes; but you're not big English shop." Raising his joined hands solemnly to heaven, the box-wallah vows his article is "dam cheap." Then, wily dog, he turns his oily tongue to the Mem Sahib and Missy Babas, and grins with ear-to-ear suavity: "Beautfool, Mem Sahib—you put on—all right—beautfool—eleven rupee, Mem Sahib." But Sahib bursts out with "Jao, juldee!" ("Go, quickly")—seven rupee!" and we turn our backs in indifference to his goods. The box-wallah relents a little: "All right, nine rupee." "Nay, nay, seven rupee." "Me *one price*, Sahib—here, cheap price, eight rupee." This haggling is the "*bate* noir" of Calcutta. The bargain is closed, and away glides the

box-wallah, no doubt laughing in his linen sleeve at his fifty per cent. profit. His chuckling is but short-lived, however, for in a few seconds we hear a wordy war at the gate, where the "durwan" or gatekeeper has got hold of him to extract the customary "dustooree" or commission on any sale he may have effected. This blackmail is universal. Whenever you hire a gharry, the gharry-wallah has to pay a percentage of so many annas to the "durwan," and also something to your "boy" who hailed him. When you buy anything in the bazaar, your servant, whenever your back is turned, pounces on the tradesman and demands his "dustooree." If your boy engages a barber or tailor for you the black-mail is at once extorted from the favoured tradesman.

Our boys spoke English very badly, but we found the knowledge of English on the part of servants to be a fatal qualification in the eyes of old Indians. "Oh, Mr. Kennedy, you should not have taken one of those English-speaking boys, they're such awful thieves!" It seems that it is an impertinence for a native to speak English to an old resident. "He daren't," we were told, "for he'd get something shied at his head double quick!" The young English prig, when he comes to Calcutta, makes a point of learning the strong language of Bengal, so as to accompany his boots and other missiles with appropriate remarks. Doubtless the native servants are not treated by the Europeans so harshly as by their own baboos and rajahs, who form the most arrogant aristocracy in the world; but they are treated in a manner one would scarcely adopt towards the lower classes in England. In up-country hotels you see the significant notice:—"The guests are requested not to ill-treat the servants." A young fellow who lived in this boarding-house told me his servant was about to leave him, "just because I gave him the strap too hard the other day!" I remember, too, when out driving with a friend up-country, there was a native in a cart before us. "Confound him!" cried my friend, "he's stirring up that dust on purpose;" and drawing up alongside the cowering wallah, he gave him repeated lashes over his bare head. The natives are at times

very exasperating—slow, forgetful, and lazy—but not more so than would be servants picked out of the slums of our large cities. Furthermore, the common natives are cleaner, their streets more respectable and savoury, than the poor and the purlieus of London or Edinburgh. As regards cleanliness, every native bathes at least once a-day, and his clothing, consisting of linen tunic, scarf, and trousers, is such that it can be frequently washed. Then the garbage of the streets is removed by the regular scavengers, assisted by the unofficial hawks and crows by day, and the jackals by night; while the highways and bye-ways are safer to the European than those of any home city.

One of the sights of Calcutta is the Burra Bazaar, to see which we hired a gharry, that most wonderful public vehicle, drawn by a couple of dwarf, shaggy horses. The cab itself is a square, rickety affair, with sliding doors, so that you can box yourself in from the sun. The wheels work at all angles. The bare planks on the floor are usually loose. If you lean your arms in the leather rests, one or other of the latter is sure to come off; and sometimes a window-sash tumbles upon your knee. A half-naked wallah is the driver; his "man," whom you can distinguish by his being a third less clad, hangs on behind, in company with an ungainly bundle of hay, which is to fill the ragged nose-bags of the decrepit pair when you alight.

Near the Burra Bazaar the streets were so narrow that one was compelled to leave the gharry and walk. We stopped at a small shop, and bought a tin trunk for Rs. 8. It was characteristic of native business that the shopkeeper's first price was Rs. 13. We climbed up cramped, tortuous stairs in pitch darkness, our feet occasionally slipping in pools of water on the various landings. A crowd of natives, as is usually the case, followed in our wake. At last we emerged on a flat roof; then went across a landing to the creaking balcony of the adjoining building; passing next through dusty attics filled with costly goods. A friend who accompanied us, jocularly asked a baboo if he had any second-hand frying-pans. "No"

replied Young Bengal, "haven't got them, but I'll sell you some second-hand gunpowder!" This gentleman told us that on one occasion he went to a neighbouring bazaar to price a certain article, saying he would give Rs. 20 for it. The figure asked was too extortionate, so he came to this Burra Bazaar, where in a dark den he priced some similar goods. In the middle of the bargaining, a voice came out of a dark corner, in a peculiar bazaar-patois which our friend understood: "The Sahib offered me more for it." It was the first shopkeeper, who had followed him all the way from the other bazaar. Upon this the Sahib sprung into the obscurity, dragged out the tradesman, and with a vigorous shove projected him down-stairs. Hearing the scuffle and the cries, the natives from all sides flew out angrily, armed with clubs, and it would have fared ill with our friend if they had not found out that his victim was a fellow from a rival bazaar. In one small room, package after package of silver jewellery was unfolded before us, till the floor was a glittering mass of heavy bracelets, brooches, and necklaces of barbaric weight and show. One is astonished to find costly goods in such forbidding holes and corners. It is the same as if the diamonds of Bond Street were sold in the garrets of Seven Dials.

On our way home through China Bazaar, we were pestered by scores of natives who came into the middle of the roadway, plucked us by the sleeve, and entreated us to look at their hats, coats, boots, and umbrellas—booksellers also touting—and as if that were not enough, there were Hindoos leaning out and shouting at us from second-storey windows to come up and have our photograph taken in their studios! When we got home I paid off the gharry-wallah, but was scarcely inside the door when I heard his voice crying anxiously, "Sahib! Sahib!" I went back and found him quarrelling with the "durwan," who had probably been too grasping. Not knowing a single word of their conversation, I was in considerable perplexity, when my aforementioned young friend burst out of his room, saying, "Hallo, Kennedy, can I help you with my knowledge of the language?" "Yes," I replied, "there's some dispute.

here about the gharry-wallah's fare." "The gharry-wallah!" instantly exclaimed my energetic ally, "is *that* all?" and before I could explain, he had taken the unfortunate native by the shoulders and kicked him clear down the flight of steps. This was a "knowledge of the language" that certainly surpassed mine! The gharry-wallah picked himself up as if this were an ordinary occurrence, and the next I saw of him was at the gate, surrounded by a crowd of some sixty other natives, all vituperating the stolid "durwan."

This same night, or rather about two A.M., I was awakened by footsteps at my bedside, and saw a dim figure hurrying out at the door. After five minutes' silence, during which nothing was heard but the humming of countless mosquitoes, there commenced a peculiar sneezing and grunting; but upon my remarking "Shoo!" it ceased. I fell asleep, and remember nothing more till I was lying in the dim morning light, with Gollam Hossein bringing me my "chota hazaree." Through the mosquito-curtains I could see him stop dead, the tea and toast almost dropping from his hand. "Mas'r, what's that?" I peered through the muslin and beheld a young donkey!—a wretched beast, with extravagantly long ears, and its four legs stretched out at acute angles to prop up its feeble frame. With some difficulty Gollam removed the donkey, the animal toppling over when the process of eviction became too violent. It turned out that my young friend the boarder, returning from a prolonged convivial party, had picked up the donkey on the Maidan, and shouldered it home to my bedroom!

We drove through the chief thoroughfare of the native quarter during the height of a "Pooja," or festival. The street seethed with Hindoos, all in their snowiest linen. From the intersecting lanes gushed crowds of people, swelling the stream that filled the main street—a stream that lapped up into doorways and windows. Tom-toms were beating, cymbals clashing, pipes squeaking, people shouting and surging after the idols borne high over their heads. The god was Kartick, a four-armed monster, with a yellow face, fierce moustache, an abominable squint, and sitting on a peacock, the spreading tail of

which formed a canopy to the figure. Looking down the street, we saw a dazzling perspective—a dense white crowd, relieved by the gay-painted idols that seemed floating on a sea of heads. At night the native quarter was ablaze with a multitude of little cressets or oil-lamps hung in front of houses and shops, while the sky was studded with scores of fire-balloons.

Every forenoon, on our way to the hall, we crossed the open Maidan, which is covered with herds of decrepit donkeys and skinny kine. The roads are lively with Hindoos returning from their river-bath, the men drying their shoulder linen by streaming it over their heads in the breeze. Women pass us, wringing their wet hair—graceful, as are all the Bengali women, and carrying their brass "lota" or water-vessel under their arm. Prettier than all are the entirely nude cherubs who frolic along by their mother's side. Driving round into Old Court House Street, we encounter scores of itinerant vendors, who run alongside our gharry door, poking their goods upon us. First we are besieged by a man with looking-glasses and paraffin-lamps. Then the view is eclipsed by an enormous tea-tray. "Here Sahib!" cries a wallah, breathlessly, "here, scent-bottle!" but he is out-shouted by the fellow at the opposite side, who puts cans of potted meat upon our knee. We have scarcely got the ham and tongue successfully waved off, when half-a-dozen bars of soap triumphantly take their place. The vendor of an oil-painting does not run far. Then we begin to wonder whether the man with the opera-glasses or the one with the cloud of sun-hats will win the race, when fresh blood arrives from an adjoining corner in the shape of a fellow who flutters down on us with peacock fans. An exasperated "Jao!" repulses him, and looking out, we see his next victim, a choleric major, leaning out of his cab and whacking the fans to pieces with his cane.

One Sunday night we went to the Free Kirk, which was much like kirks at home, only the pews were wide, and had cane-bottomed chairs in them. The lattice windows were thrown wide open to admit the air. They also admitted the multitudinous sounds from the thronging bazaars. It was

unique to hear the "Old Hundred" accompanied by a tom-tom, an approach, perhaps, to the universal worship on the part of "all people that on earth do dwell." We went also to St. Andrew's Church in Dalhousie Square. The church is spacious, and the floor of marble. The punkahs were in full swing—large punkahs for the people, and a little one wagging over the pulpit. Another Sunday we visited the Cathedral. The splendid edifice looked gay, if one can use that term in reference to a church, what with the brilliance of the lights, the bright painting, and the large and fashionable assembly. It was a full choral service, admirably executed. One incident, however, marred the evening. Two baboos wandered by mistake into the Viceroy's pew, which happened to be unoccupied. Seeing this, a gentleman seated behind the choir became visibly agitated, hurried conspicuously down the long central aisle and whispered mysteriously to the usher. The latter, with much show of bustle, ousted the luckless native gentlemen from their seats. The whole proceeding was in questionable taste.

European Calcutta leads a very artificial life, partly owing to the climate. The dinner-hour ranges from seven to eight o'clock, so that our entertainment, like others, had to commence at nine. Persons anxious about their health make a point of rising at six, to have a stroll in the cool hours of the morning. This is about the only time you see Europeans walking, save at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, when you may observe one or two gentlemen, in full evening dress, sauntering from the theatre to their "chummery." No European walks during the day, and everyone has his gharry, phaeton, or brougham. If a clerk in a warehouse invites you to dinner, he sends his carriage for you. Things are done on a princely scale in Calcutta, but style can be kept up very cheaply. A gentleman may have a dozen domestics, and they will not cost him more than perhaps two servants in England. Still, people live up to their incomes, and extravagance is a prevailing sin, fostered by the fashion of making money the test of social position. This is the more invidious, as the

whites of India are largely salaried officials, and one's income is known. It acts ruinously upon that class whose pretensions are beyond their purses. Native caste is thoroughly reproduced in European society—the same caste that reigned in the beleagured garrison of Lucknow, when the *élite* preserved their hauteur amid the shot and shell of the Residency. Indian life is coagulated into cliques, but if you get "into the swim," you may depend upon prodigal hospitality. Another peculiarity of European life in India is, that there are no white mechanics, no farmers. An engineer or a carpenter, when he arrives in the country, becomes an overseer; the natives do the manual labour. Not that there are no poor whites in India. One is astonished to find that in this "imperial" country there should be so many poverty-stricken Englishmen. Poverty is no crime in any country save India, where it is inveighed against in vehement terms. The European detests the sight of a "mean white," the distastefulness acquiring two-thirds of its poignancy from the fact that the disgrace is witnessed by the servile race. The Englishman, who lives in a state of continual pose as a person of wealth and influence, is in short ashamed of his "poor relations."

One phase of Calcutta life is to be seen in the twilight-drive down the Course. The heat of the day is over, and all the rank and fashion turn out. Pale-complexioned ladies, merchants, clerks, professional men, rich natives, are all here, on horseback or in their carriage. See, there is Captain D., in his Japanese chair-carriage, drawn by a trotting Mongolian servant. There is the great Mr. S., of the firm of S. & Co., who came out here in the old prosperous years as a steward in a P. & O. steamer. There is Mrs. Y., the great amateur singer, and pet of numberless "at homes." There is Baboo Ram Lall Doss, the rich Hindoo merchant, lying back in his costly shawls. There is Mr. Jabberjee Chatterjee, the bland Parsee tradesman. Here is the Rajah of Bouncepore, dashing along at a swift pace as do most of the native gentlemen, preceded and followed by two native horse-soldiers in red-plumed helmets and shining breast-plates. Oh, and here, too,

is young Brown, just free from his desk, and airing his little Burmese "tat" or pony. Here comes a portly nabob rolling in his gorgeous equipage, his coachman a *white* man. "Oh," whispers a friend to me, "whenever I see that degradation my blood boils!" Europeans and natives all blend in the stream, which cannot consist of less than two hundred carriages. But the two races have no more affinity than oil and water. The whites ignore the native gentlemen as much as they do the trees by the wayside. While this is going on, there is a band playing in the Eden Gardens. A long lawn is encircled by gas-jets in ground-glass globes, that shed a softened light upon the throng of beauty. In the dark grove on our right, shoot scores of gleaming fire-flies. Outside there are other fire-flies, for the stream on the Course has broken up, and the Maidan roads are glittering with the lamps of the carriages driving home to dinner.

Calcutta is not a "city of palaces," but a city of colleges it assuredly is. The "higher education" of Bengal is one of the most interesting developments of British rule. There are Government Colleges, and the institutions of the various religious bodies. Chief among the latter is the General Assembly's Institution, founded by Dr. Duff. Under the guidance of the Principal, the Rev. Mr. Hastie, we visited this large building, which occupies one side of Cornwallis Square. This is peculiarly the mission-district of Calcutta, most of the institutions being within stone's throw of each other. The first room we were taken into contained a children's class, the young heathen of which were at that moment loudly proclaiming there was only one true faith, the Christian religion. I cannot imagine what their orthodox fathers and mothers say to this, but they seemingly "take the risk" of their young ones being converted. They are quite aware that the Sahib's religion is in the curriculum, and they ignore this for the sake of their children gaining secular instruction. We saw an advanced class in the College Department reading "The Lord of the Isles," with copious marginal notes. The students ranged apparently from sixteen to twenty-two years of age, and unlike

students at home, many were married men and fathers. Another class were studying Sanscrit under a venerable native pundit, a high-caste Brahmin with a little pigtail. In a third room, about fifty or sixty Hindoos were engaged in natural philosophy, or higher mathematics, under a native professor of consummate ability.

The Bible is taught also in the College Department. Christian work is as yet but a faint cry in a vast wilderness, and no wonder the missionary sometimes feels depressed. The Hindoo is the most difficult subject in the whole range of Christian effort. He will be "Anglicised" many a long day before he is Christianised. His mind is not a blank like that of the Kafir. His heart and head have to be purged from idolatry and powerful prejudices, a stage successfully reached in many cases without, on the other hand, the student imbibing the principles of European religion. The first result of breaking a Hindoo from his old ways is to produce a violent reaction. He reads Strauss and Rénan, and keeps pace with the theological speculations of the magazines. He sneers at everything not European, and dresses in a costume, half Oriental, half English, that is but a reflex of his mongrel mental condition. There are few real converts made, though there have been numerous hypocrites, who have brought contempt upon the Christian name by their loose living and debauchery. We heard of a little girl running up to her mamma in a state of great anxiety, crying: "I'm a European, ain't I? The ayah says that I'm a Christian." "And what did you think a Christian was, child?" "Why, of course, a native that wears the Sahib's clothes and drinks brandy!"

Two days afterwards we heard, in the lecture-hall of this institution, an address by the Rev. Dr. Bannerjea, the first convert of Dr. Duff. He was seventy years of age, of venerable appearance, had a bald head, long white side-whiskers, and but for the darkish skin and slight foreign accent, might have been mistaken for a Free Kirk professor—a Church of Scotland professor, I should say, as Dr. Bannerjea pins his colours to the "Auld Kirk." To bring this subtle distinction

of sects into the broad realm of heathendom is very absurd. The proceedings commenced by the Hindoo secretary, a nervous youth, reading with quavering voice a report of the Young Men's Literary Society, in connection with which the meeting was held. There were 300 or 400 students present. They had the bearded heads of men and the manner of boys, laughing, talking, and in an excitable state most of the time. The lecture was followed by speeches from the missionaries. One speaker scolded the students because they did not prosecute study for its own sake, but simply to procure a good Government appointment. Another denounced the native propensity to lying, and counselled them to be straightforward in their dealings. My father was called upon for a song, and gave them "A man's a man for a' that," which did not seem to create much enthusiasm amongst the young Bengalis. Perhaps it sounded too much like an attack on caste! Some days afterwards, one of the professors met us and said, "Mr. Kennedy, you positively frightened the poor Bengalis with the vigour and spirit of your song; if there had been fewer of them there, they would certainly have run out!"

On the other side of Cornwallis Square is the Bengali Girls' College, which institution we surprised at the tiffin hour. Ascending the stairs that led to the large open tesselated court, we saw a charming sight—bevies of little girls playing about in "sarees" of yellow, red, and green—the bright sunlight glancing on their lithe forms as they sported round the pink pillars of the portico. We stood on the steps, the little ones gathering in picturesque groups, gazing in childish curiosity at us with their large liquid eyes—some with their chubby faces beaming with merriment. As if a panic had seized them, they suddenly broke up and flitted into the class-rooms. Going into the school, we could scarce believe that those rows of demure damsels, busy at arithmetic, were the same romping beauties we had seen a few minutes before. For our entertainment, they were gathered on a raised platform, where they sang "God save the Queen" in amusingly broken English—also a quaint Bengali song. We were told that one

of the little girls was a "married women." Which was she? Oh, that one there, dressed in green, with the ring in her nose. Her name being called out, the matron stood up bashfully, her thumb in her mouth. To-day, her lessons being more than usually correct, she explained that her husband had kindly helped her. But then he was double her age, being fourteen years old. In an adjoining room we heard some young Bengali ladies sing in the vernacular a "Prayer for the Prosperity of India." Several of them were "Brahmos"—that is, their fathers were followers of the great Chunder Sen, the latest prophet of the new theistic religion. A look over the shoulder of a girl who was studying "Psychology," and then we said good-bye.

On the following Sunday evening we were invited by the Rev. Mr. Macdonald to visit the Free Church Institution for Bengalis, founded by Dr. Duff after the Disruption. We drove in a two-horse open carriage through streets crowded with traffic, the two "syces" or grooms constantly leaping off the back of the vehicle, and running ahead to clear the way, with many cries in Hindostanee of "Out of the way, you jungly-wallah!—hi, there, you with the fruit-basket!—look out, old woman!—stop a bit, you palki-wallahs!—to the right, you pig of a bullock-driver!" Once we almost ran down a party of natives carrying a sheeted corpse. On one hand, church-bells were pealing; a large Hindoo theatre, with its flood of light, was admitting its crowds; while an adjoining burning-ghaut was sending its lurid smoke high into the night air. Close by was the institution, where a sermon was preached in English by one of the missionaries. There were about 150 natives present, of whom a number were mere boys. None of them were Christians, but students and others casually attracted. The service opened with a Bengali hymn. There was a screen at one corner, behind which sat the choir unseen by the congregation. As I afterwards found, it consisted of one of the lady teachers; three Christian native girls; a Christian Brahmin, Mr. Mookerjee, who led the choir; and two native instrumentalists, who sat cross-legged on cushions. It was

with great effort we kept grave while the hymn was being performed. It was so irregular and wild, and the instruments —oh, the instruments! There was a big guitar, that struck off four prolonged chords as an introduction. Then the verse commenced, a drum also accompanying. How the performer seemed to be wrestling with his instrument, coaxing it, stroking it, tickling it, producing sounds from it that I never heard from a drum before—groans, murmurs, knocks, rumbels—his fingers now and again rippling over the skin and ending with a sounding "skelp!" Then his contortions, dimly seen through the screen! The ludicrous, like the beautiful, is intensified by a little mystery. This drum was a long-bodied affair, to which an octave is added or subtracted by the performer simply sticking on or taking off a lump of dough in the centre of the tympanum—a practical illustration of the "movable Doh!" This was volubly explained to us at the close by Mr. Mookerjee, who is a "card," speaks English fluently, "chaffs" the missionaries, and is a sharp, cheery fellow. He accompanied us to the Rev. Mr. ——'s house, and joined us in several of Moody and Sankey's hymns, during which we were interrupted by a pack of jackalls that swept howling down the street. Mr. Mookerjee then showed us the immense superiority of Bengali over European music: how the former had twenty-two sounds in its scale (quarter and one-third tones), while the latter had no lower subdivision than semitones; how the Bengali scales were geometrically perfect, while ours were formed by temperament—with other learned matter. He was a composer, too—oh yes, that had long been a hobby of his. Now and then the Rev. Mr. —— would add some information, but glib Mr. Mookerjee burst in with, "Oh! you know nothing at all about it; I'll get your wife to shut you up!" Next day I called at Mookerjee's office, where he showed me some ancient Sanscrit music, and some antique instruments that "surpassed the piano;" amongst others, a large guitar which he avowed was identical with the ten-stringed psaltery of King David.

In company with a lady-missionary, my sisters one forenoon

visited a Zenana. They drove some miles through the native town, arriving at a large house in a busy thoroughfare. The dwellings of the wealthier baboos are built in the form of a hollow square, which during "poojas" or festivals is roofed in with canvas and illuminated. On its north side stands the family idol. The lady-missionary opened the gate, and they walked across the outer court. Ascending an outside stair they at length reached a balcony overlooking the inner court. There were eight brothers in this large house, with their eight wives. A Zenana is not a harem—it is an aggregate of distinct households, but all of one family. At the head of the stair two little girls met the party—the two daughters of the eldest brother's wife. It is reckoned a great honour to be welcomed and escorted by the daughters of the house. The children tripped along, and led my sisters to the end of the balcony, where they met an array of timorous femininity in diaphanous robes. The wives came forward, shook hands, and conducted the visitors into a bedroom, where stood two rows of chairs—an unusual addition to the furniture, couches and cushions being the Oriental fashion. My sisters sat and admired the abundant jewellery, for they were previously told it would give great offence if they failed to examine and comment upon each lady's adornment. They wore anklets, bracelets, necklaces, jewels in the hair, rings on the fingers, rings in their ears, rings in their noses, and round the waist a girdle of jewels. The latter was not ordinarily visible, but the ladies kindly raised their "saree" to show it. The wives are called "bows." They are not allowed to be seen by any man but their husband and male relatives. No other is ever admitted near them. It is even thought "bad form" to ask after a baboo's wife and family. You see women every day walking about the streets, but these are low-caste women, to whom "all things are common." Though the Zenana ladies are kept in close confinement, they exercise great control over affairs public and private. Nothing is discussed, be it a son's education, a marriage, or business speculation, without the wife having a voice in the matter, either to veto or encourage.

To return to our tale. These wives as a rule never left the house. They had not been out for months, and did not know when they would have that luxury. They looked plump and healthy enough, and have a good deal of freedom, there being the large open court in which to disport, in company with peacocks and rare birds. They are gentle, affectionate creatures, and very timid in the presence of strangers. They had beautifully-shaped heads, lovely black hair, and lustrous eyes. A baby of a few months old was handed round for admiration. Then the party were taken to a table where refreshments were laid out. One dish was potatoes and chicken. On a silver salver were a variety of eatables—"chupatties" or cakes, dough nuts sugared and plain, three-cornered "puffs," and "dall," a description of pea. There were mango-jam, sugar-cane chopped up in little pieces, bananas, the papaw fruit, and "bracelets" of candy. Lastly, there was "pawn," which the natives eat as a "digestive," composed of betel nut, nutmeg, and lime, wrapped up in a green leaf, and pinned together with cloves. My sisters *had* to eat this spicy preparation. The native lady chews the "pawn" throughout the day. Poor creature! her mind is a blank through want of education; she has nothing to occupy her thoughts but her husband and her other jewels! Scented water to drink was now handed round, and what was left was used to dip the fingers in. Everything was eaten with the fingers of the right hand, there being no plates, knives, or forks. The eldest brother's wife performed all the duties of hospitality; the other wives paid her homage. Occasionally they would accidentally jostle her, when they would stoop, kiss her feet, and touch their head in respect. While the visitors were eating, the wives formed a circle round them. They kindly explained that if the European ladies did not like this, they would leave the room, but that they did it as an Eastern act of courtesy. They were greatly amused at my sisters' red cheeks, and wanted to know "if it was paint, or what?" Before leaving, the party were taken into the bedroom of the eldest brother's wife, who sprinkled them with the precious attar of roses—giving them

also a little cotton wool dipped in the same scent, which the visitors had to put in the right ear. One of my sisters was then presented with a "saree" out of a wardrobe, after which the two little girls again led the way, the party waving a good-bye to the balcony where the ladies stood graciously salaaming in return.

Another lengthy drive brought them to the house of a Maharanee, or wife of a Maharajah. She was ushered into the room, accompanied by her governess and some relatives, all exquisitely dressed. The Maharanee was robed in a green muslin under-dress and a white "saree" trimmed with gold beautifully fluted at the edge. Her hair hung in a long plait, in which was entwined a piece of gold ribbon. This coiffure was remarkable, as even the youngest Bengali girl wears her hair in a Grecian coil. She was pretty in feature, though not graceful in person, wore embroidered shoes and white stockings, but altogether was not so neat as the women in the Zenana. The latter showed more freedom in their attire, while this Maharanee seemed aiming at the European fashion of dress by increasing the weight and number of her wearing robes. She is about fifteen years of age, and not long married; possesses a little education, is fond of painting, and sketches very well. Music also seems to be a hobby of hers. She requested one of my sisters to favour her with "Robben *Ad*-air," and in return sang and played a simple native air. As at the other house, there was the gift of a saree at parting.

Still another long drive brought them to a Brahmin's house. The good lady had been expecting her visitors for an hour, and being weary, had disrobed herself of her "braws." She was very aristocratic in bearing, but as our friends stayed and chatted, she seemed to unbend a little. She brought out an immense piece of fancy work, which bore some little resemblance to the tapestry feats of queens of old. In the house was a widow, who seemed to feel the full force of her fate. No Hindoo woman is allowed to marry twice. Now that suttee has been abolished, she is condemned to life-long widowhood. This poor female stood at the

door of the room, and would not speak a word. She has never combed her hair since her husband's death, and never will. The Brahmin's wife was allowing one of her finger-nails to grow an extraordinary length, so that she might go with it to a certain shrine and there pare it off as an offering to the idol. When her visitors asked for an explanation she laughed, and all the others laughed. She would not tell what sin she had committed, or what wish she desired fulfilled. This ended the series of visits. The lady-teacher goes the round of the Zenanas regularly, reading the Bible and talking to the women. The latter are possessed of many domestic virtues and graces of character, but it will be long, I fear, ere their minds are enlightened and raised above vanities. The first step to rapid advancement would be the enfranchisement of the women from the Zenana system, but here you have to fight the iron law of caste and custom.

We met with many kind friends in Calcutta, receiving now an invitation to a *recherché* dinner; now having an evening stroll on the flat roof of a friend's house in Dalhousie Square, the bright moon glittering on the waters of the tank, and lighting up dome and spire. A pleasant memory is that of a sail in a steam launch to Barrackpore, fifteen miles up the Hooghly, and opposite Serampore, famed in missionary annals. We steamed under the wooden Hooghly bridge, one of the largest floating bridges in the world—1530 feet long and forty-six feet wide. The river, with its crowds of native budgerows and dinghies, and occasionally a crocodile splashing lazily in the stream, had a very picturesque appearance. Squat Hindoo temples, embedded in peepul trees, alternated with busy jute mills on either bank. Equally enjoyable was the sail to the Botanical Gardens, a few miles down the river, where a friend entertained us to a bounteous pic-nic. Eight native servants promptly laid the cloth and set the dishes. Six of them waited upon us, while two tried to keep off the swarms of kites and crows that gathered above and around us. One hungry kite had the audacity to swoop down and make away with a roast fowl my father happened to be carving. We strolled

round the gardens, then returned to the river down a beautiful avenue of mahogany-trees.

We sang for a month in Calcutta, in the Dalhousie Institute. The acoustics of the building were not satisfactory, but a kind friend, connected with the shipping, draped the room with pennants and union-jacks, which were taken down and renewed as vessels happened to leave or arrive. The side-room was bare, hot, comfortless, and swarming with ants, while along its walls darted lizards in pursuit of flies. During the concert, some of the quiet pathetic songs would be spoilt by the wild cries of the jackals in the gardens—an unearthly sound, half mew, half bark, as if each brute were mimicking a cat-and-dog fight. Our ticket-seller was the baboo in charge of the hall, a college-bred native, and proprietor of one of the best nurseries in Calcutta. The doorkeeper and usher were two young Eurasians or half-castes. The audiences were cultured and appreciative—mostly reserved-seat people, as few Europeans care about being seen in second-class seats. Our back seats were composed of soldiers and sailors. Once-a-week the warmth of the audience would be sensibly raised by the influx of a large party of hearty Scotsmen from some of the jute-mills on the river. "Confound the Kennedys!" cried a gallant captain on the wharf; "they've made my life unbearable! Everybody says everywhere, Have you been to hear the Kennedys? When I say to a friend, What's going on to-day? he answers, O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad; and if I ask, How are you keeping? he says, My heart is sair for somebody!" Another, a Scotsman, remarked to an acquaintance: "I'd gang an' hear the singers, but the fack is I can listen to them in ma hoose the ither side o' the street; I gang to ma bed airly, ye see, an' the bother is that they wauken me up when they come to their lood sangs!" It was very trying work, singing every night in this weather, and in fact one night the concert had to be put off, as my father was down with a feverish attack. He recovered sufficiently for next evening, but after that, we took the precaution of having an occasional rest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Travelling in India—A Railway town—A Military Station—Holy Benares—A search for a Piano—Temples and "Baksheesh"—Allahabad—An up-country Station—Hindoo devotees—Jubbulpore.

NOW commenced our "mofussil" or up-country journey. Our ideas of Indian railways had been completely revolutionised. We had vaguely imagined the traffic to be an occasional limited train, containing one or two wealthy Europeans, and perhaps a few portly nabobs, and that the lines were principally kept up for military purposes. But we found the trains consisted of about twenty-one carriages; that the overwhelming native traffic made the railways the best paying speculations in the country, and that but for the natives the Europeans would not enjoy such cheap travelling. The classes are divided into First, Second, Intermediate, and Third. Wealthy Europeans and native princes travel first-class, the latter reserving special compartments to themselves. A considerable number of the whites travel second-class; half-castes and some natives travel intermediate; but the great mass of the natives travel third-class. No native, as a rule, travels amongst Europeans. A gentleman told me that he was once in a first-class carriage with two ladies, when a Parsee had the "impertinence" to come in beside them. "Either you or we must leave the carriage!" exclaimed the irate European, who said to me he felt it his duty to remonstrate, as "one of the ruling race!" The first and second-class carriages are roomy and comfortable, while several of the windows being tinted blue, you can enjoy a cool livid landscape. A seat means the whole seat, so that every white can sleep full length during the long journeys of India. In this way, eight Europeans will enjoy as much space as is alloted to sixty natives.

When we got to the platform we found it occupied by

jostling crowds of natives, like holiday Cockneys surging to the Crystal Palace. Their baggage consisted of bundles of every size and shape—the "swell" native going into his carriage followed by his servants, one carrying his luggage, another his large "hookha" or pipe. As many of the crowd as possible were put into the carriages, but there were some scores penned off when the train started. At each station a "bheestie" came round crying "Pawnee!" (water), and the crowded, thirsty natives stretched out their hands for a drink. The scenery, as is the case over all the plains of India, was not remarkably attractive. First, there were stretches of jungle, with monkeys flitting through the trees—then sunny yellow fields of "paddy" or rice. In the midst of tracts of tall feathery grass could be seen green mango "topes," or small clumps of trees. Every few miles were miserable Hindoo "clachans"—groups of mud huts, with natives perched on high scaffoldings keeping their crops clear of crows, whilst others were tilling the soil with their primitive ploughs. Over the land hung a heavy simmering heat, to escape which the buffalo-cattle were submerged to the nostrils in the pools and lagoons.

At length we reached our destination, Assensole, 130 miles from Calcutta. There is no hotel in the little railway-town, so we were kindly entertained at the bungalows of two friends, our luggage being conveyed from the station, a long distance, on the heads of coolies. We sang next in Jummâlpore, called "the Crewe of Bengal," on account of its large railway repairing shops; then went to Dinapore, a military station. One of the most characteristic institutions of up-country India is the military station. It generally lies two or three miles outside of a large native city, just as if Woolwich were holding London at bay, or "Jock's Lodge" keeping watch over Edinburgh. On the one hand you have a closely-packed native population—on the other, some 200 or 300 Europeans in widely-scattered bungalows, occupying about the same area as the swarming city. Every house of the "station" stands in a compound or paddock of two or three acres, surrounded by a low dessicat-

ing wall of mud, surmounted by the prickly cactus to keep out snakes and wild beasts. The bungalow itself is one-storied, built of brick, and coarsely white-washed—rather shabby on the whole, and typical of the discomfort and negligence within. You ascend one or two steps and find yourself in a broad verandah under the rough thatched eaves. All around you stretch glades as in a park, and through the trees you see glimmering the distant white line of barracks. There is perfect stillness and glare in the hot noon, nothing being heard but the occasional whistling of kites and the rustle of little squirrels as they scamper across the road. Now and then you may see a solitary white-helmeted soldier strolling down the avenue with his dog; or a red-jacketed native carrying the cantonment letters. Most of the station-people are indoors. The subaltern lazily smokes in his bungalow, plays with his terrier, or chats with some brother-officer who has dropped in with the latest gossip from the mess-room. In the extensive, double-storied, well-aired barracks, "Tommy Atkins" may be seen in his shirt-sleeves, smoking his short "clay," perhaps playing cards with his "mates," or lolling over the newspaper in the reading-room. "Tommy" likes India despite its heat, for he has higher pay than at home, easier work, and the additional privilege of "bullying the nigger." Looking down the vista of continuous bungalows that compose the soldiers' quarters, you see the wife of Sergeant Gubbins busy over the wash-tub, or Mrs. Thomas Atkins soaping the dusty faces and combing the hair of her as yet robust children. Here and there rise the high parallel walls of racket-courts, and beyond them stretches a vast maidan, where in the early morning the troops parade ere the heat of the day sets in. Still further off can be dimly seen the Sepoy lines—rows of huts built of mud on a bamboo framework, and thatched with straw—where the native soldier lives and moves, with his loves and hates, in a distinct world of his own.

Dinapore is twelve miles from Patna, which latter consists of thousands of mud houses inhabited by a populace described as "devoted to banking and commerce!" Dinapore had no hotel,

so we lived at the railway refreshment-room, and drove down to the cantonments, distant three miles. We sang in the garrison theatre to a good audience, consisting of some rows of officers and their ladies, backed by a solid phalanx of red coats. When we got back to the railway station we found it strewn with sleeping natives, but by careful stepping we reached the door, to find it locked. After shouts at front and rear, we were leisurely admitted by a drowsy baboo. In the dead of night two drunken Englishmen came noisily into the refreshment bar, but the baboo refused to serve them, as it was long past hours. Then there was a wild scuffle, during which we could hear the poor native lamenting his "broken nose," and one of the Englishmen roaring that the "d—d baboo had torn his beard out!" With the help of some other natives the obstreperous couple were turned out. One of them shortly wished to "make friends," but the baboo declared he "wouldn't shake hands with him—no, not for a lac of rupees!"

Next morning I met an Irishman on the platform. I've been a guard for thirteen years out here," said he, "and I'm going home in two months' time. There's no chance for a man here. Look at that native over there. He's only been a few months in the company's service, and now he's assistant station-master!" There are more people than this Irishman who grumble. All the old residents growl that "India is going to the dogs"—*i.e.*, going to the natives. It is unblushingly stated that legislation should be all for British interests; that the native is too much petted; that education is too wide-spread; that soon there will be another mutiny, etc., etc. What the British have to fear now is not a military mutiny, but an educational rising, as the tide of capable baboos is month by month increasing.

Leaving Dinapore, a journey of 130 miles brought us to holy Benares. The train was filled with pilgrims, for the fâkir, instead of crawling on his belly hundreds of miles, now travels third-class. He finds that the gods do not object, so long as the offerings are as ample as ever. Leaving the railway station, we crossed the Ganges on a bridge of boats, amid a

dense, picturesque crowd of natives. Then after two or three miles' drive we reached the hotel in the cantonments. The first business was to get a Piano for the concert, as we did not carry our own small instrument with us on this tour. India beats the world for bad pianos, either owing to the climate, the want of tuning, or the fact of people flying to the hills and so not troubling themselves to buy good instruments. Wretched though they be, it is a most difficult task getting one. The following was a common experience. "You want a piano? oh, Mr. White, the storekeeper, is sure to have one; I'd lend you mine, only Mr. Black borrowed it for his garden party—you can call on him too, if you like." So says a friend; and hiring a gharry, I drive off to Mr. White. We proceed down a long avenue, and turn sharp off into a gateway. I am about to call the gharry-wallah's attention to his mistake in taking me to a private house, when I see a board: "White & Co., General Merchants and Provision Dealers." Then rolling along a carriage-way, as if approaching the country residence of some lord, we at length arrive at an imposing stone building, the interior of which is stocked with hams, crockery, stationery, millinery, and medicine. Mr. White's piano has lost a leg, and there is a serious hiatus in the keyboard which renders it useless. "But I'm sure Mr. Brown will oblige you," says the general merchant; and going to the gharry-wallah, he gives him lengthy directions in Hindostanee that bode ill for the distance to Mr. Brown. A mile and a-half of hot dusty roads, with infrequent houses to relieve the view, brings us to another gateway, and we drive round in front of Mr. Brown's bungalow. A native is crouched in the porch, but he gathers himself up, salaams profoundly, and bears my card indoors. In a few moments the fibre matting that covers the door is thrown aside, and Mr. Brown comes out, evidently disturbed at some meal. "Never lend my piano!—never!—my wife doesn't like it; but I'm positive that Madame Sepia, the music-teacher, will do so—she usually does." "Good afternoon;" and away I drive to get broiled once more in the small close gharry. The house lies two miles in another direction

and getting there I find that "Mem Sahib" has gone out for her evening ride. The sun has set now, and there is nothing for it but to drive wearily back to Smith and Co. to get another name. "No, they knew nobody else—except Mrs. Green; why didn't they think of her before?—she lent the piano for the last entertainment that came round." With hope springing anew in my breast, I urge the gharry-wallah to "Joa, juldee!" and the poor tired horse struggles bravely on. We pass down long shadowy avenues, through noisy oil-flaring native streets, out again amongst the trees the air filled with pernicious dew and pungent bazaar-smoke, arriving after three miles and a-half at a solitary house. A Mr. Gray appears, who tells me that Mrs. Green lives in the other half of the same bungalow. She is out dining with a friend, and will not be home before eleven; but Mr. Gray will convey any message desired. "Oh, a piano? *he* hadn't one himself, but his friend Mr. Brown—oh, you have been there? well it's very unfortunate." So I drive off on my long homeward journey, reaching the hotel to find, luckily, that my father has decided not to sing that evening, owing to our being so fatigued with heat and travelling.

Such was something of the experience we had at Benares. At seven o'clock next morning, an old lady drove up in a carriage to the hotel-door. This was Mrs. Kennedy, widow of General Kennedy, who had come like a succouring angel to offer us the use of her piano. Her kindness was most touching and refreshing in the midst of so much stiffness. When I returned the instrument at an equally early hour next morning, I found the good old soul bustling about as if she had been up for hours. The cantonment rang with the news about the piano, everyone declaring "she had never done that before to anybody!"

On our way to see the sights of Benares, we pass through a native "bazaar," which consists of a series of small thatched booths lining each side of a dusty road. We are at once in the midst of busy life. Here, a "Jingling Johnnie" rattles past —a diminutive cart covered with a faded crimson hood, under

which squat three or four native passengers, drawn by a scrubby pony with a collar of small bells. Here, a Mussulman rides past on a horse whose mane is dyed pink—here, a "hackery" or small waggon drawn by bullocks whose hides are stencilled in variegated colours. Numbers of children are romping about, some playing at "bhag bhandi," or "caging the tiger;" others flying tailless kites, the strings of which are powdered with glass, so that one player may cross and rasp his companion's line in two, and thereby win the game. Passing these, we come upon a native trundling a refractory sheep by the hind legs; then a group of little humped bullocks embedded in loads of hay, with nothing seen but their head in front and their tail wagging behind. We notice also a high-caste woman being carried along in a closely-draped palan-keen. About the street roams a Brahmin bull of great sanctity, and knowing it evidently, as he has an air of being a "most superior pairson." Around him skip secular goats, kids, hens, and geese. In the middle of the road women are gathering dung, whilst others flatten it in cakes to dry against the mud walls, to form fuel. "Imperial India!" says, with a shrug of her shoulders, a lady-friend who accompanies us. At a shop-door sits a group of natives, all sucking the bulbs of their tall-stemmed hookhas, and looking like a band about to play up. We see young men, tall and muscular; old men, skinny and wrinkled in the hide; women carrying their children cross legged on their hip. At the side of the road, under the thinly-foliaged trees in front of these shops, we see numerous "charpoys" or stretchers, with sheeted figures asleep in the sultry air. The natives are all clad in light cotton, for no matter how poor a Hindoo may be, he never wears any of our cast-off clothes. There is Ram Chutter, the oil-man, whose shop is bedecked with daubs of the gods, to attract orthodox customers. There is Mukhtar Khan, dealer in earthenware, putting up his light trellis shutters. There is Pandy Doss, the blacksmith, with his three assistants, and primitive bellows, blowing up a flame that seems about to send the bamboo shop into instant blaze. Outside, a native barber

plies his trade, clean shaving the poll of a customer, the operation being watched by a fâkir with ghastly whitened cheek-bones, sitting on his haunches close by. Pity if our shadow fall on that lank old fellow's tiffin, for assuredly he would pitch the polluted rice away. A group of four native policemen hastily get up, fall into line, and at the word "Tention!" give the military salute till we are past. As we walk along the sidepath, men step hastily into the street, women "back" into the angles of the walls, and children fly frightened as if the Sahib were a "bogey." It is things like these that make India worth having! Accompanied by smells of rancid "ghee" or clarified butter, we pick our way through tortuous paths—old pits, receptacles for broken crockery, sweepings, and manure—past tottering houses and feeding-troughs—till we come to an old well. Its creaking, ricketty scaffolding is overshadowed by tamarinds and peepul trees; and the village women, as they turn the windlass, are gossiping as only Hindoo women can—or Hindoo men. The bazaar is one Babel of babble.

We had an exhaustive exploration of Benares, which is one of the oldest cities in India. It was famous 2500 years ago, and may have sent its gold to adorn the temples of Solomon. Now, Benares is a filthy, fanatical, fetish-worshipping, fâkir-infested city—a rotten sham. We found the narrow streets, down which the fat elephant could scarcely pass, crowded with fierce bearded Mussulmen, intelligent-looking Hindoos, scented baboos, and handsome women. The shops on either hand were stocked with gold and silver brocades, cut brass and copper plates, toys, and costly fabrics valued as high as Rs. 900 the square yard. One store was said to contain goods worth a million sterling. We walked through sloppy winding lanes, past towering dirty buildings, down wet flights of steps strewn with damp flowers and leaves—the whole neighbourhood like the unswept floor of a vegetable market. The city is wholly given over to dirt and idolatry in equal proportions. There are 1500 "shivalas" or shrines, half-a-million idols, and 280 mosques. The first temple we saw was that dedicated to Shiva,

the patron god of Benares,—a building half-crushed in a corner by a press of other scaly-looking shrines, and called the "Golden Temple," from its copper dome having been "gold-leafed" by the Maharajah of the Punjaub. Our "boy" was not allowed into the temples, he being a Mussulman; but the plain fact is, there was no chance of extorting money from him. We, who were rank infidels, were gladly admitted, and our "bawbees" taken eagerly by the portly Brahmins in charge. It was like paying for admission to the shows at a country fair. In this Golden Temple is a reservoir three feet square and eighteen inches deep, filled with the coin of distinguished visitors. The aforementioned Maharajah was the only one who ever filled it with gold "mohurs," whilst scores have filled it with rupees, and hundreds with pice. As the temple business is a trifle overdone in Benares, and as the priests have a strong eye to profit, they send "pilgrim-hunters" over the length and breadth of the land, who urge the people to visit their particular shrine. There are more of these heathen missionaries in India, than there are Christian missionaries throughout the world. There are several Brahmins to every temple, and each has his special duty. One guards the door, and gives fans to the *fan*atics who wish to fan the idol; a second rings the bell to call the faithful to the shrine; a third places the sacred rice and sweetmeats before the idol, and helps himself and his followers to a large share of the dainties; a fourth holds up a looking-glass to the god, so that he may do his toilet; a fifth sweeps out the place, an office that he makes a sinecure, to judge from the garbage; a sixth beats the holy drum and blows the holy horn; a seventh is treasurer; No. 8 washes out the vessels, and acts as religious scullery-man; others prepare the idol's bed, and present him with a tooth-pick after meals; while the whole lot of them are arrant pests. The second temple visited was that of Bhaironath, a god with four arms. His face is of silver, while that of the attendant priest is brazen. The latter worries you for "Baksheesh," to receive which he holds out a cocoa-nut shell. This idol is propitiated by liquor, and several of the devotees may be seen

"fou" from partaking of the drink designed for Bhaironath. In the same shrine is Sitala, the goddess of smallpox, at whose feet all native gardeners worship, as they are the professional inoculators of India. One of the most disgusting sights was the Holy Cow Temple, a quadrangular building containing thirty cows—one of which, an ill-favoured beast, with wry mouth and one eye out, would insist on following us. The place was nothing more nor less than a religious "byre," and not at all relieved by the incongruity of half-a-dozen strutting peacocks. The cow is held in special veneration ; if a Hindoo kills a cow, he suffers as many years in hell as there are hairs on its body. We next passed the Beggar's Temple, noticeable by the number of beggars, the lame ones carried on other beggars' shoulders. The cry of "Baksheesh" assailed us all over Benares. The Brahmins at the shrine, the legless beggars in the gutter, all alike whined "Baksheesh." Hateful word ! Had they had the faintest right or title to alms, it would not have been so flagrant, but the crowd had no more claim to our coppers than the rest of the 240,000,000 heathen of Hindostan. If you look at any man steadfastly for two or three seconds, he will rise slowly off his haunches and mysteriously whisper "Baksheesh." All around us were cries for "Baksheesh," people flocking from all directions, and one howling louder than another. Palms of all kinds, damp, dirty, and greasy, were shoved under our noses. Here, a broken-backed child of four years toddled and lisped "Baksheesh ;" here, a lad with paralysed legs swiftly paddling himself along with his hands amid a cloud of dust ; here, a wretch with the stumps of both arms whittled off to a point like a black-lead pencil ; here, a naked fâkir crawling along on his stomach, and characteristically pushing an alms-dish before him. The air hung heavy with "Baksheesh."

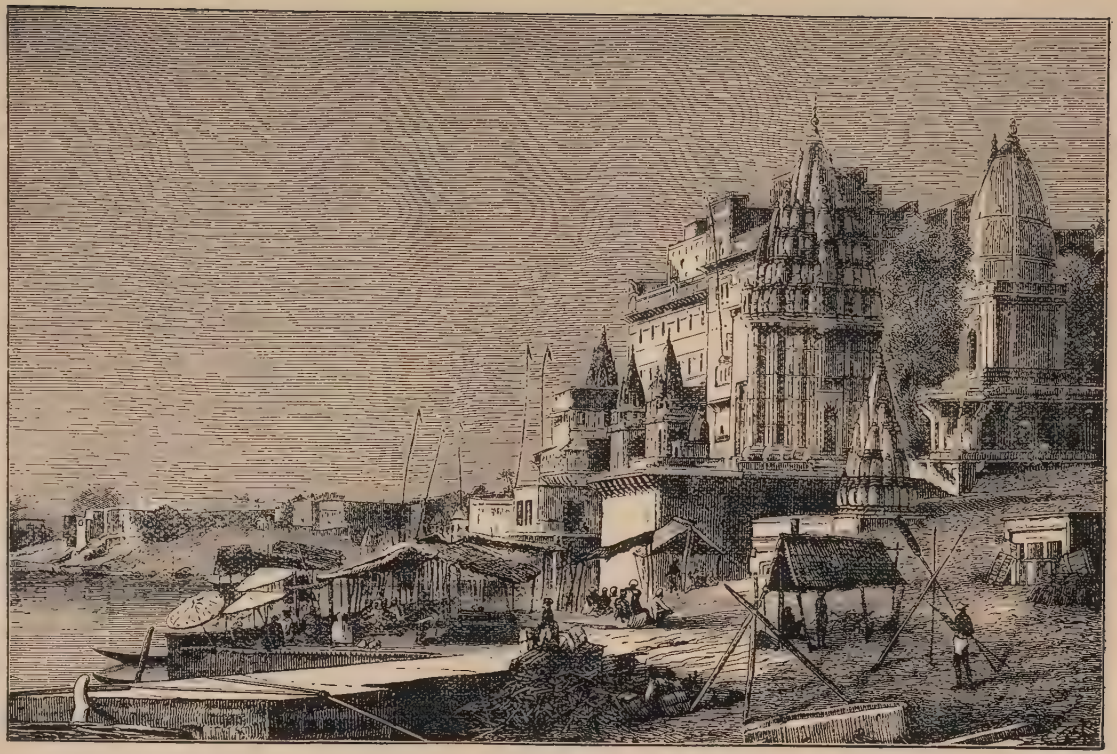
We had the satisfaction of peering down the Well of Knowledge,—a stinking, stagnant well, littered with votive flowers—a well at the bottom of which Truth would not have lain long —a well said to have been dug by Vishnu and filled with his perspiration Then we were conducted to the "Man Mandir,"

or Observatory of Jai Sing. Here some of the discoveries and calculations made by our handy modern instruments have been arrived at by large constructions of masonry. There is a mural quadrant, a wall eleven feet high and nine feet broad, in the plane of the meridian, while another points to the pole-star. There is also a double mural quadrant, an equinoctial circle made of stone, and other gigantic astronomical instruments. It was striking to see this fane of true science in the midst of so much false religion. The last of the temples visited was the Monkey Temple, where idolatry has sunk to incredible depths. The little brown monkeys were jumping up and down the steps of the temple, some running in the open streets, some on the tops of walls, some leaping on the house-roofs. Awful mischief-workers and thieves are those little wretches, as the shopkeepers all round well know! The temple is open-roofed and surrounded inside by a portico, in and around which were hundreds of monkeys, screaming, chattering, scampering, and carrying their young in many an aerial flight along pillar, cornice, and balustrade. The holy precincts echoed with our sacrilegious laughter! A priest gave us a dish of "koee," a kind of grain, which we sprinkled on the ground, and in an instant we were besieged by scores of scrambling monkeys, all ages and sizes, from the hoary patriarch to the orange-coloured babe in arms. There was no odour of sanctity about them, nor about the Brahmins, nor about the temple, nor any of the temples. You venerate the priest no more than the khitmutghar who waits at your table. The grand old religion of Brahma—for it *was* grand—has degenerated into a broad farce, supported by extortion and carried on by delusion.

The best view of Benares is to be had from the river. We got into a budgerow with a peacock prow, rowed by four boatmen. Before us stretched the holy city, built on a long bluff, eighty feet above the river—temples, mosques, and palaces towering on high terrace-foundations. The city-front, with its sky-line of minârs, domes, and cupolas, was very striking. A long succession of rajah's palaces stretched along the river-

front, for the true believer likes to live near the Ganges, so that he may die with his feet touching its sacred waters. On the banks were scores of rafts covered with immense straw-plaited umbrellas, under which Brahmins were sitting and praying for their respective patrons, much as mass is said by Romish priests. There were numbers of bathing-ghauts, with Hindoos clustering dense as bees upon their well-worn steps, while the broad stream was strewn with the yellow "genda" flower, the favourite offering to the goddess Gunga (the Ganges). A burning-ghaut, with blazing piles, consuming their dead, sent their smoke and smell towards us. At intervals we came upon the ruins of large palaces and temples, the foundations of which had been undermined by floods; here, a boat moored to a fallen buttress; there, a group of vultures roosting on a sunken terrace. The river-bank was frequently relieved by huge idols—human figures gaudily painted, recumbent, with arms stretched out, and feet towards us—the absurd grin on their face, and helpless foreshortened attitude, being irresistibly ludicrous. Our sail terminated at the mosque of the Emperor Arungzeb, the conquering Mussulman, who demolished the old temple of Vishnu, and out of its ruins built this edifice to celebrate the triumph of Islam over Brahminism. The slender twin minârs of this mosque shoot up to a height of 170 feet, and are the culminating points of the quaint sky-line of Benares. The afternoon was spent by the time we had finished this river-panorama. High over head rose fretted arches, terraced roofs, and spires, their gilded points lit up by the setting sun. We saw our last of the city of delusion in a charitable and appropriate roseate illusion.

On our way from Benares, there were scores of Cabulese traders in the train—tall, burly men, with pale faces, long elfish locks, an unventilated odour, and dressed in wide-sleeved jackets, ample trousers, and dark-blue turbans. Each carried a large pack like that of a Jew peddler. They seemed a shaggy horde invading the peaceful plains to return with booty to their northern home. A short journey of ninety miles (short for India) brought us to Allahabad, at seven in the



A BURNING-GHAUT, BENARES.

evening. Here a kindly Scotch merchant met us, and accompanied us to the hotel. After dinner we were joined also by the Scottish clergyman and other gentlemen. The weather being remarkably cold, we gathered our chairs round the blazing log-fire in the dining-room, where we had an enjoyable "crack" till bedtime, on various subjects. One topic, I remember, was the uncomfortable openness of Indian bungalows. The houses are of course built for hot weather—numerous windows, holes for ventilation everywhere, and the various rooms not opening into each other by doors, but simply draped off by curtains. This is all very well in May or June, when a breath of air is Elysian, but in the "cool season" you are afflicted in the evenings by draughts. There is no privacy or domestic snugness in an Indian home. Every corner of the bungalow seems to have a native servant lurking about it. A gentleman told us, regretfully as I thought, that there was no courting in the moonlight here. All love-making transpired in the drawing-room, and just when you got to the important "popping," a native servant was sure to glide in with "Salaam, Sahib!"

The weather is a great topic of conversation at home, but in India it is even more so. During the few months of our tour, the thermometer as a rule marked about 120 degrees in the sun, 80 degrees in the shade. In that temperature the Australian bustles about at mid-day, while the Anglo-Indian shuts himself indoors. The sun of India is venomous. From the moment Old Sol pops his head above the distant mango-topes, till he sinks again into the far-off jungle, you must protect yourself from his rays. In the hot month of May the temperature is 106 degrees in the shade, while the very wind is 100 degrees. A merchant told me that it has registered as high as 106 degrees in his office, even with a punkah. These are the days when Government sits 7000 feet above sea-level, when the land lies quivering under the fierce rays of the sun, when cantonments are to all appearance striken lifeless, when the white man shields himself from the cruel heat behind wet "cusscuss tatties" or screens, when beast and bird seek shelter,

and when the poor crow, with ruffled feathers, sits ludicrously gasping on a fence, as if in mockery of panting man.

One hears conflicting statements about the climate of India. A ruddy-faced man once said to me in ringing tones: "Ha, ha! never was healthier in my life than I've been these last twenty years in this country." Not an hour afterwards a Scotsman remarked: "I never had a day's seeckness till I cam' oot here a year syne, and since then I've been doon five times." Another, evidently a successful man, exclaimed: "I like India—been twenty-five years in it! Just to think how I would have had to toil at home!" A man may keep himself healthy in India; but there is overmuch eating and drinking in the land. In the early morning there is a substantial "chota hazaree." Then comes the real breakfast, with meat and a bottle of beer; then tiffin about two, with more meat and another bottle of beer; then dinner at seven, with wines. "Och," said an Irishman, "folks eat and drink, and drink and eat, till they die; and then they write home that the climate has killed them!" The one anxiety of all Anglo-Indians is about the Liver. If they talk, it is about the Liver. If they ever walk, it is to "stir up the Liver." "You've bought a cob, Mr. Robinson?" "Yes, it's for my Liver." "Your wife's going to the Hills, Brown?" "Yes, she's Livery!" Then there is the other enemy, Fever. No "new arrival" in Calcutta is supposed to have the freedom of the city until he has made the acquaintance of that shaky firm, Fever and Ague. The fever is not very deadly, and is intermittent. It is said that a young lady will rise at an afternoon visit and say, "Excuse me, but I must go home for my five o'clock fever!" The debilitating effects of actual heat are very noticeable in the faces of Europeans in India. The men are sallow, the women look worn. "We exist in the hot weather and live in the cool," said a lady. India is no land for the fair sex. After a few years, the wife loses her health, and goes home with the children, while the husband hangs on to his Government appointment, to secure the pension. One or two gentlemen I spoke to had not seen their wives for six or eight years—one

had been separated from wife and family for sixteen years. There is scarcely such a thing as domestic life in India. Even where there is no marked ill-health, the wife every hot season becomes a grass-widow at Simla, Mussoorie, or some other hill-station, leaving the husband to toil amid the dust and heat of the plains. The children are another cause of separation. After they are six or seven years old, they must be sent to England, as they suffer morally from contact with native servants, and physically from the climate. The Europeans in India should have the full sympathy of all who take a pride in the great dependency.

Allahabad is the seat of the government of the North-West Provinces, and lies 630 miles from Calcutta. It is regarded by the natives as a peculiarly holy city, and stands on a point of land formed by the meeting of three rivers. Two of them, the Jumna and the Ganges, can be seen by mortal eyes ; the third, which flows from heaven, is invisible. The "station" is six miles long—a great extent of sunny, dusty roads, densely lined with trees, stretching as if in endless vista, with glaring white bungalows standing in their three-acre compounds. The names of these roads are on boards nailed to the trees, and like those of most other stations, are called Canning Road, Clive Road, Havelock Road, etc. The roads of India are all paths of honour! It is a strange thing to see about a thousand whites occupying the acreage of a Liverpool or a Glasgow. Allahabad is in appearance a gigantic village ; it is suburban from centre to circumference. In none of these up-country stations is there anything like a continuous street. In what might be called the heart of the settlement, the bungalows are a hundred yards apart.

Allahabad possesses one or two fine public buildings—also a public garden, redolent with thousands of exquisite roses. Here we heard the band play, late one afternoon, to a fashionable gathering, the ladies dressed in fur-trimmed jackets, as the night chill was setting in. One Sunday we visited a Mahometan mausoleum, surrounded by a high wall, and the place where the Allahabad mutineers of 1857 gathered in council.

The windows of the building are carved stone screens. In the centre stands the white marble tomb, on the top of which was placed a flick of peacock's feathers, so that the dead man could brush away the flies. The dome was so acoustically tempting that we sang that grand psalm, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," and I should not wonder if the good old defunct turned in his grave at the sound of those infidel strains.

At Allahabad is a large Fort, which commands the junction of the rivers. It was built by Akbar in 1572, but has been modernised into a formidable stronghold. A private soldier kindly escorted us over the Fort, which is 2500 yards in circumference. The first object of interest was an underground temple. We descended a few irregular steps into a dank-smelling subterranean passage, along which we were conducted by two natives who walked backwards carrying torches. They halted before the various idols, that stood in little niches. Our guides showed us with awe a hole in the wall, the entrance to a tunnel, which we were told was seventy-two miles long, leading to Benares, and along which a priest had once travelled on his hands and knees. This feat was abundantly proved by the fact that several of his friends who had spoken to him in Allahabad saw him a week afterwards in Benares! Another striking object was a banyan-tree, said to be 1500 years old, which we saw several pilgrims kiss devoutly. There were devotees of all kinds here: the devotee who has held his arm over his head for twenty years, and could not get it down now if he wanted to; the devotee who has clenched his fist so long that the nails have grown through the back of his hand; the devotee who has kept silent for years, and lost the use of his tongue; the devotee who has sat for forty years in one spot, and only risen for an occasional bathe in the Ganges. Our friend the soldier took us round the armoury, and presently stopped before an ancient Buddhist monolith, forty-two feet high, against which he seemed to have a special grudge. "Look 'ere," said he, "folk say as this is two thousand year old; now *I* don't believe that, 'cause I don't think folks was up to them sort of things so long ago." "Oh,"

we replied, "you forget the Egyptians in the time of Pharaoh —see what grand architecture they raised." "But," insisted he, pointing to the pillar, "this here was *before Christ!*" Our guide concluded by taking us to the battlements of the Fort, where we had a sweeping view of the confluence of the rivers. During January and February there are great "melas" or fairs held here, when thousands of natives assemble from all parts of the country. The first thing a pilgrim does is to get his head shaved on the river bank, as he knows he will get a million years in heaven for every hair that falls into the Ganges. It is a characteristic fact that numbers of Hindoos make a living by catching the floating hair and selling it!

More than once I had occasion to visit a printing-office in Allahabad. It was a sample of most of those up-country—a detached bungalow, in the open porch of which, and even in the open air, native compositors were working, whilst others were squatting and sorting out type on the front steps. Talking with the manager, a European, he said:—"Look at that native there, with the mutton-chop whiskers and moustache; he's getting three rupees a-month,—my Hindoo foreman gets fifteen rupees." I wondered why a "khitmutghar," or waiter, received twelve rupees a-month, while the compositor's wage was five or six. The fact is, the "khit" is every man's dog, while most of these Hindoo printers are well-educated, and desirous of picking up some gentlemanly, useful trade. "They are awfully independent," said the manager; "if I blow up a man for being slow, he just picks up his cap and hooks it."

We sang four nights in the Railway Theatre here— a commodious building. India requires to be "worked" differently from any country we have ever been in. For instance, we were told it was customary to leave tickets for sale at the cantonments. Acting on the advice, I got inside the inevitable gharry, and drove off to the military lines, down the sultry glades that take the place of streets. After some miles, we reach a rose-encircled bungalow, out of which a bluff major appears. This cottage turns out to be the officers' mess. I am recommended to take the tickets to the colour-sergeants of

the various companies. Off again, along the straight white roads. When I get amongst the barracks, I ask for the sergeant-major, who gives me four or five names to call on. Sergeant O'Flaherty is the first. "Oh, he went to his bungalow a minute ago." I drive there and find that, taking advantage of the cool day, he is out playing cricket opposite the artillery quarters. A long ride in the gharry brings me to the game, but O'Flaherty has gone to the orderly-room. I determine to see him later, and drop in on Sergeant Macpherson, leaving him a package of tickets. I am not so fortunate with Sergeant Blazer, for he is away at the parade-ground with Sergeant Thomson. Though it is a long round-about, I go to the maidan, finding Sergeant Thomson, who tells me that "Blazer's gone to the canteen." I follow him up, though I find I am gradually drifting further from O'Flaherty. At length I catch sight of Sergeant Blazer. "Yes, Blazer's my name," says he, "but I'm not colour-sergeant now — it's Scroggins—you'll easily find him at Company B's quarters." I get there and ask a private soldier for Colour-sergeant Scroggins. "Scroggins? he ain't colour-sergeant—you've made a mistake —Blazer's your man." "Oh no, Scroggins is colour-sergeant now." "Well, it's only since this mornin', then;" and growling as if under a grievance, he leads the way to Scroggins, who is deep in some commissariat papers. I give him tickets, and start for O'Flaherty; but he has left the orderly-room and will most probably be found at the mess-room. Says one of the men: "D'ye twig that buildin' 'igher than all the others as you see—well it's the far end of that—yer can't miss it." When I get there I ask half-a-dozen men, but none of them ever "eerd tell on him before." He didn't belong to *their* company—perhaps it was Company D. I accost a passing soldier, who kindly walks over with me to another large building, where in the reading-room, I find the long lost O'Flaherty. I have a short chat with him, and then ask to be directed to the last of my list, Sergeant Jenkins. "Jenkins!" he cries; "why, that was Jenkins that brought you here!" Instantly I shout for the gharry, which has cast anchor two hundred yards off. I

pursue Jenkins, determined to capture him before he is lost in this brain-wearing maze, and it is with a deep sigh of relief that I hand him the last package of tickets.

Equally exhausting was the collection of the money two days afterwards. The last I called on was Sergeant Scroggins, who had eight annas of his ticket-sale to gather in. He asked me to call with him upon one of the officers, whom we found in all his dignity amongst a mass of blue documents. "Eight annas wanted?" said he; "well, Mr. Kennedy, just be seated for a moment." Taking out a large sheet of foolscap, he wrote a despatch, which he handed to a "chuprassie." The native went off, and after being absent for a full quarter of an hour at some remote part of the lines, returned with a handful of coppers. "Ah," said the officer, "here are the eight annas—you'll find it all right, I think——*sixteen pice!*" Anglo-Indians hate coppers as they hate heat, but the weight added to my pocket was less than the load of trouble off my mind!

A journey of ten hours, and we were at Jubbulpore, a pretty station. The drive to the hotel was enlivened by delightful flowers and foliage. The raging red leaves of the Mexican plant contrasted with the sedate blue bells of the convolvulus. Marigolds, too, and white jessamine, and the nodding heads of roses; while over all were the soaring plumes of the bamboo and the graceful feathery palm. Then Jackson's Hotel burst into view, built in shape of a wedding-cake, a novel design that I recommend to projectors of honeymoon hotels! The native city of Jubbulpore was the finest we had seen—broad, open streets, across which were thrown fretted Saracenic arches, flanked by red-painted mosques. The "Mohurrum" Festival was being held, and the gaily-dressed populace were greatly exercised over it. In the open street we saw naked lads being painted green from head to feet, with red spots, their faces daubed into hideous masks, and a tail tied on, to fit them out as tigers, in which character they were led by a chain through the city to the sound of cymbal and tom-tom. Others were having their heads covered with gold-leaf, and their bodies tricked out in silver brocade. Wooden shrines, gay in

paint and tinsel, stood by the roadside, whilst the monotonous drum called on the faithful to "walk up, walk up." It is a hybrid Mohammedanism that obtains in India, being largely modified by contact with Brahminism. Amongst the sights of Jubbulpore is the School of Industry, where are domiciled numbers of Thugs, that murderous caste. "Thuggee" has been abolished many years now, and its votaries are here employed weaving carpets. The "Marble Rocks," distant ten miles from Jubbulpore, are also well worth seeing—the valuable white precipices rising to a great height on either side of a rushing river.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bombay—A Parsee Bill-Poster—A Marriage Procession—The Caves of Elephanta—The Residency and Palaces of Lucknow—Cawnpore—An enthusiastic Guide.

It was Christmas day when we arrived at Bombay. The streets were lively with tramway-cars crowded with Parsees, and drawn by horses whose heads were protected from the sun by white helmets; broughams also, and "ekkas" or native gigs, drawn by little grey "Arabs." Here were some hundreds of buffaloes being washed by natives at a large well in a reserve; at a large tank, scores of "dhobies" scrubbing and thumping linen; at another, fifty or sixty men and women performing their ablutions. Now a cavalcade of splendidly mounted native horsemen would ride past; now a regiment of Sepoys, in red coats and black trousers, and beneath the little round caps the same grim brown faces that once burned with wild mutiny. We lived at Watson's Hotel, a five-storied building which faced the Esplanade and the Bay, the sea-breezes blowing gratefully into the bedrooms. In the street below were native jugglers, musicians, snake-charmers, ventriloquists, and mimics, performing to the guests who gathered in the verandah.

Native life is more picturesque here than in Calcutta, Bombay seeming to be a microcosm of all the Indian peoples. There are the Mahrattas, with their immense turbans in a succession of rings, out of which springs a kind of horn. You see also Persian Arabs, in their dark-brown hooded cloaks; white-robed Armenians; Hindoos of all castes, with great latitude in the longitude of the women's raiment. Lastly, Parsees, the great feature of Bombay.

The Parsees have had a strange history. In the year 651 the Arab Mahometans invaded Persia, and drove the original Persians to the mountains. Many of these, who would not ab-

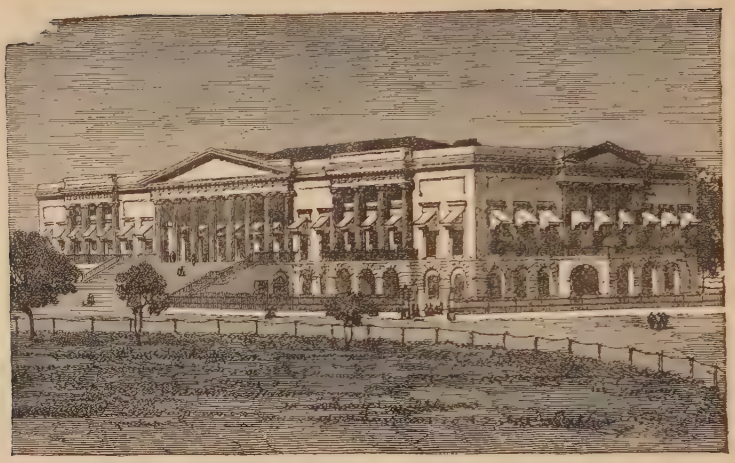
jure their faith in Zoroaster and embrace the Koran, emigrated and set up their fire-temples in Western India. There are 45,000 Parsees in Bombay, and to our eyes the Parsees seemed aliens in the land, so superior are they to the generality of the natives. They have been called the Saxons of India, and there is a perceptible push in the people. More than half of them are merchants. They are as suave and voluble as Frenchmen, and as sharp as Jews. They are a highly moral people, and their women are not kept in the seclusion and degradation of Hindoo females. Female Parsees may be seen walking about the streets—fair-faced women, in lustrous mantles of pink, green, yellow, and purple silk or satin. There are numerous fire-temples throughout the city. A Parsee informed me that his people did not worship the fire as an idol, but as a symbol of the one true God. They adored the sun also as a perfect fire, but they were pure theists. The Parsees bury their dead in the "Towers of Silence," large stone structures open to the heavens and erected on an eminence. Inside these the bodies are placed on a grating, to be the prey of vultures, the bones gradually falling through to the bottom of the tower.

I engaged the services of a Parsee bill-sticker, who took tickets at the hall-door, and did such odd jobs as interpreting in the bazaars when I had dealings with natives. He was very gentlemanly, with skin no darker than a Southern Italian's; had mutton-chop whiskers, and two curls hanging on each side of his head; wore a clerical frock-coat, light trousers, patent boots, and the peculiar skuttle-shaped hat of the Parsee; and boasted spectacles and a white umbrella. How immeasurably superior to the rough, whisky-breathing bill-sticker, sometimes met with in Old England! As he spoke English fluently, I gave him one day a number of circulars to address, but he took ten minutes to do six, so I finished the job myself, and set him to work sticking on the stamps. The word that had "floored" him was "Mackechnie." Macaulay he had spelt "Mauclay," and Macdonald came out three times as "Macdoland." Scotch names are a shibboleth to the native

population generally, and more particularly to the Hindoos. All Scotsmen, whether their names be Mackenzie, Macallister, or any other Mac, are invariably called "Muckintoast," doubtless because the first Scotsman in India may have been named Macintosh! We also knew of one unfortunate gentleman, a Mr. Domville, whom the natives always called by the better-known English name of "Damfool Sahib."

We gave our entertainments in the Framjee Cowasjee Institute, a Parsee philosophical, scientific, and literary institution. There are heavy lectures given in the hall, and in the library you find a collection of books containing too solid reading for an average European. We had several Parsees amongst our audiences—at one time, a spectacled Parsee editor—and it was amusing to see their faces brightening up at some recondite Scottish joke. Two of our ticket-takers were Goanese, or Christian natives from the old Portuguese settlement of Goa, further down the coast. The hall being on the verge of the teeming native city, our entertainment was interspersed with the cries of the vendors in the bazaars. Every night, in a lodging-house adjoining, a large company of Christian natives sang hymns lustily; but once their service of praise was marred by a number of Parsee women chanting a wild minor air in the room below. We sang a fortnight in this Parsee hall, concluding the series by a "bumper" house in the large Town Hall. Our advertisement was inserted in a Parsee paper. The fire-worshippers are well represented in the press—they having four or five journals, and also a Parsee *Punch*. We found that the motto of our advertisement, "Twa Hours at Hame," had been translated "Two Hours of Leisure in the City of Bombay." It was also stated that "Mr. Kennedy has a very great amount of talent for the Scottish Songs," while the words "pianoforte duet" were rendered: "Both the Misses Kennedy will sit at the piano at once."

We were taken by some friends to see the Scottish Orphanage at Mahim, some miles out "in the jungle," as they called it. On the way we passed through the native city, which was gay with a marriage procession. There were horses capari-



BOMBAY TOWN HALL.

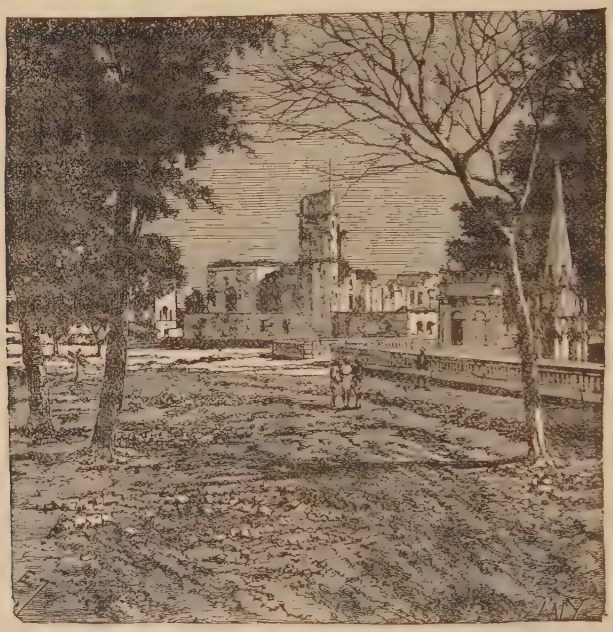
soned in silver cloth, on one of which sat the bridegroom seven years old; children loaded with jewellery; women clad in rich fabrics of lilac, pink, green, and orange. It seemed like some grand theatrical spectacle turned out to the light of day. Thousands upon thousands of brilliantly attired natives filled the streets, which latter were composed of houses painted in flaming red and yellow colours that added to the gaudiness of the picture. We emerged from this chromatic fever, and presently were bowling into a cool, delightful bit of jungle. The fans of the cocoa-nut trees dropped over from every side, flecking the road with ornamental shadows, and forming a continuous bower. Now and again a yellow cottage or a vermilion bungalow, the home of some rich Hindoo, would blaze out amid the tender green of the jungle. At the Orphanage we were received most hospitably. After tiffin—one of the items of which was a seed-cake from Montrose—we had a pleasant talk with the superintendent and his good lady, who hail from Aberdeen. We have noticed that the North of Scotland has sent forth a large number of earnest philanthropical workers to foreign parts.

Another day we sailed ten miles up the harbour to the

island of Elephanta, famous for its caves. On landing, we climbed a long flight of steps leading up the face of a hill, and reached the caves, which are hewn out of the solid rock. These rocky halls, with their massive pillars and carved figures, seemed not unlike a low-roofed subterranean cathedral. In the dim twilight of these caves the faces of the gods looked down on us, stony, calm, majestic in their repose. One group was that of the Hindoo Trinity, or Triad as it should be more correctly called—Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu—said to be the grandest realisations of Godhead ever carved by man. But the figures in these temples are sadly mutilated, not being kept in anything like preservation. Returning, the steam-launch was discovered to be aground. For half-an-hour all the visitors, assisted by twenty coolies, heeled the large vessel from side to side, but without effect. A passing cutter was hailed, and despatched to Bombay for another steamer. Assistance did not arrive till six o'clock that night, which was all the more annoying as we were due to dinner at a Scottish clergyman's house at 7.30. Bombay was reached at 8.30, and ignoring prandial raiment, we drove straight to our host, who did not take our involuntary discourtesy amiss.

We travelled back again from Bombay to Jubbulpore, gave another concert there, and about two days afterwards arrived at Lucknow, where a friend took us a thorough round of sight-seeing. Apart from its being the scene of so many picturesque episodes during the Mutiny, Lucknow possesses deep interest from its splendid architecture. You drive along broad, sweeping roads—palaces, mosques, gardens, and parks meeting the eye at every turn. We bowled along the "Hazrat Gunj," or Road of Honour, down which we could see in imagination the "kilties" marching to the famous "Relief." On our left rose the Chutter Munzil Palace, a cream-coloured building with chocolate windows—formerly a seraglio, and now a club and reading-room, with a fine hall, in which we gave our concerts. To the right flowed the River Goomtee, on which Lucknow is situated, and over which Havelock crossed with his Highlanders. On both sides of this stream spread ample

views—expanses of green sward, extensive parks, and wooded slopes—while away in the distance, as if embowered in a dense forest of trees, rose domes, minarets, cupolas, and gilded spires. In the midst of all these fair surroundings, like a spectre at a feast, stood the gaunt, blackened ruins of the Residency. It



LUCKNOW RESIDENCY.

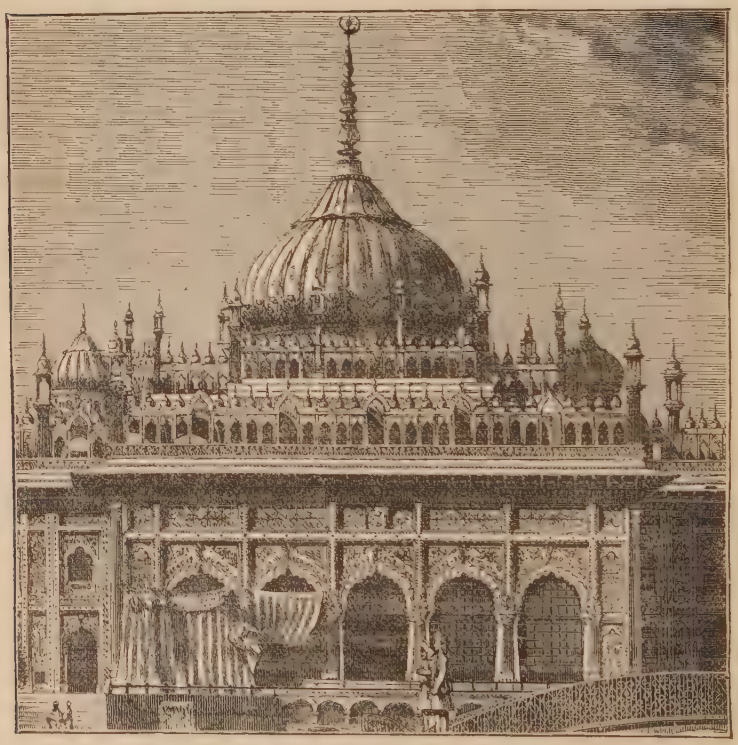
is situated on a slight eminence, and has been left in the same state as after the Relief. Originally a three-storied building, it has been wrecked into the appearance of an old tower. It is rotten with shot-marks. Five months of bitter siege, explosions, shells, and the contents of thousands of rebel guns, have left their indelible marks on the ill-fated building. We saw the portico which fell and killed so many of our soldiers, its ruins now draped in a cloud of yellow and purple blooms, haunted by bright green parrots. We peeped down into the cellar where the women and children sought shelter from that

storm of shot and shell, and where so many died. We visited the well-kept graveyard adjoining, where lie Sir Henry Lawrence, Niell, Banks, and hundreds of our troops killed in the battle of Lucknow. Not far off was the ever-famous "Baillie Gate," where "Bob Aitken," with his handful of brave faithful Sepoys, did such wonderful deeds of heroism. This was the gate where the rescuing Highlanders charged, and where the loyal natives, rushing out to welcome them, were fired into by mistake for the enemy. One can vividly see the tearing-down of the sand-bags, the waving plumes rushing in through the gateway, and the wild tearful welcome of the band of brave hearts—the Highlanders seizing the long-imprisoned ladies, and giving vent to their emotion by a hearty reel on the shell-strewn sward. Alas, there were no bagpipes! "Jessie Brown," fabled dreamer, had she ever existed, would have heard no pibroch strains along the softly-swelling knolls of the Goomtee.

The next point visited was the Imaumbarra, the architectural glory of Lucknow. With few exceptions the buildings are of plaster and brick, but one forgets this in their apparent grandeur. The Imaumbarra, however, is of solid stone. I do not remember any building in Paris that approaches it in its sweep and majesty. It is a Mahometan temple, raised by Nawab Asaf-uddaulah at an incredible expense. The architects who competed were told that the building was to be a copy of no other, and to surpass anything of the same kind ever built. The domes, the fretted archways, the immense court, the great Constantinople Gate, that in its colossal dimensions sinks the Marble Arch of London to a common villa gate, stamp themselves for ever on the memory. It is a glorious outburst of architecture. The grand hall of this Imaumbarra is 170 feet long, fifty-three feet wide, fifty feet high, has walls sixteen feet thick, and not a pillar in its entire length. This is one of the largest unsupported roofs in the world, its only rival being that of a chamber in the Kremlin of Moscow. This splendid apartment is now, in pursuance of British utilitarianism, used as an

arsenal, and packed with cannon. One may pardon this, but not the brutal taste which has plastered in black tar-paint, huge figures—31, 32, and so on—right over each of the palatial entrances, in the centre of the coat of arms of the Royal Family of Oude. From the summit of the Imaumbarra we had a comprehensive view of the city—a vision of palaces, mausoleums, and mosques floating in foliage. Immediately below us we saw more vandalism in the shape of a tennis-court drawn out on the flat roof of a mosque.

Proceeding on our journey, we passed the notorious Dowlat Khanna, the police-station where the great rebellion of Oude was inaugurated. Then came into view the Hosseinabad,



THE HOSSEINABAD.

which if not the grandest, is at anyrate the most charming building in Lucknow—a combination of mausoleum and mosque. Entering by a lofty and ornate arch, we found ourselves in a beautiful courtyard. In the centre was a long tank glittering with gold fish, lined with bright green shrubs, and surrounded by gleaming statues. Richly plumed cranes, with long pink bills, were stalking about, while purple peacocks displayed their gaudy tails on the shining marble terraces. On both hands rose alabasterlike mosques, their minarets pointed with gold, and at the head of the courtyard stood the swelling white dome of the tomb. Over all this the blazing sun shone with wondrous effect, for in India its rays act as the lime-light in the theatre, intensifying beauties and hiding defects. On closer inspection you find the buildings of this Hosseinabad thickly studded with iron hooks, like cloves in a ham, on which are hung innumerable little lamps at festival times. The Mahometans are clever at illuminations, and the reflection of these lights is seen for miles.

We visited the Musa Bagh, where formerly wild beast fights took place ; then drove to the historical Secunder Bagh, a large walled garden, where 2000 of the mutineers were attacked by the 93d Highlanders and 53d Foot, and slaughtered to a man —a terrible scene, at which a piper lustily performed till two bullets burst the wind bag! The next scene of interest was the Kaiser Bagh, the palace of the late King of Oude, which was sacked during the Rebellion. Here took place an almost unparalleled looting. In fancy we hear the cannon blowing in the massive gates, and the rush of the soldiery into the gilded halls. We see the smashing of mirrors with bayonets, the tearing down of massive chandeliers, the ransacking of jewel-chests, the heaped-up bonfires of purple curtains, gold frames, and rich furniture. We hear the shouts of vengeance and the cries for mercy, the heart's blood of both foes streaming by the white statues round the glittering fountains of the courts. The echoes seem never to have died away. Kaiser Bagh is generally supposed to mean "Cæsar's Garden," but a learned professor told us it signifies "yellow garden," from the colour

of the surrounding buildings. The immensity of the Kaiser Bagh is most striking. If Lucknow could be called the Paris of India, the Kaiser Bagh would certainly be a worthy Versailles.

Passing through the tasteful Wingfield Park, which was one riotous profusion of roses, we reached that most fantastic of buildings, the Martinière. This edifice was erected eighty years ago by Claude Martin, an eccentric Frenchman, who came to India a private soldier, and ended his career as a Major-General with several hundred thousand pounds. He intended to present this palace to a prince of Oude, but died before it was completed, and ordered his body to be buried in it to prevent confiscation of the building. During the rebellion, however, the Sepoys burst open the tomb and made away with his bones. We were shown the vault in which he was interred, and which being also used as a cellar for ale-casks, gave rise to the grim joke of "Claude Martin and his 'beer.'" The building is the freak of a madman, a most strange and extravagant structure, combining all styles of architecture, and ornamented with statues of females, mandarins, all the gods and goddesses, and lions whose eyes at night are lighted with lamps. The Martinière was a great stronghold of the rebels, and it was long before they were dislodged. But where that desperate fighting took place there are at present cool dormitories for scholars. The Martinière is now a college. Lucknow is truly a city of palaces, though most of the latter have been transformed into hotels, clubs, and offices. We lived in one palace, posted our letters in another, and gave our concerts in a third, the aforementioned Chutter Munzil. The night of the last performance there was an adjoining portion of the hall curtained off as a dining-room, where a number of the bachelors of the station had invited a party of ladies to dinner. After the concert commenced, they rose from their wine and adjourned in a body to the hall. The hotel we lived at was a palace of the King of Oude's commander-in-chief, and had a dining-room thirty-two feet high.

A railway journey of forty-six miles brought us to Cawnpore.

The British cantonments are eight and a half miles long, a wearisome extent of dusty roads. As one sometimes sees a fair spot that might form a paradise, so Cawnpore forcibly suggests a purgatory. An air of gloom pervades the place. It is flat, sandy, and desolate. When we were there, a strong wind was blowing dismal clouds of dust across the bleak landscape. In company with a worthy Cawnpore man, who had been with the avenging army that burst into the city after the atrocities, we made the round of the places of interest. Our friend looked upon the visit of all strangers as a holy pilgrimage. The deeds of horror had burned themselves into his brain, and he waxed eloquent over the incidents of the Defence and the Massacre, though perhaps frequent repetition had produced something of extravagance and exaggeration in his narrative. He was stout and middle-aged, with florid face and long shaggy hair—a regular lion of a man. As we drove through the dust of the cantonment he told us the story of Cawnpore.

Nana Sahib, a Mahratta from the Bombay Presidency, was adopted by the Rajah of Bithoor, then in receipt of a hereditary pension from our Government. On his death we refused to allow the Nana anything, as he was not the real son of the Rajah, whereas it is a part of Hindoo belief that an adopted son *is* a son, and inherits all his foster-father's property. Nana Sahib had therefore a real grievance. He made many representations to the Home Government, but all to no purpose. Still the Nana kept up the semblance of friendship to an extent almost incredible when looked upon by the light of after events. He joined in the conviviality of station-life, was a special favourite with the ladies, invited the principal residents to champagne suppers and balls, and was generally regarded as a staunch friend of the British. Then the native troops revolted, and leaving their officers unharmed, were marching with mistaken patriotism to instate their king at Delhi, when they were met by the Nana, and bribed to attack old Colonel Wheeler in the entrenchments he had hastily raised at Cawnpore.

Our friend had got thus far with his narrative when we left the vehicle and walked across the open space held by the garrison—the worst position for defence that could possibly be imagined. We saw the well whence the beleaguered troops drew water, under a shower of bullets; also that other well, where every night, under equally deadly fire, they buried their dead. "Yes," cried our friend, "this is the spot where that devil with his thousands of followers hemmed in the English for three mortal weeks, popping at them from round corners, and behind stone walls, the cowardly beggars that they were! —rolling up big bales of cotton to a few yards of the trenches, and shooting at our men from behind that, too! Oh, the sufferings of our troops, and the poor women and children dying of cholera and fever; and then to think of the niggers setting fire to the buildings where the sick were, and all our folks living under shot and shell every hour of the day—oh, it makes me wild!" And his ruddy face flushed deeper, and his leonine locks shook with righteous indignation.

"Our troops," continued our guide, "held out bravely till that double-dyed traitor, the Nana——No, I never call him Nana Sahib—that's too dignified a title—I might call him Nana the 'Soor,' or pig, as his own townsfolk did. Well, this beast, he sent a message to old Wheeler, saying that if he surrendered, he and all his folks would get a safe passage to Allahabad. This was very tempting, you know, so they soon made a hole in their little mud wall—why, just at the very place you're standing on now—and in poured all the Nana's men, as if to escort our poor people off to the boats. This is the way they went, down here." We drove along the route taken by the betrayed garrison, several of the trees by the wayside still showing large gnarls where cannon-shot had "blazed" them.

We reached the Suttee Chowra Ghaut, where the first massacre took place. It is scarcely possible to realise a more cheerless, miserable prospect than that which met our eyes. We walked to the river-side amongst wind-blown sand-dunes covered with sickly shrubs! On a slope to our left skulked a

jackal, a dusty vagabondish kind of beast, that gave us a wicked furtive look as he crawled into a hole. Across the muddy Ganges was low, jungly country, at times completely hidden by the driving drifts of sand. Were there no melancholy associations clinging to the spot, one would still have the feeling of impending calamity. "Look," said the friendly Lion, "here is the place where the Nana brought the people. Some were put into the boats, and some were not. They were mostly women and children that he kept back. They went down those steps here, see; they're almost covered up with the mud now. Well, they were no sooner in the boats than the native rowers set fire to the thatch of the budgerows and jumped ashore. Then the black devils on the ghaut commenced firing at the boats. You see this little Hindoo temple we're standing beside? Well, the Nana had cannon hidden here, too, and they were let fly at the poor wretches. More of the Sepoys shot at them from the jungle here, and some from the other side of the river, and all in the boats were drowned, shot, or burned, only two living to tell the tale. Isn't that enough to make the blood boil, eh? But there's worse to hear yet—come along." Presently we were crossing a bridge, alongside of which a native was praying (as he prayed every day) that some white man might fall through. "Down this road," said our guide, "the fiend the Nana brought the helpless party of survivors, and crowded them into a building that's taken down now—that's the place where they were all killed, you know. When the Nana heard that the British were coming, he ordered two hundred of his men to fire in at the windows of this house, and shoot every soul there. Yes, sir; but the Sepoys were not so great wretches as their master, for they fired over the women's heads. After four hours there was scarcely any one killed, so the Nana was disgusted, and ordered fifty of his horse-soldiers to ride into the bazaars and get the lowest caste of natives to do the job. They were butchers by trade, and went in with their knives and hatchets. One fellow came out three times for a fresh knife. Look here, my friends; from five in the evening till half-past ten that

night, the bloody work was going on, while the women were screaming and praying, and babies were crying, and then the dead and the dying were flung in one heap into the well close at hand. When we marched into Cawnpore and saw the fearful sight, there wasn't a dry eye in the camp, nor any man in his senses. We were all mad, sir, that night—mad for revenge. Every prisoner that was caught, we dragged the devil to the massacre house, and there, sirs, we made him * * * * * *."

The place where the foul deed transpired is now about the only lovely spot in Cawnpore. The Memorial Garden, as it is called, is a large enclosed piece of ground, beautifully laid out with shrubbery and plots of flowers. Here a simple white cross marks the site of the house of massacre. The well is now covered in by a very graceful memorial—a circular stone platform, on which stands the marble statue of an angel, beautifully designed by Baron Marochetti. On the pediment is placed the following inscription :—"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the Rebel Nana, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the Well below, on the 15th day of July, MDCCCLVII." The figure is surrounded by an octagonal Gothic screen, of chaste and beautiful workmanship. No one can enter this hallowed enclosure without feeling the eyes dew with profoundest pity for the sufferers in that wretched fate. Cawnpore has been fitly named "a memory of fruitless valour and unutterable woe." Round the Memorial Well are the grass-grown graves of those who fell during the battles of Cawnpore. Distant about a stone's throw is the Station Theatre, where we sang. During the mutiny it was occupied and loop-holed by the rebels, and is the same building in which the Nana had often sat, applauding the amateur theatricals of the resident garrison. We could picture his cruel smiling face all through our entertainment. Verily, we supped full of horrors during our stay here. What a contrast between green, palatial Lucknow and sandy, sad Cawnpore!

CHAPTER XXV.

Agra—The Fort of Akbar—The Pearl Mosque—The Taj—Humours of Concert-giving in India—Delhi—Lahore—A picnic at Shalimar—The daily Life of our Boy—Meerut—Back to Calcutta—Farewell to India.

AGRA, 159 miles north of Cawnpore, was the next city visited. It is the chief architectural glory of India. One feels inclined to thank the invading Mussulmen, who came like a strong breeze into the still, slumberous life of Hindooism. The Mahometans have given architecture to India. Agra is full of grand edifices, several of which lie in the great Fort of Akbar. This is an immense structure, a mile and a-half in circumference, overhanging the river, with lofty walls of red sandstone towering like precipices of masonry, the embattled heights being relieved at intervals by turrets. We drove into the Fort by the Delhi Gate, a giant entrance-way, purely Saracenic, and flanked by enormous towers. A long paved way led to a spacious court, surrounded by arcades, and formerly a carousal or tilt-yard. We passed along corridors lined with marble, that more resembled ivory carving than stonework. Most of the buildings had a coolness as of a cave. The walls were of great thickness, and heat was resisted by their massiveness. These apartments and pavilions formed part of the Monarch's Palace, and extended round a central court, in which used to be the fountains and grape-garden of Akbar. Another court-yard was paved with black and white squares of marble, so as to form a chess-board—the game being played by Akbar and his wives, while the "pieces" were girls who trotted from square to square according to the various moves! Near here was the Shîsh Mahal, or Palace of Glass, a series of baths, the roof and walls of which were starry with thousands of little mirrors. As our guide waved a torch over his head, the light was reflected from a myriad points—an effect at once novel

and beautiful. These baths are now dry. Formerly the water fell into a marble pool, the cascade being lighted from behind by lamps, while the fountains in the centre were also illuminated from within. Streams poured from each side over marble channels carved so that the current produced the effect of swimming fish. Near here are strange underground passages, along which the ladies of the Zenana played at hide-and-seek, splashing through fountains, shouting and laughing, clad only in Paradisaic costume! At the end of one of these passages is a deep well, to which unfaithful wives used to be committed; but a short time ago, two private soldiers fell into the hole, so it has been summarily bricked up. We next visited the Dewan-i-khas, or Audience Hall, a terrace on which stands a throne composed of a black marble slab six feet square. This stone is cracked, as our guide told us, by its having been sat upon by the Rajah of Bhurtpore, a Hindoo, at which time blood also gushed forth. Renewed fracture and bleeding took place on another occasion when Lord Ellenborough rested on it. Our guide, a most intelligent man, and a thorough master of English, believed the story absolutely, and showed us the two blood-stains in proof. We all seated ourselves on the slab, but it showed no signs of disintegration, its heart having no doubt been completely broken already at so much contact with infidels. Retracing our steps, we arrived at the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque. A massive door was flung open, and we found ourselves in the courtyard. The outside wall being of warm red sandstone, the effect is wonderful, and not anticipated, when you enter upon a dazzling white pavement, surrounded by white pillars, and are confronted by a white mosque with three shining marble domes—the white effect being heightened by the delightful blue of the open heavens. The prevailing idea of the Pearl Mosque is that of saintly purity.

The most remarkable building in Agra is the Taj, or tomb built in 1630 by Shah Jehan to his queen Mumtâz. There is nothing in India, nothing in the world, like it. One day we drove to see the Taj, which stands by the river Jumna, about

a mile and a-half from the city. We alighted at the principal gate, which is built of red sandstone, elaborately carved, and crowned with twenty-six marble cupolas. Passing underneath, we reached a paved avenue 1200 feet long, with a raised fountain-terrace half-way down, and a series of jets d'eau stretching from end to end. We stood in a thrill of delight as we gazed at the scene before us. At the extremity of the avenue of dark cypress trees rose the gleaming white walls of a marble edifice, surmounted by a dome of exquisite proportion—the most ethereal structure ever reared by mortal hands. It stands on a platform of red sandstone, at each corner of which is a tower bearing a marble kiosk. Two mosques occupy the east and west sides, one used for prayers, and the other a "jawab," or "answer," so as not to disturb the symmetry. On this platform stands another of white marble, in the centre of which rises the Taj. At each corner of this marble terrace is a graceful minâr, 150 feet in height. The walls of the edifice are seventy feet high, and above them swells up the unique dome, flanked by four small cupolas. It does not spring sharply from the roof, but has a cincture as elegant as the zone round the waist of a Hebe, from which the curves of the dome grow gently outwards and upwards. It is bulb-shaped, and seems as if about to float away into the azure, so light and delicate its form. The whole of the beautiful pile is of polished marble. Though so large, it is covered with ornaments designed in various coloured marble. Over the noble entrances and windows are long texts from the Koran, inlaid in black marble—a piece of ingenuity that at a short distance gives the idea of the white building being perforated, and thus adding to the lightness of the structure. Another effective artifice consists in the gateway being of dark red sandstone, after gazing at which your eye turns with renewed freshness to the contrasting whiteness of the Taj. Going inside, we were in a twilight beneath a lofty dome, which possesses marvellous resonance. Ordinary conversation is reproduced high up in the dim vault as mimic thunder. A vocal note soars overhead in a sound like the long drawn note of a

violin, so clear and prolonged is it, and dies away in a diminuendo so gradual as to form an invaluable lesson to a vocalist. You cannot tell when the vibrations cease—they seem to diminish to an audible silence. We sang one full chord, and it hovered in the dome in sweetest harmony. The most tuneless voice would be transformed into angelic strains by the magic spell of the Taj. In the centre of this rotunda is a stone screen, within which are the tombs of Shah Jehan and his Queen. These are not the true tombs, the latter lying in a vault below, but are monumental sarcophagi. They are of purest marble, covered with designs of flowers and leaves, inlaid in sapphire, agate, cornelian, amethyst, jasper, chalcedony, onyx, and lapis-lazuli. Nothing can be imagined more ingenious than the way in which the subtle shading of stalks and buds has been produced by the blending of the various precious stones. Every inch of these tombs, and the screen which surrounds them, is covered with this microscopic mosaic work. A strange piece of folly has lately been perpetrated inside the Taj, an ostrich egg having actually been hung in space, so as to show the exact centre of the dome! As was the case at all the objects of interest in India, we were pestered for "baksheesh." The requests in this instance came from two fellows who were presumably the custodians of the tombs, and who could not be satisfied under two rupees. We then went to the real tombs below, which were duplicates of the cenotaphs above, being overlaid with the same intricate ornamentation. One feels a little disappointment with the interior of the Taj. This superb sepulchre occupied seventeen years in its erection, and cost £3,000,000 sterling. As we were leaving, we could not refrain from turning again and again to have one more lingering look, and we wafted towards it a farewell kiss of our hands, as if it had been a dear old friend. The memory of it so haunted us, that after dinner we walked out to see the Taj by moonlight. When two or three hundred yards off, its snowy dome rose detached like a balloon above the bazaar smoke and evening mists. Entering the gateway we beheld the noble building, like the lovely ghost of its former self, looming in a calm, wan gran-

deur. The moon was almost vertical, and as it illuminated the upper part of the dome, gave it a buoyant rotundity that had an indescribable charm. The Taj looked like a floating palace at the end of that long sombre avenue. As we walked down in the dense shade of the trees, the fairy vision seemed to be gliding away from us; but presently we stood on the noble terrace, our eyes bewildered by the flood of white light reflected from the broad marble pavement. But for the delicious balminess of the evening, we could have fancied ourselves treading a plateau of snow. Above us rose the pale alabaster walls, and higher still the white marble globe, soaring into the bright starry heavens. It was a scene of ravishing beauty. We seated ourselves by the raised fountain in the avenue, and feasted our eyes upon the Taj, drinking in its loveliness, and all the elevating thoughts it stirs within mind and heart. The Taj, built by "infidel" hands, has touched all that is purest in art and noblest in religion.

Our advent in these up-country stations occasioned a good deal of surprise to many, such a large party being a rarity. Making enquiries in Calcutta as to the prospects of a professional company in the far north-west, we had been told that most of the concert-parties who came to India "got stuck" in the large Presidency towns. However, we found many "shows" in these small stations, most of them "single-handed." Amongst others was a conjuror, a ventriloquist, and a third who gave a light vocal entertainment. In addition to these was a gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, who announced themselves in large letters as "The Royal English Variety Comedy Company!" Moreover, most of the cantonments had some performer hanging about them for weeks, "working up" the different messes, co-operating with the local amateur theatricals, and getting each night the patronage of some officer more or less distinguished. The good folks of India are fully alive to the value of patronage. Our daring in going through the country without patronage excited no small wonder. Several times we were congratulated as "lucky" in drawing such large houses without the benign auspices of this

or that colonel. I remember calling with an advertisement on the editor of the "Ragpore Gushette," and being greeted with "Well, have you been round to see the people?" "The people!" I echoed. "Yes," said he, "all the big people of the station—Doctor Black, Major Boggs of Thunder Bungalow, Captain Laws, our cantonment magistrate, and lots of others—you should hunt them all up, and ask them to come and hear you—they won't budge out unless you do, I tell you!" Our tickets were generally for sale at the store of a general merchant, and it was amusing to hear the conversation between the public and the "box-keeper." The young man behind the counter would say, "Well, Mr. Johnstone, are you going to the concert to-night?" "Oh, I don't know—is—Mr. White going?" "No-o-o, he's not taken tickets *yet*." "Well, I'll just drive round and see if he's to be there, and then I'll let you know." "Shall I reserve some seats for *you*, Mr. Jones?" "Yes; but they must be in the third row, and I want to sit behind Miss Robinson, and she wanted me to ask if you could get a footstool for her; and is it off the draught?" etc., etc., etc.

Another amusing thing was the red-tapeism connected with the securing of halls. On one occasion I sent a letter 1200 miles to a municipal secretary, who wrote back stating I ought to apply to the deputy-commissioner,—there being thus 3,600 miles of correspondence entailed by the first gentleman not seeing fit to hand my letter to his brother-official, who was next door to him in the same building! I have now before me a bundle of letters, in connection with one of these up-country stations. The gentleman acting for us in that place sent in an application for the hall, and received Document No. 1:—

"Scribblebad Municipal Office—To J. Smith, Esq.—B. No. 7,922—Dated Jan. 2—Memo: In reply to his No. 282 of this day's date, intimates that his application for the use of the Assembly Rooms will be laid before the President of the Municipal Committee, and his reply will be duly communicated, —Augustus B. Fitzpatrick, Secretary Municipal Committee."

After waiting eight days and no reply forthcoming, our agent wrote again, and was rewarded with the following lucid despatch :—

"Scribblebad Municipal Office—To J. SMITH, Esq.—Dated Jan. 11—B. No. 8,280—Memo: In reply, has the honour to state that Mr. Kennedy may have the use of the Assembly Room for the night of the 28th inst. Undersigned will speak to the President about giving them the use of the hall.—AUGUSTUS B. FITZPATRICK, Secretary, Municipal Committee."

It was not till eleven days afterwards, upon renewed writing on the part of Mr. Smith, that this satisfactory epistle arrived :—

"Scribblebad Municipal Office—To J. SMITH, Esq.—Dated 22nd Jan.—B. No. 9,895—Sir, In reply to your No. 298 of the 12th inst., I have the honour to intimate that the President of the Municipal Committee has granted the use of the Assembly Room for the night of the 28th inst. to Mr. Kennedy,—Yours faithfully, AUGUSTUS B. FITZPATRICK, Secretary, Municipal Committee."

There was a still further despatch to the effect that "the rent did not include seating, lighting, or attendance of hall-keeper." Then when the affair seemed settled, poor Mr. Smith was plunged into another sea of correspondence in the matter of bill-posting, which he was told could not on any account be allowed. He sent in a petition to the proper quarter, and received a letter :—

"On Her Majesty's Service—Government of India—To J. SMITH, Esq.—Sir, I would suggest Mr. Kennedy advertising by hand-bills, as there are so few boards in the station for 'posters.'—Believe me, yours faithfully, P. W. SEYMOUR."

Another letter from our agent produced this important concession.

"Government of India—Scribblebad, Jan. 23, 1880—To J. SMITH, Esq.—Sir, You are at liberty to put up posters on the boards for the purpose, but not on the walls.—Yours faithfully, P. W. SEYMOUR."

It turned out that this consent was only partial, as it had to be ratified by the police authorities. Again our friend wrote, and the answer came graciously as follows :—

"Scribblebad, Jan. 24, 1880—Sir, There is no objection to notices being posted at the places set apart for that purpose. —Yours faithfully, G. SIMPKINS, Deputy-Superintendent of Police."

Then the mind of Mr. Smith attained well-earned repose!

Another railway trip, this time of 111 miles, landed us at Delhi, about a thousand miles north-west of Calcutta. At Delhi the train actually rushes through a cleft in the walls, with cannon-embrasures on either side, as if the train were crossing a draw-bridge. It is a strongly fortified city, its red granite ramparts, battlemented and turreted, circling five miles and a-half. It has a most fanatical Mahometan populace—tall, muscular men, who scorn to salaam, and who swagger with an air unknown to the weaker race of lower Bengal. Every two or three hundred miles you go up-country, you observe the inhabitants becoming more independent and robust.

We visited the Fort, well worth the visit, and Jâmi Musjid, another notable building of Delhi, and the most imposing mosque in India.

The principal street of Delhi is the Chandi Chowk, or Street of Silver, a mile long and 120 feet broad, with trees running down the centre of it. It is full of fine native shops, and here in the afternoons may be seen the native gentlemen on their horses, the gay trappings of which seem to be rivalling the gaudy robes of their riders. One day we saw an English missionary preaching in the same street, with a considerable crowd round him; a hundred yards off, a "moulvie," or Mahometan propagandist, expounding the Koran; and still further down the street, a Hindoo priest "holding forth" on the Shasters. In Chandi Chowk stands the Museum Hall, in which we gave our concerts—a splendid pile, with great seating accommodation, so as to fit it for "durbars," or native meetings. While we were there, the building was used through the day

as a native municipal court, presided over by a native magistrate, while native petitioners and persons appearing in answer to summons, sat in motley groups on the spacious floor. As our audiences in India were drawn entirely from the white population, a place was estimated by us according to the size of the British station or cantonments. Delhi, though a household name, has very few European residents. At the concerts we had several wealthy natives hearing us, and yawning audibly and sincerely at pieces not humorous. We remarked to one European gentleman that we had a pretty good house. "Good!" said he "you couldn't have a better—*everybody's here!*"

The train to Lahore was crowded with troops for Afghanistan. We had as travelling companions an officer and his wife, who had just returned from England. At the station where the train "dined" the military gentleman borrowed ten rupees from us, as he had got "stumped out." We met in India with a good deal of what might be called temporary impecuniosity. People never seem to carry money about with them, which was very awkward, for instance, at the hall-door. A major or a lieutenant would step up. "Ticket, please." "Got no ticket!" "Well, you can pay here, it's all the same." "Got no money!" "Couldn't some friend here oblige you?" "Oh, never mind, here's my card; but you'll have a difficulty finding my bungalow,—its a mile and a-half from here!" It never struck them they might send the money to us! There were many cases of this kind in an evening, and more than once we have had to leave behind us uncollected £2 or £3, our only equivalent for a sheaf of I O U'S and visiting-cards. In the majority of cases, however, these did not degenerate into bad debts.

Lahore is 1300 miles from Calcutta. The railway station is a fine building in imitation of a castle, and was constructed so as to be used for purposes of defence. This is a very important railway centre. When there is a "mela," or holy fair, the traffic is immense. Double-storied carriages are put on, each holding a hundred natives. Sometimes a train carries

2700 pilgrims, packed in carriages and trucks. The same fare is charged for both descriptions of vehicle, but the native does not care, so long as he can get on. There are twenty or thirty trains a-day, at festival times, representing a traffic of 40,000 or 50,000 people. The natives were the most robust and independent we had seen. Amongst them were many of the redoubtable Sikhs, who strode past us with high-shouldered swagger and stare that would have been resented as impertinent but for its bold haughtiness. The European community are very social and hospitable. We had four bumper audiences, and on two occasions, the Lieutenant-Governor attended—unasked, though by no means the less welcome. On Sunday we went to what was called the Union Church, composed of Dissenters—Free, U.P., Methodists, and Congregationalists. The numbers of each sect being too limited to allow of separate churches, they very sensibly combine, as is the case in several of the up-country stations. The congregation was largely composed of half-castes, and the minister a Scotsman, with whom we afterwards spent a very pleasant evening.

One afternoon we played lawn-tennis at a friend's house, afterwards strolling through the public gardens in the dusk, and returning to our host's to dinner. There we met, amongst other people, a young lady who was rather outspoken in her views of up-country society. She said she liked India *so* much better than England, because a girl got far more attention. "Here," said she, "there's six gentlemen to every lady!" We had been told that young ladies are very soon spoilt in India; they get so much flattery that their heads are turned. A Calcutta gentleman once said to me in a half-mournful way: "You see that girl over there? In Scotland she and I were great friends, but here, she won't condescend to look at me!" This aforementioned young lady of Lahore was rather displeased when I asked her how she endured the hot weather. She bridled up and said she "didn't know, as she always spent the summer at the Hills." I had "put my foot in it," for no one with any pretensions to being a lady ever

does such a vulgar thing as live in the plains during the hot season!

A few days afterwards, in company with these friends, we went to a pic-nic at Shalimar, three miles distant, the princely garden of the great Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, the same who built the Taj at Agra and the Jami Musjid at Delhi. It is half-a-mile long, and has three terraces rising one above the other. It boasts numerous fountains, besides numerous jets d'eau throughout the grounds. Coming from the hot dusty roads, it was cool and refreshing to rest the eye on the delightful velvety sward, bosky shrubbery, and shady avenues, the green bushes swarming with still brighter green parrots, and through the verdure gleaming the white marble of the fountains. We sat under the trees and gossipped for a quarter of an hour. A pariah-dog sniffed round us in a radius of about twenty feet, so timid that it fled even from a look. The children of our party, however, could approach without frightening the poor hungry beast. At a signal from our host, we retired to another part of the gardens, where lo! the busy native servants had set up a table in the wilderness, with a clean white cloth, table-napkins, wines, bounteous dishes, and chairs in order. It was as comfortable as dining in-doors, with the added charm of the bright blue sky. We were soon so intent on the viands that the pariah-cur forgot its shyness, and scrambled amongst us for the fragments.

The weather proved rather cold during our up-country tour. In the very early morning the air felt chilly and searching, but the sun was not long in waxing strong. The noontide is always hot in India; it is only the shade that seems to vary. Your hands and feet may be bitter cold, but at the same time you require to wear a sola-topee.

In our up-country tour we had one servant with us—not Gollam Hossein, but a brother of his—a boy who was surely some relation of the fat boy in "Pickwick," for he was capable of any amount of sleep. There the analogy ended, however, he being thin as a skeleton. His face was pinched, his eyes lustreless, his hands and feet as small and delicate as a girl's. He

could not hold up against the cold of indoors, so in his plentiful leisure moments he would sun himself on the verandah, or curl up in a corner in a shapeless heap beneath a load of blankets. After serving at breakfast, he would vanish for three hours, and re-appear with the statement: "I've had my food, mas'r." Then he would sit down and commence darning some hole in his coat or pants, an operation that speedily ended in his letting his head drop between his knees, sound asleep. He would awake dazed for lunch, and afterwards "moon" about for a little while, with a show of arranging papers in one's room, or putting the looking-glass at a proper angle, or heaving up his faculties to stick the comb into the hair-brush. Then he would mutter to himself, and leave with the air of doing something he had forgotten. A few minutes afterwards, in going out at the door, you would stumble over his prone carcass, snoring across the threshold. Once a week he could be seen with a scrap of paper on his knee, a pointed stick in his right hand, and an ink-bottle in his left, painfully scratching a letter in Hindostanee to his wife. He was a most faithful husband, and was always talking about his wife. In Bombay he went the length of buying her a showy new dress, which he requested "Mem Sahib" to take care of till his return to Calcutta. Upon our arrival there, we were astonished to hear from Gollam Hossein that "his brother" was *not* married. This may have been a fib on Gollam's part, for Truth is not a bosom friend of the natives. We even began to doubt if Gollam *was* the other fellow's brother, there being not the slightest family resemblance. We had had occasion to suspect Gollam before this. One day he came with a story that his sister was dead, and that he wanted leave of absence for the day. A short time afterwards he again desired a holiday, as his sister was about to be married. "But didn't she die last week?" "Oh no, mas'r it was my mother!" The mortality amongst your boy's relatives is alarming. It is a good servant whose father does not die more than three times a-year.

On the whole, the "boy" was not of very great service.

True, he did not cost much, as he always travelled third class, one farthing a-mile. Second class is three farthings, and first class 2¼d. a-mile. This is cheap railway-travelling, but the mileage rate would require to be low, as the distances from place to place are so great. For instance, we travelled from Bombay to Jubbulpore—616 miles, nearly as far as from Land's End to John o' Groat's—sang there one night, and next day started for Lucknow, distant 405 miles. Thus, to sing in two places we journeyed 1021 miles. Two or three times we had distances of 300 miles, and 130 miles was a frequent and, as it seemed, an easy stage. Altogether, we travelled 4405 miles of Indian railway.

Our longest journey was from Lahore down to Allahabad, 713 miles, occupying 37 hours. We left the capital of the Punjaub in the evening, and early next forenoon passed Meerut, ever-famous as the scene of the outbreak of the great Mutiny—a wide-spread cantonment, with the stern military lines marshalling out from behind the trees as the train rolls past. All that day we travelled through the heat and dust. Night closing in, we stretched ourselves out, each occupying a whole seat, with pillow and blankets, and enjoyed a thorough sleep. The train arrived at Cawnpore at one A.M., when I was awakened by the landlord of the hotel there, who had kindly brought us a considerable sum which he had received from the barracks in payment of soldiers' tickets at our concert. At half-past six in the morning we reached Allahabad, where we gave a farewell concert. The weather here had been rather warm for the cool season, the temperature a few days previously being 138 degrees in the sun and 80 degrees in the shade. But now there had come a great storm of thunder and lightning, with tempestuous showers, the first rain we had seen in India for four months. During the forenoon I happened to be in one of the leading stores of the station, when a "mean white" made his appearance at the counter. His ragged clothes displayed the fact of his having no shirt. He was damp, tremulous, and smelling of whisky; but his voice and manner were those of a gentleman. "For God's sake, give me assistance," he gasped,

feebly holding on to one of the show-cases. "Go to the Charitable Institution," cried the ashamed and displeased assistant. "Oh," pleaded the unfortunate, "Oh, but I'm ill—oh, for the love of heaven, give me a stimulating draught." "Go to the hospital, it's just a short way off." "But I couldn't walk that distance" (sinking into a chair)—"give me some medicine; I've got rheumatics—been sleeping out in the wet."

"Been getting drunk, that's what is the matter with you!" However, the fellow was taken to the dispensary counter, where a bitter was administered. He quaffed it, and tottered off to a house some hundred yards down the road, where I heard him beg piteously, not for drink, medicine, or work, but "for the love of heaven, rupees!" Imperial India has its tramp.

Next day we travelled to Dinapore, where we again gave a concert. As before, we took up quarters in the railway refreshment-room. A fearful storm broke out towards evening, the rain falling in dense sheets, and the lightning being extremely vivid. Our three-mile drive to the cantonment theatre in the evening was not without mishap, as might well have been expected in that inky blackness. We had not driven for five minutes, when the wretched horse, half swerving, half blown by the gale, dragged the equally frail gharry into a ditch. Luckily this happened near a stable, where we got a fresh horse. An hour and a-half were consumed in travelling these three miles; but we were rewarded by the spectacle of an unexpectedly large and sympathetic audience of redcoats.

The following afternoon we left for Calcutta, arriving there about six next morning. This second visit was fully as enjoyable as the first, many pleasant friendships being now established. We gave a fortnight of farewell concerts, meeting with warm sympathy from large audiences. The weather was much hotter than during our first season. We sailed from Calcutta for England on the 2d March, our friends, one and all envying us the chance of escaping the great heat. We had made use of every moment of the "cool" season, and felt somewhat like cowards flying from India with Old Sol singeing our heels. Partings were said to Calcutta friends. Our two

"boys" came to the wharf to see us off. We were about to shake hands with them, when we recollected that was not Oriental, so we waved good-bye in answer to their graceful and repeated salaams. Poor Gollam Hossein and his brother seemed much affected at the parting, their last words being:—"God know, we be glad to see you back here again."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Madras—Ceylon—The Cinghalese—Aden—Suez and Port Said—A Maltese Monastery—Gibraltar to Southampton.

In four days the "Mirzapore" was lying off Madras. It had been a great desire of ours to sing there, but no hall was available. As seen from the steamer, Madras did not present a very favourable appearance,—an open roadstead, with a long glaring sandy beach, and behind it one or two large edifices standing uncomfortably in the scorching sun. Round the "Mirzapore" were gathered numbers of coal-lighters, manned by coolies so coolly clad as to excite the envy of the broiling passengers. The clothes of those natives consisted of a small piece of rag in front and another piece behind, hung round the waist by a string so thin that on a side-view the men looked wholly nude. Well might a horrified Scotsman exclaim: "Michty! a yaird o' calico wad clothe the nation!" I thought that in the course of a rather exhaustive experience of Australian, Maori, and Pacific Island craft, one might know something of adventurous sailing; but it all went for nothing when I saw the Madrassie sitting in a small scooped-out log, and navigating the heavy swell with a single rude paddle. Seven or eight of these men hovered about the steamer, which lay fully half-a-mile from the shore. Further out still were bobbing a number more, all that was seen being the man himself, a black speck now and again half hidden by the roll. One close to the steamer was so daring as to stand up in his frail canoe, posing like a "bare-back" circus performer as he rode the billows. His "clothes" were drenched, and it would take him full five minutes to dry them over a spirit-lamp when he got home. A passenger came on here—a young man suffering from lightness of the head caused by sunstroke, which frequently led him to mistake the saloon-bar for the doctor's

cabin. Poor fellow! he was nicknamed "the Viceroy," by reason of his pompous talk; "Captain Bags," because of his ample trousers; and "Old Blasphemy," from the oaths he used to let drop between the puffs of his after-dinner cigar. Numerous babies toddled and sprawled about the deck, each with its attendant "ayah." A chattering pack these ayahs were, with flowing red robes, wide rings in their noses, and heavy anklets clanking at their heels.

Four days' sail from Madras over sunny seas brought us within sight of Ceylon, its coast-line fringed with the graceful cocoa-nut palm, and verdant hills and richly timbered mountains, towering far in the interior. We were soon in the beautiful bay of Point de Galle. Its tropical vegetation, circling wooded heights, and far-stretching purple ranges made up an enchanting picture. The "Mirzapore" had scarce dropped anchor, when there buzzed round her a swarm of "catamarans," the safest canoe ever built. It has a weighty log floating parallel with the boat at the end of two heavy outriggers, which prevent anything like a capsize. We were taken on shore in a large Custom "gig," by a friend who had invited us to dine with him. His house being a mile or two inland, our journey was continued in a "bandy," a kind of covered-in dog-cart on four wheels.

The drive through Point de Galle was most interesting. Though almost a hundred years have passed since the Dutch rule ceased in Ceylon, many traces of their occupation still remain. There are the Fort, some Dutch houses, and an old Dutch church, besides a marked Dutch flavour about the people. There are a good many Dutch, and these are as a rule well-to-do burghers. The buildings are large and one-storied, with a verandah extending along the whole front. To a cursory observer the Cinghalese are all of one sex—female! The men wear their hair long, and coiled in a knot at the back —the feminine resemblance being increased by their wearing ear-rings, and by the large tortoiseshell crop-comb pushed back from the brow. Then they wear petticoats—not a mere kilt, or a robe, or a shawl, but absolute petticoats. If an

inhabitant is walking in front of you, it is impossible to tell whether it is a man or his wife. You see a little girl tripping before you, and you revel in the delightful picture till she turns out to be a boy, and "slangs" you volubly as you drive past. An elegant maiden, with erect carriage and well-formed feet and ankles, is going along the road bearing a pitcher on her head. Towards her comes a youth with a cigar in his mouth. A bright look steals over his face as he beholds her. Ah, love, love! it is a gentle thing! Their heads meet, no doubt in tender greeting, and you drive up to find that the sweet maiden is a man too, giving the other fellow a light from his cheroot. Our journey through Point de Galle was in this way one continuous fraud, and we got tired, after a while, conferring softened glances upon men with peaked beards, and gracious smiles on old ladies who would persist in becoming grandfathers.

The way to our friend's house lay for some distance along the mail-road from Galle to Colombo. This is a superb avenue of seventy miles of cocoa-nut trees—winding by the sea-shore, and its sylvan beauty reminding us more of a palm-section in a botanical garden than a practical, every-day country road. We reached the bungalow of our host, who was an Irishman, and were introduced to his wife, a young lady from Melbourne. Previous to dinner, we lay in the depths of canvas chairs in the broad cool verandah, with bosky masses of shrubbery and trees, fresh, cool, and green, shutting in the foreground. Cattle roamed about, a cow breaking its way through a hedge of the compound, and drawing down upon itself the railing of one of the Tamil "boys" about the place. A she-man, with a super-excellent comb and irreproachable coiffure, announced dinner, and presently we were engaged in a sumptuous repast, under the auspices of a broad-sweeping punkah, and attended by several petticoated men-waiters.

Next morning the sky was laden with thunderous clouds, and squalls of blinding rain fell at frequent intervals. Under the poop awning of the steamer, had gathered crowds of those vendors and touters who persecute the passenger at every

port. Here were sellers of tortoiseshell combs, tiny ivory elephants, gold rings and workboxes. Dealers, too, in "precious" stones, suavest and most successful of rascals—fit deceivers of the silly dupes who believe they can buy a cut diamond for fifteen shillings, an emerald for twelve, or a topaz for ten. One deluded passenger showed me a "gold Albert," for which he had just paid £5. The burning desire in human nature to expend money on worthless bargains, reaches its highest development on board a P. & O. steamer at a port-of-call. Ivory made of cow-bone; gold rings from Birmingham; pasteboard sun-hats; brass-plated pewter; tipless ostrich feathers; glass brilliants; tortoiseshell made of shellac and glue; cashmere shawls from Coventry—all equally tempt the omnivorous spendthrift tourist.

The branch steamers from Japan and Australia steamed into the bay, and after taking on board a crowd of passengers, the "Mirzapore" steamed away into the Indian Ocean, on the long stretch of 2134 miles to Aden. Amongst those aboard there was a missionary from Yokohama, with his two little boys, who spoke Japanese fluently; a planter from Java; a German professor, returning from the Australian Exhibition; four or five gentlemen, members of a Cable Company, homeward bound after laying a line from Australia to Singapore; a prison chaplain from Melbourne; a gentleman from Sydney interested in the cause of frozen meat; and an English lord, who affected seedy garb and lounged all day in lonely dignity. A number of the passengers were musical, and we had singing and pianoforte-playing nightly, the lamp-lighted, canvas-roofed poop making a pleasant concert-room in the balmy evenings. In nine days from Ceylon we reached Aden, an English military station in the heart of an extinct crater, and one of the hottest spots on the face of the earth. Reliable persons say there is only a sheet of brown paper between Aden and Hades. The natives, Soumalis as they are called, look half-singed, their yellow hair standing out like a frizzled mop. They are a tall, wild-looking race, with a mixture of greed and cruelty in their eye. Water is scarce in Aden, as it rains about

once every three years. There is hardly a green blade of grass to be seen. About the only objects of interest are the great "Tanks," ten or twelve in number, situated in a gorge overlooking the town. These are built of solid stone, like fortifications, and can hold two or three years' supply of water, which is carried down to Aden by donkeys and camels. Bevies of the native youth, in small boats, gathered round the steamer, shouting alternately in high and low voice, and without intermission, like a steam-pump: "HAB-A-DIVE—*hab-a-dive*,—HAB-A-DIVE—*hab-a-dive*,—HAB-A-DIVE—*hab-a-dive!*" Flash! went a sixpence in the water, and in one universal splash disappeared a score of the little nude "yellow-haired laddies," their trumpet-shaped mouths coming up again to the surface with the everlasting cry, "HAB-A-DIVE—*hab-a-dive*," as if they had been saying it all the time they were beneath.

Three days later we were at Suez, in phenomenal weather, a sharp, piercing wind blowing across the desert. In the harbour lay an Egyptian transport, about to convey a body of troops down the Red Sea. The wharves were alive with soldiery, dressed in heavy hooded greatcoats as protection from the bitter morning air. A large section of ground was occupied by their tents, in front of which the men were picturesquely grouped. Close to the troop-ship were squatted a long row of heavily-ironed convicts of various races—Kurds, Arabs, Egyptians, Algerians, and Turks—waiting to do coolie work on board. Here we took on more passengers—one of them an old man of eighty-three years of age—a Scotsman, who had fought at Waterloo, and was now making a tour of the world. What a number of old soldiers we met in our travels! I had a most interesting talk with the veteran, and his communicativeness helped to relieve the monotony of the Suez Canal. He left the steamer at Port Said, as he was bound for the Holy Land, and, deaf to the courteous quarter-master, shouldered his portmanteau himself, exclaiming, "I'm a young man yet." Port Said, the northern terminus of the Canal, was a most unsavoury place—a combination of French, Arab, and Egpytian. The streets were lined with tobacconists' divans, rapacious curio-

dealers, cheap and nasty photograph sellers, and other ill-flavoured shops; while along the pavements crawled loafers of all Eastern races, sailors of every clime, and Arab boys touting in English, French, and Hindostanee for dens of infamy. Port Said is a mushroom growth of yesterday, and presents all the worst features of a "new diggings."

We stayed but an hour or so here. The island of Malta, a thousand miles distant, was reached in four days. Valetta, the capital, has a noble harbour, lined with fine buildings, towers, and fortifications. Many traces of the old Knights of St. John are to be found here, as one toils up the hilly streets of the city. We had time to visit the famed Church of St. John, and a Capuchin monastery with large catacombs, which we were determined to see. In the Capuchin Chapel we were accosted by a monk—an old fellow with rough bristly chin, coarse flabby features, a shaven pate, and a large paunch. He was attired in a dirty brown vestment, and round his middle (one could not call it "waist") was tied a piece of new clothes-rope, the only clean thing about him. He had a dirty, blinking, crafty look in his eye, and as he waddled his barrel-body, one could not believe he had a soul above beer. Had he been seen driving a brewer's dray he would have occasioned no remark. This "holy friar," with a stump of candle in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other, led us to what resembled a spirit-vault. He opened the door, which disclosed a flight of stone steps; then he locked it behind us, and we groped our way by the guttering taper. He paused, and held the light towards a niche in the wall. There stood an upright corpse! Further on, another—another—and another!—dozens of them, all standing sentry in these recesses, and each supported under the elbows by a cross piece of wood. They had all originally been placed in attitudes of devotion, but the grinning heads now hung limp behind the clasped hands, and some who had been posed in an ecstacy of strong faith had toppled sidelong into the comic plight of a "drunk and incapable." The cowl and gown of the defunct still remained, but had collapsed upon the shrunken body. The bones stood

out boldly through the cloak, the dust of years lying in thick ridges on the ribs, like snow-drift on a railing. Our unceremonious guide held the candle close under the chins of the dead, frizzling up the cobwebs that now did duty as whiskers, and making the spiders start out of the eyes. The mouth resembled a burst cricket-ball—gaping, dusty, and full of leather-like stuffing. The close light of the candle caused the faces to stand out weirdly in the surrounding darkness,—all of them with musty smiles of their parchment features, as if produced by some grim joke of the charnel-house passed along the ranks. One reverend brother had been standing sniggering there since 1620. Fancy a chuckle 260 years old! These were the bodies of the saints who had died in the monastery—their names being put on tickets hung alongside the bodies, as if the latter had been museum-specimens. Whenever one of these Capuchin monks depart this life, it is the rule for the oldest mummy to courteously make way for the new-comer, the former being henceforth put on a shelf. "Ah!" said our guide, heaving a corpulent sigh, "one day I shall stand there too!" We thought he would have to wait a long time till he thinned down sufficiently to be inserted in one of these niches. After thoroughly seeing this human wax-work exhibition, we ascended the stairs, preceded by our pious Falstaff. He hung about with greedy eyes till we had given him a gratuity; then rolled up the chapel-aisle, and presently was chanting an "Ave Maria" with his fellow-monks.

After some days' enjoyable sailing on the calm Mediterranean, the "Mirzapore" was lying beneath the frowning heights and defences of Gibraltar, the first of the three great fortified stations—Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden—that guard our highway to the East. Leaving the historical "Rock," we steamed through the Straits that form the entrance to the Mediterranean—the "Pillars of Hercules," or Atlas group, 12,000 feet high, on the African side, and on the other shore the lofty Sierras of Spain. In five days from "Gib" we reached Southampton, happily concluding a five-weeks' voyage from Calcutta.

My father, mother, and sisters had left the "Mirzapore" at Suez, crossed the Desert, and taken steamer for Italy. Proceeding to Milan, they were met by my sister Marjory and my brothers Robert and James, who were then engaged in the study of Italian vocal method. Before returning home, a concert was organized, at which my father sang Scottish songs to the evident delight of the Italians, who, though they might not fully understand the words, could fully appreciate those "touches of nature" which "make the whole world kin."